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# THE GREEN CALDRO

Vol. 10

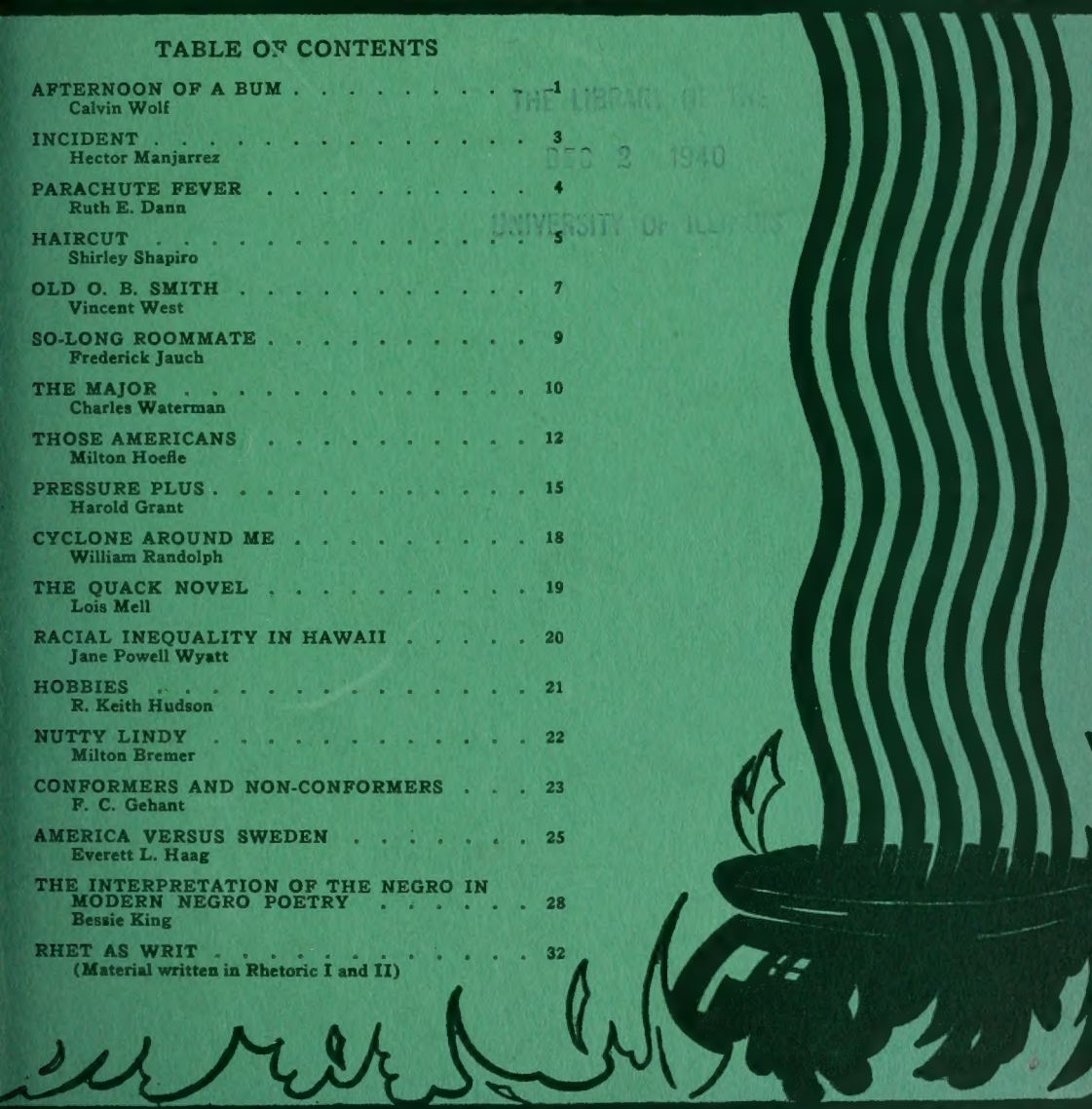
NOVEMBER, 1940

No. 1

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The committee in charge of this issue of THE GREEN CALDRON includes Mr. LESTER DOLK, Mr. CHARLES SHATTUCK, Mr. WALTER JOHNSON, Mr. STEPHEN FOGLE, Mr. ROBERT GEIST, and Mr. CHARLES W. ROBERTS, Chairman.

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# Afternoon of a Bum

CALVIN WOLF

*Rhetoric II, Theme 1, 1939-1940*

## *At Twelve Noon*

AT TWELVE noon, after Big Turk had turned over the sheets on every cot and swept the dirt into the corners, he slowly walked over to Old McGuire and poked him in the back with the end of the broom.

McGuire broke off convulsively in the middle of a snore and, mumbling protestingly, rolled over onto his stomach. After a moment he began to snore again.

Big Turk raised the broom-handle and brought it down with a stiff whack on McGuire's rump.

McGuire bolted up perpendicular to the cot, "Hey! Whadda hell! Whadda hell! Whaaa . . . ."

"Whadd'ya tink dis is, y'old bum . . . a health resort?"

McGuire slowly swung his legs over the edge of the bed and sat there, lazily scratching his calves and blinking his bloodshot eyes. "Have you no respect for age, young man? Can't you let a tired old wanderer have a little sleep?"

"Ah, get d'hell outta here, you ole stinker. I gotta clean up. You got yer dime's worth." With that bit of repartee, Big Turk slowly walked away.

## *At Twelve-forty p.m.*

Old McGuire stumbled down the dark, narrow, rickety stairs of Big Turk's flop-house and stepped out into the glaring midday sunshine that flooded South State Street.

He began to fumble in his pants' pockets and finally his hand came up with two pennies and a nickel. He looked speculatively at the three coins and then put

them back into his pocket. He turned and read the posters in the window of Harry's Lunchroom: "Coffee, three cents. Rolls, one cent. All Sandwiches, five cents. Pie, five cents. Complete Plate Lunch, sixteen cents. Soup, three cents. Stew, five cents. Special Today—Chop Suey, nine cents."

McGuire turned and started to walk toward downtown. When he reached Thompson's Restaurant, he stopped near the door and stood there for a moment, waiting. In a few minutes a well-dressed middle-aged business man walked out of the restaurant, smoking a freshly lit cigarette. Before walking into the office-building next door, he sucked deeply on the cigarette and then flicked it to the curb. McGuire immediately retrieved it, clamped it between his lips, and, drawing deeply on it, walked up Harrison Street toward the Salvation Army Mission House.

The sign in the Mission-House window said, "Come in and refresh your soul with Jesus—Free Soup Today." McGuire walked in.

A fat, greasy-looking man was standing behind a table and ladling soup out of a big metal pot. McGuire got into line. When he reached the table, the pot was almost empty. He saw a piece of meat at the bottom. "Kin I have a piece of meat in mine, pal?" he whined.

"Sure," said the fat man, and as he handed McGuire his soup, he dipped his thumb in it.

## *At Two-thirty p.m.*

At two-thirty Old McGuire found a

bench in Grant Park near the lake-front. He sat down and looked out at the boats riding at anchor in the harbor. He looked at the long arm of Navy Pier, reaching out in the lake. He looked at the round-domed Planetarium, the three nuns in black and white sitting on the rocks, the blue-green waves slapping against the rocks, the gray-haired colored man fishing off the pier, the gray gulls wheeling overhead in wide lazy arcs, the Sand-Sweeper creeping across the lake and the long black trail of smoke leaning back from her funnels, the boats riding at anchor. And somehow looking at all these things made Old McGuire think of all the things he had seen and done. Of riding back and forth across the continent on the big freights. Of all the places—the far places, the strange places, the enchanted places . . . all the places that are America. Of the lights that he had seen and the women. Of the shut doors and the staring faces. Of back-door handouts, breadlines, mission-houses, jungle camps, small-town jail-houses. Of the Bowery, of New Orleans, of San Francisco—the orange groves, the pea fields, the canneries. Of waiting outside theatres, opera houses, night-clubs, and whining at the soft-looking ones, "I'm down and out now, Mister. Kin I have a quarter?" And of always keeping an eye peeled for the cop standing on the corner.

Old McGuire thought of all these things, and thinking of them made him tired, and being tired, he stopped thinking of them, and being empty of all thought, he dozed off on the park bench.

#### *At Seven-thirty p.m.*

While McGuire was sleeping, the three nuns left; the approaching night hovered for a while over the lake and then crept across the city; the automobiles arrow-

ing down the Outer Drive turned on their headlights, and the jeweled bracelet of the Chevrolet sign started to move; the business people and the shoppers swarmed out of the downtown buildings and the downtown streets into busses, L's, street cars, cabs, and automobiles, and rode south, west, and north to the residential districts of the city.

When McGuire woke up, it was seven-thirty. The first thing he noticed was that it was night; the second thing he noticed was a familiar sickening emptiness in his stomach.

He got up from the bench and walked back to South State Street. He walked past a Burlesque show (*Fifteen Gorgeous Beauties in Parisian Scandals*); past a used phonograph shop (*Twenty Thousand Records—Dirt Cheap*); past Maxie's Pawn Shop (*Cameras, Watches, Old Gold—Bought and Sold*); past liquor stores (*Bonded Whiskey and Domestic Wines—Prices Slashed*); he walked past the dime flop-houses and the places where the red lights were burning in the hallways until he came to a small tavern. The sign in the window said *Joe's Place—10 oz. Beer for a Nickel*.

McGuire walked in. He sat down in front of the pretzel bowl and ordered a beer. Every few minutes he took time out from eating pretzels to take a small sip of beer.

#### *At Nine in the Evening*

It was nine o'clock when Old McGuire sauntered out of Joe's Place, contentedly chewing a toothpick. He stood for a moment, delicately sniffing the night air. He put his hand in his pocket and felt the two pennies between his fingers; then he turned and started walking back to Grant Park. Passing through Downtown, he dropped two



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pennies in a blind man's hat. The blind man turned and looked at him in surprise.

When Old McGuire reached Grant Park, he found an old newspaper. He laid the newspaper under his head and

stretched out in the grass. He looked up at the sky. The sky was velvet, set with diamonds. Every sixty seconds the white band of the Palmolive Beacon sheared across it.

After a while McGuire fell asleep.

## Incident

HECTOR MANJARREZ

*Rhetoric I, Theme 8, 1939-1940*

FOR TEN consecutive hours I didn't say a word. For ten hours, all the way from Laredo, Texas, I had been sitting in one of those luxurious but terribly uncomfortable seats of a bus. The country didn't seem to be very friendly. I was scared, and although I was hungry, I didn't have the courage to step out of the bus to buy a bite in the small roadside restaurant where we had stopped. I was still too busy trying to put together all the thoughts that came to my mind, still full of memorable words muttered by beloved lips when we said goodbye. Then, all of a sudden, I realized I was alone. I began to realize that in leaving Mexico I had left, perhaps forever, all the things that had been dear to me. I felt like crying. I left the bus, went into the inn, and sat at one of the tables.

I was looking helplessly at the surroundings when a little woman came up and started talking to me. Since I didn't know what she was saying, I remained silent. I couldn't say anything because I didn't know her language. The moment was tense. Finally, finding strength in weakness, I said, "Me Engleesh speak no," and hurriedly proceeded to point to some of the items on the menu. I don't remember how many things I asked for; but she looked startled, and without saying one more word, disappeared into the

back room. Pretty soon she was putting three dishes of ice cream, one milk shake, one ice-cream soda, one Pepsi-Cola, one Coca-Cola, and a cup of coffee in front of my astonished eyes. Evidently this conglomeration had been my order, and I proceeded to eat it. What else could I do?

After the ordeal was over, I found that I still had seven minutes at my disposal. "In seven minutes I should be able to wash my face," I thought, and without hesitation I directed my steps toward the doors labeled "Ladies" and "Gentlemen." This time I was not going to be tricked; so I opened my dictionary and read: "Gentleman, *n.* A man *well* born; sometimes, anyone *above* the social condition of the yeoman." (The Spanish and English definitions are alike.) "That is not my place," I thought; "I am an ordinary individual." Furthermore, I vaguely remembered that boys were called *lads* in this strange land; therefore, *ladies* must be the diminutive form of *lad*.

A strident scream was more than enough to convince me that I was wrong; another shriek made me run back to the safety of the bus. Once there, I swore never to believe in dictionaries and never to order meals in a restaurant again.

# Parachute Fever

RUTH E. DANN

*Rhetoric I, Theme 15, 1939-1940*

A FAMILIAR, hot sensation pricked the length of my legs, now shuffling and "heel-tapping" with nervousness. A flash of hot fire gripped the small of my back, and seared under my left shoulder. I picked up my hands, looked at them, looked at the rivulets of perspiration, and smiled. My nose stung. I couldn't bear the tinglings in my ears, and I pressed their tips and felt the warm blood course through them.

I had substituted the airline company's black wool sweater for my brown leather jacket, and a pale, poised stewardess strapped the chute tightly over it. The life-package was bulky, cumbersome, and the suspenders cut dirty-white lines in the sweater. I fingered it hesitantly, repeating the curt, controlled instructions given me. Count ten and pull the rip cord! Count ten and pull the rip cord! Count ten—would I know when it was ten? How would I know? How?

I stood impatiently, third from the safety door. Two thoroughly frightened women were ahead, clenching their knuckles. And yet watching them, I suddenly felt stronger, freer. And unafraid! Stepping out, out and away, was to be my experience! I felt *eager* for the doubled-up hurtling, and the pain of first breathing! Eager for the drunken liting through air, and the snapping of the wind-driven folds. I wanted to fall! To fall through cottony mists and sun-spattered air, to the green and brown floor below.

Hysterical, the two women were firmly urged out. The stewardess and co-pilot clocked the necessary sixty seconds and nodded. Now—fear! Sudden

and agonizing fear! I couldn't! I wouldn't!

There were three smiles, and I allowed my feet to slip! In the swift, stabbing rush of tearing wind, I tried to count. My bungling fingers reached the cord, touched it, freed it! I shot down without breathing; and, finally, slapping gusts of wind filled the belly of the chute and jerked me upwards. I held onto my straps with ferocity. Shoes were burdensome and stiffly heavy, and my skirt ballooned with wind. Far below, I could see my successful comrades, floating away like tiny chips of pure, white soap adrift in a blue, wide tub.

My fear of height deserted me, and I resented the slipping by of precious minutes. Now and then, a sudden, sharp onslaught of air would buffet me, and a sick feeling "queasied" through my stomach. And soon, a less violent, but more determined breeze would waft me far, far to the side, so that I traveled slowly across the sky, instead of down. I could feel the blood leaving my arms, and glancing up I saw them as white and rigid as the parachute. My ears were beginning the first warnings of a change in atmospheric pressure, and my eyelids became heavy.

The ribbons of road and pin-points of humanity far below grew larger. I followed the skim of a black, sleek car for several miles, until I lost it in a cloud. When I emerged from the patchy, misting vapors, I tried to find it again, but it had dipped into some valley, and I turned dim attention to a huge red truck creeping up a hill. The trees seemed richly foliated, and I planned my couch



with care. I had decided on the fat, green tree, straight below me, but the chute floated annoyingly away, and I kicked the empty air in vain. Farmers had discovered our descent and were shouting vociferously. It was soon to be over! I shut my eyes and memorized the far-away sounds below, and the small, anemic whistle of the wind.

I was very close to the ground! I became frightened again, and clutched the straps violently. I flexed my ankles, and bent my knees. The wind was wild!

It was to be a stubbled corn field. I waited.

I sat down, arose, and bumped down again. The clipped stalks scratched my legs and arms. The wind was raking me across the field. I twisted my straps and dug my numb toes into the hard ground. I could not stop the painful rolling. In the near distance there loomed a black oak. I licked my lips, went limp for protection, and with a slapping and kicking thud, rapped my tired body against the trunk.

## Haircut

SHIRLEY SHAPIRO

*Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1940-1941*

**I WAS FIRST.** *The barber parted my straight black hair in a long line down the center. . . .*

Mrs. Grey boarded us for the Child Welfare Agency with all the enthusiasm of a turtle and possibly a little less imagination. The four of us were standardized by unbecoming Dutch bobs which required a minimum of attention when the oatmeal needed stirring. We ate a lot of oatmeal. It has calories or something.

*The barber tickled the scissors across my forehead and a shower of shorn bangs teased my nose as the haircut went on. . . .*

Once a month I visited the hospital. Mother sat up in bed and pretended compliments about my "good" yellow dress with the celluloid buttons; she asked me about school and food and tooth-brushing; she told me funny stories about what the doctors did and said, and we had a nice laugh. Then came a performance consisting of a poem, a song, and a ballet dance in my best manner . . . . addressed to "the deaf man in

the back row." Occasionally a nun would come in to sit with my mother and the mixed audience we had invented for the day, and then the clapping was twice as loud after my curtsy; sometimes it was loud enough to warrant a curtain call from behind the Japanese folding screen with the broken hinge.

Daddy took me walking on Sundays; after a morning of reporting my week's activities I was always more than ready to be stuffed to the gills by one of grandma's dinners. Only once can I remember not enjoying dinner; as I tried to swallow each bit of roasted chicken it stubbornly refused to be swallowed. After that I didn't smoke any more of those skinny, brown "Indian cigars" that grew in Grey's front yard on an excitingly wicked tree.

*I climbed out of the chair and Larry was lifted into it. The barber parted her yellow hair in a long line down the center. . . .*

Even at the age of three, Larry had a vague idea that her mother was some-

thing not quite orthodox; because, although Mrs. Grey tried to persuade the woman not to be silly, she insisted that Larry know her as "Ruth."

Ruth came to see Larry every week and brought a strong, too-sweet odor of perfume into the house. Her cheeks were two smudges of pink under her deep eyes. When she talked, there was a white slit in the red streak that couldn't have really been all her mouth. Larry thought, even said, that Ruth was beautiful . . . but she called Mrs. Grey "mamma."

*The barber bounced Larry out of the chair and beckoned to Twila. She sat looking at herself in the wavy mirror while he parted her bargain permanent in a long line down the center. . . .*

When things got to be too much of an ordeal for Mrs. Grey, thirteen-year-old Twila came to the house to help out. Between duties, she told me the first smutty stories I had ever heard; every lurid detail grew more lurid on Twila's tongue. She had kissed a boy and she had been to a funeral; her descriptions of both experiences were embellished nightly as we lay in the iron beds at one end of the attic dormitory.

She had a picture of her mother in a coffin with a black dress, and some flowers that Twila told me were blue.

She had a picture of her boy friend, too; he wore a striped bathing suit and carried a big beach ball. On the back was written, "Hi, kid."

*When Twila's hair was done, Mardell and Martha argued the merits of being "first" until Mrs. Grey decided the question. In turn, the barber parted their twin heads of brown hair in long twin lines down the center. . . .*

The twins had several queer and annoying customs. At breakfast, their two-year-old minds prompted them to turn half-full oatmeal bowls upside down in their hair. At lunch, they bathed in jello. One day the two of them extracted three dozen eggs from the grocery order on the kitchen table to make a horrible yellow mess on the floor. Why in heaven's name they were Mrs. Grey's favorites I can never tell, but she tried time and again to persuade their widowed father to place them for adoption. He never did, but she never stopped trying.

*Mardell and Martha accepted their lavender lollypops. The four of us were smothered in blue wool coats and herded out of the shop. As we left, a little girl struggled up onto the barber's chair. He combed her hair down over her face.*

*"Oh," he apologized to her mother, "I've forgotten again. Which side do we part this on?"*

### Problem Child—or Problem Parents?

Proud parents watch their offspring with great vigilance and are thrown into a panic if a child doesn't react the way the psychologist assures them it should react. The horror-stricken mother announces to the bewildered father that they have a problem child on their hands. And immediately the household is plunged into a spirited, relentless campaign to change the "problem child" into a normal one. All this proceeds to the amazement and amusement of the perplexing child. . . .

In the past the most competent authorities have directed their advice entirely at the parent. It's all been about how to deal with the problem child. That's all very well, if the parents take the advice, and if the child really constitutes the problem. But sometimes it's the other way around. I for one am firmly convinced that it would be invaluable for children to have some advice on how to handle their "problem parents."—REGINA EBERLE

# Old O. B. Smith

VINCENT WEST

*Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1939-1940*

THE MOST unreasonable fellow I ever worked for was old O. B. Smith. He had been driven from his pecan factory when irate parents and husbands discovered the slave-driving tactics he used on the young girls in his employ. Here on the farm, however, there were none to object. Here, his outrageous disregard for the health and safety of his employees flourished unabated. He regarded each of us as just one more inefficient piece of machinery; just another pawn over which he could flaunt his authority.

When the tinny jangle of the farm telephone called Avery from our breakfast of deeply browned hot cakes and crisp bacon, I knew that something was amiss. From where I sat I could hear Avery's replies.

"Yes, yes. I've been up for an hour." Actually, he didn't even have his shoes on.

"No, I haven't seen the steer."

"We might. You'll send another man, won't you?" I walked in to where the phone hung on the wall. Now I could hear O. B.'s harsh old voice crackle over the wire.

"I want that steer ready when the truck gets there. I can't get a man at this hour, so you fellows had better start looking for him. I don't like your back-talk, either." Bang! The receiver hit the hook at the far end of the line.

We had no alternative. The steer must be tied when the truck came in, or we would soon be looking for new jobs. The animal to which he referred was a great half-ton white-face, which had been our chief source of misery and

worry for the past five months. As a rangy four-hundred-pound calf, newly arrived at the farm, he had knocked down the three men who tried to get him off the truck. Then he had walked over them and come down the chute without further ado. Ever since, his mischief had increased in proportion to his increase in size. Whenever the steers were moved from one pasture to another, he was invariably in the unfenced woods. He leapt the fences as easily as his herd-mates leapt the shallow streams which flowed across the pasture. He was all bad. He seemed really to enjoy his deviltry. Now old O. B. expected us to pit our puny strength against him. It was impossible. Yet our jobs depended upon it, so we slipped into our jumpers and started out, not knowing what we would do, nor how we could hope to effect the capture.

Beside the barn was an old creep-feeder. Here we had fed the younger calves to protect them from such tyrants as the one we were after. It was here, surprisingly enough, that we found him. Since the feeder was no longer used, the gate had been left open. The steer, as though anxious to investigate the one pen into which he had never jumped, had entered the feeder and was busily licking the empty salt trough. It would be an easy capture, I thought. I could sneak along the corncrib and close the gate before he knew I was near. That pen would surely hold him. No steer could jump a four-foot fence from a standing start. I was sure of it.

I was so sure of it that as the heavy gate swung shut I laughed aloud. It was



the first indication the white-face had of my presence. He turned to stare, and then, just as the gate clicked, he took a single step forward, grunted his defiance, and rising like a horse at the first hurdle, he cleared the gate in a seemingly effortless leap which carried him to the ground before me. He lowed. It was a triumphant blast. Then, walking a few feet away, he began to nibble the lush blue-grass as unconcernedly as a dairy cow just loosed after a long night in the barn.

I had been so engrossed with this exhibition of massive agility that I had completely forgotten Avery. I had not even noticed that he had returned to the house as I crept along behind the corncrib. Even if I had noticed this I would have had no way of divining his intentions. Now I could see him approaching, shielded from the steer's range of vision by a haystack. He carried an old clothes line rope coiled to form a lariat. It seemed impossible that he could expect that slender strand to hold the brute, but there he came, shaking out a large loop. He had often boasted of his prowess with a rope; perhaps he knew what he was about.

The steer seemed to sense his danger. He raised his head and stood nervously taut, his eyes on the haystack. As Avery shook out the loop for the last time and stepped around the stack, the steer fled for the fence. Just as he launched himself into another of those magnificent leaps, the loop settled about his horns. He seemed to collapse in mid-air. His head bent under him, his feet went high in the air, and head foremost he crashed into the ground. There was a crunching sound, as of breaking bones. The steer lay on his side, stunned, with blood spurting from his poll. A little apart from him stood one of his horns, impaled in the hard earth of the driveway.

Across the drive Avery lay sprawled in the grass, the rope slack in his hands, for the breaking of one horn had allowed the rope to slip from them both. Only the force of the fall prevented the steer from escaping into the unfenced woodland behind the pasture, where he could have eluded capture as long as he liked. I realized, however, that the battle had scarcely begun, for the steer even now was making feeble efforts to get up. Knowing that a crippled steer is vicious, and realizing at the same time that our only chance lay in keeping him down, I leapt upon his head.

Scarcely had I secured a hold upon him when he began to struggle. All his range-bred viciousness seemed to come to his command. In a futile effort to shake me off he struck with his horn, swung his head back and forth, and rolled from side to side. I realized the danger of his hoofs, but I soon found that I could no longer keep behind him. His hoofs struck nearer and nearer until they were digging great chunks out of the hard-packed earth of the driveway right beside my leg. Though my breath was coming in hot, dry gasps, which seemed to burn as they passed through my throat, and though my lungs seemed about to burst and my muscles ached from the sheer effort of holding on, I summoned my ebbing strength in order to roll over his massive head to the comparative safety behind his back. In this position the blood from his wound spurted into my face and eyes. I couldn't wipe it away.

I don't know whether I grew weaker or the steer grew stronger, but at any rate he shook me off and began once more to strike at me with his hoofs. These soon began to rip through the loose legs of my trousers. Very soon they were digging painfully into my legs. Such pains shot through my body that it seemed I must relinquish my hold; that

I could not pit my exhaustion against the agility of his brutish determination. Just when I had decided to let go, the steer's club-like hoofs ceased their tattoo upon my legs, and his struggles became less; soon he lay quite subdued, his great sides heaving from the struggle. Looking back, I found that Avery had finally secured the steer's feet in the coils of the rope. We had won. In just a moment Avery had fashioned a pinch-halter of the loose end of the rope, and slipped it over the steer's bloody head.

It was only then that I relaxed. Loosening my grip, I rolled a few feet away, and lay flat on my back, breathing deeply. I was near collapse, and would have lain there for some time if I had not heard O. B.'s truck in the lane. At this I got up and stood leaning against

a tree while he got out. After inspecting the steer, he berated Avery, as we knew he would, for allowing the steer to be injured. As I stood there, the fields before me swayed and shimmered behind a pink and lavender mist. I rubbed my eyes. My hand came away stained with blood. The sickish sweet odor of it so nauseated me that I turned away, and would have gone to the creek to wash, had O. B. not turned upon me at this moment.

"Well, what are *you* waiting for?" he demanded. "Avery and I can handle this steer." He pulled his watch from his pocket and continued, "You're five minutes late already. Now, get those mules hitched out in a hurry."

That was the thanks I got for a ten-minute wrestling bout with the wildest steer in Arkansas.

## So-long Roommate

FREDERICK JAUCH

*Rhetoric II, Theme 2, 1939-1940*

WHEN I returned he was there, standing beside the bed.

"Hello, Jub. Just get back?"

He said nothing. His eyes were sober. His feet moved, and then he smiled.

"I'm leaving, Fritz," he said.

There were two packed grips with Illinois posters upon the bed. The two bottom drawers of the bureau were open and empty. There was only dust upon the top shelf of the bookstand. Save for several pairs of trousers that belonged to me, the closet was bare.

It was incredible. He was joking.

"How many hours of 'D'?" I asked.

He grinned sheepishly. "Twelve," he said.

There was an unbearably long silence. He leaned against the foot of the bed, his fingers drumming upon the post. I stood for a moment in the center of the room. I could feel drops of sweat on my forehead. I moved to the window and flung it open. The cold, fresh air felt good.

It was twilight outside, and I could see yellow campus lights in the distance. The chimes were ringing.

I heard him mumble, "It's five o'clock."

I lit a cigarette. "Going to get married?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe." He was smiling again.

"Going to stay home and farm?"

His eyes lighted up. "Yes. Until I get one of my own."

He turned toward the window, and his eyes looked far off. He looked at yellow rows of corn, green pastures of clover, black, freshly-plowed earth. He belonged with the earth.

"I've got to go."

"I'll help you."

"She's waiting for me in the car. Didn't you see her?"

"Hunh-uh."

I grabbed one bag. He took the other. We started down the winding stair.

"Coming out?"

"I'll say goodbye in here."

"You wanta see her?"

"I've seen her. She's beautiful."

"Yeah," he said.

He grabbed the grip I held. He clutched my shoulder. He was laughing now, but his eyes were wet. "I knew I wouldn't cry," he said.

"She'll make a better roommate than me," I said.

He laughed. The door closed.

I climbed the stair to my room. The window was open. The air felt good.

I dropped upon the bed and reached for a pillow. There were two there. I needed only one.

I heard a motor. I heard the gears shift.

The bottom drawers of the bureau gaped open. The bookstand was half-empty. The closet shelf was dusty and bare.

## The Major

CHARLES WATERMAN

*Rhetoric II, Theme 3, 1939-1940*

THE ROOM was nearly empty when I went in for the first class of the new semester: only a handful of men was there and the Major had not yet come. I didn't know any of the men, so I sat down in the most convenient seat and waited for things to happen.

Rapidly the room began to fill. Men seated near one another exchanged information freely on the merits of the instructor for this course, some declaring that he was a "pretty low grader," and others countering that he was "a lot of fun." Engrossed in the conversation, most of us failed to realize the Major was coming into the room until somebody cried "ATTENTION!" We all snapped to our best "attention," and it was not until he got to the front of the

room that he came into our line of vision.

"Be seated, gentlemen," he said. He sounded friendly.

He was bigger than you would at first realize. His broad shoulders made the chair behind the table seem pretty inadequate, and his weight on the raised platform caused the boards to squeak when he took a step.

For a while nothing was said. The Major was sorting his books and papers and was giving them all of this attention. Suddenly he yawned—not politely or cautiously, but slowly and deliberately and as widely as possible. Then he looked up and blinked his eyes as if to say, "Well! Are you here?"

What he actually said was, "Now,



gentlemen, I think you ought to understand the way I conduct a class. I always make it a rule never to do anything in the classroom that a student can do. Moskowitz, front and center!" We all laughed. "Take these cards and seat these—ahem—gentlemen in reverse alphabetical order about the tables, starting here. I'll give you two minutes." Here he took out his watch and laid it on the table. When the student tried to ask a question the Major would interrupt him with, "Do you know the alphabet? Good! Use it!"

Finally Moskowitz realized that he had to do it by himself, and after a couple of false starts he got us seated in the order named, with places reserved for absentees.

"Barley, front and center!"

"Berley, sir."

"All right. Barley, you are the section marker. You take the roll and write the names of those absent on the blackboard—perhaps I should add, with chalk. Whoever comes in late erases his name off the board; otherwise he is absent. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is your further duty to call the class to attention when I come into the room. You will salute me, present me with the roll card, and say, 'Sir, section 800. Four men absent, sir.' Then at the end of the period you will rise and say, 'Sir, it is ten minutes of the hour, sir!' Then it's my job to take my books and get the hell out of here, see?"

All this was done with strict military rigor, but with a veneer of humor that took the sting out of it.

"Now you gentlemen will learn how to recite. You will stand, come to attention," (he emphasized his words as if he were addressing a company of 300 men or more) "and preface and conclude

your remarks with a little three-letter word—namely, *sir*. And now that you may show me that you know how to recite, as I call off your names you will rise, come to attention, say, 'Sir, my name is..... I know how to recite, sir.' Hereafter I won't say anything unless you fall flat on your face or something, but I keep a stink list and everytime you recite improperly I take a pencil and" (here he showed us the blank page) "write your name right here. At the end of the semester if I find you are between a D and an E and your name's on the stink list you get an E. But if you're between an A and a B with a clean slate, I have to give you an A whether I want to or not. Now recite."

We recited. There was a minimum of mistakes.

"We'll have a little lesson now. Brown, you name the divisions of the United States Army and give the purpose of each."

"The—the engineers. They uhh, they build bridges . . . and—"

"That's enough. Go on."

"The Signal Corps, sir. They handle messages, sir."

"The Medical Corps, sir. They take care of the wounded—uh—sir."

"The casualties. Go on." (Pause)

"The most important br—"

"Oh, the infantry."

"What do they do?"

"They, uhh, they handle the marching, sir."

A roar of laughter followed this sally.

"Sir, it is ten minutes of the hour, sir." This from the section marker.

The Major hastily grabbed up his papers, books, and pencils, tucked them under his arm, and ran off like a school boy late for class.

"Class dismissed," the section marker said.

# Those Americans

MILTON HOEFLE

*Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1939-1940*

HIDDEN in the rolling green hills of the Rhine Valley, the little German town of Adenau looked like a segment of the Middle Ages that had been transplanted into a modern setting. Ancient buildings of medieval architecture crowded the narrow, cobblestone streets, and at the top of a distant green hill, one saw the remains of an old castle covered with lichens. The citizens of Adenau held grimly to the atmosphere of antiquity that pervaded their town, and every holiday they would appear in their traditional garb and celebrate in the same old manner. Life moved smoothly here; each action was done by habit; all tasks were done in the same old way established by some long-dead ancestor. It seemed strange that such a town could exist, that time could pass and the town yet remain unchanged. Perhaps this was caused by the town's seclusion and its independence of the rest of the world, but whatever the cause, the result was Adenau, a town where nothing really important had happened since the end of the World War.

Occasionally some inquisitive visitor wanders into the town and disturbs the quiet of its daily life. Curious eyes follow his movements, and when they meet, the citizens greet him shyly and hurry on their way. But sometimes the stranger stops them and inquires about lodgings, and then they direct him to the old "Wirtschaft von Königsberg," an inn that was named after the castle on the hill. The inn is a narrow, three-storied building that seems even older than its neighbors that are crowded against it. Downstairs are a barber shop, a bar, and

a kitchen, while the upper stories are used as the "quarters," and as the home of two elderly ladies who own and operate the inn. As the stranger enters the inn, he is met by a wizened old lady who smiles, revealing her toothless gums, and asks her guest what he wishes. If it is a room, she goes behind the bar and gets an ancient ledger and assigns a room to the stranger. Then she always engages the stranger in conversation by commenting upon the weather or questioning him about his journey. But no matter what the conversation may be, she always asks the guest if he has ever known any Americans. And if he appears willing to remain and talk, the old lady draws him a stein of beer, and then leans forward and rests her elbows upon the bar. "Those Americans," she sighs and then smiles in memory. "Ja, those Americans are funny people." And with this beginning she relates an old story.

The sun was just showing itself when Frau Engelmann opened the shutters of her small inn. Curiously she looked up and down the main street of Adenau, which was hung with gay bunting and the colors of Imperial Germany. Usually the street was deserted at this early hour, but today it was different. Already people dressed in their best clothes lined the streets so that they might cheer the last few remnants of the evacuating German army. For a week now it had been like this; for almost a week the Germans had been withdrawing from the Zone of Allied Occupation. At first there were only convoys of supply trucks; then came the cannons, and now the front line troops.

Far down the street Frau Engelmann could hear the sound of marching men, and although she couldn't see them because of a bend in the road, she could picture the straight ranks of grey stained by the mud of the trenches and the road. Her heart throbbed to the rhythm of the marching feet, but tears formed in her eyes as she thought of her husband and her son who would never march again. Herr Engelmann had been killed in the early part of the war, and her son had been among the few chosen to hold the famous Hindenburg Line, where he too was killed. But she mustn't think of those things; it was a sacrifice that must be paid. She dried her eyes with the edge of her apron and smiled at the oncoming troops. "They are so thin and pale, and once they were so strong," she thought, and she wondered at the youthfulness of their features. And once more tears lined her eyes, but they were tears of thankfulness and joy for the peace that had finally come.

Slowly she turned away from the window and began wiping and polishing the top of the bar. The sound of marching feet and cheering died away. Suddenly she stopped in her work and stared fixedly into the mirror behind the bar as if she hoped to find the answer to some question there. In the back of the building she could hear her daughter cleaning up the barber shop. Silently she walked around to the back of the bar and wiped away a speck of dust she imagined was upon a stein. Hers was the only inn in Adenau, and although there weren't many customers, the business fed them. But now what would happen to them and the inn? After their troops were gone, then the Americans would come, and everyone knew the Americans were uncivilized. Often she had heard the old men of Adenau talk about the

Americans over their evening stein of beer. She heard how blood-thirsty the Americans were; how they would allow the Germans to approach close to their positions and then suddenly appear and open fire. And, too, she had heard how the Americans still fought Indians in their country.

The group of officers who had rested at the inn the night before said that there was to be twenty-four hours' difference between the two armies to avoid any trouble. If that were so, it would mean that the Americans would arrive sometime the next morning. Somehow she couldn't help wondering what the Americans would look like, how they would talk and act, but primarily, she wondered how they would treat herself and her neighbors. Hopefully she reached for her rosary and prayed.

By noon the last of the German Army had passed through the town. Now there was nothing more to do other than wait for the coming of the Americans. Frau Engelmann stepped outside her inn to take down the decorations of bunting, and as she worked, she talked to her neighbors who were also removing the many decorations. Suddenly they were stopped in their work by the noise of an approaching automobile bouncing upon the cobblestones and charging up the main street. The last of the Germans had passed through more than an hour before. It must be those Americans, but they weren't supposed to arrive until the next morning. Quickly Frau Engelmann slipped inside her inn and bolted the door behind her. Then she cautiously went to a window in order to see what was happening. A mud-splattered ambulance had stopped across the street; she could tell it was an ambulance because the Red Cross insignia was painted on its side, but she also recognized that it



was no German ambulance. Two men, one tall and the other small and stocky, climbed out of the ambulance, stood a second gazing down the empty street, and then strode rapidly towards the inn. "They're coming here," she whispered incredulously, and suddenly she was afraid. Fear caused her heart to pound like some giant drum, and the little veins in her temple knotted themselves with each frenzied beat. She remained motionless as though she were frozen; only her eyes followed the two figures in their olive-drab uniforms.

She watched the latch move, and she held her breath as the weight of a man pushed against the bolt. The door held firm, and the American rattled it, impatiently shouting to attract attention. "My goodness," she thought, "are they going to break down the door?" She was certain that every shout of the two men

was a terrible threat directed at her home, or perhaps her life. Some instinct told her to run, to get away from here, but she couldn't leave her inn because that was all she owned. Perhaps she had better open the door. Surely they wouldn't hurt an old lady. "Be calm," she called. "I am coming."

Frau Engelmann fingered the cross at her throat as if she found courage there, and then she opened the door a few inches and peered out. The tall one smiled. "Could we have some beer, Mother?" he asked in broken German.

Frau Engelmann stood and stared. He had called her "mother," she thought, and too, he resembled the son who had been lost on the Hindenburg Line. Suddenly she smiled, and stepping back, she swung open the door as an invitation. "Ja, ja, zwei Glässer Bier."

### Hash-house Opera

Tony stood behind the counter, mechanically washing soiled dishes and slopping out bowls of chili and mugs of coffee, and all the men who have ever lived with burning ambition stood beside him. Tony is not going to be a hash-slinger all of his life, because he can sing. He had brought some operatic records for me to hear, and between customers he would rush back to put a new one on the victrola-radio he had rigged up. His chest would swell up and he would break into a powerful melody. The stained apron around his waist would miraculously vanish and he would be garbed in the clown costume of Pagliacci. But when the music had finished he'd be Tony again, and the callouses on his hands where he had husked corn for his father would stand out, although his eyes would go right on flashing with the mystery of his emotions.—MARY ANN STOKER

### Tavern

At the table in front of us was an interesting couple. He was a fat man—the jovial type with a round, red face. His head was practically bald, but the deep dimples in his full face, which would attract you first as they did me, took years away from his dignity. She was the solemn, sober, hard-working stenographer type. She seemed to be bored with everything, as if she had seen it all many times before and no longer thought any of it interesting.

Well, he was a little drunk, and as a result he wanted to sing. He did—and loud! He had a tenor voice that was mellow and clear, but I'm afraid the way he was using it right then wasn't doing it justice. When he opened his mouth, the skin on his face, which had been so perfectly fitted for his somber moments, seemed ready to crack. When he closed his mouth and took a deep breath, his puffed, red cheeks shone like Jonathan apples.

She was terribly embarrassed. I could tell by the expression on her face and the pitch of her voice that she was giving him the devil.—J. F. DENNING

# Pressure Plus

HAROLD GRANT

*Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1939-1940*

IN SPITE of the warm sunshine that shone unobstructedly down upon the baseball field, my forehead was streaming with cold perspiration. The palms of my hands were damp and clammy. One thought and only one thought drummed through my mind. Three more men; three more men; three more men. Again and again, as I sat on the players' bench, I could hear this phrase as distinctly as if a chorus were shouting in my ear. Could I do it? Could I retire three more batters without allowing one of them to get a base hit?

Finally Wally, the catcher, came over and sat down beside me. "Well," he said, "what shall we throw at these next three dummies? Your arm should be pretty tired. I'm afraid you'll hurt it if you throw any more fast curves. Maybe we'd better use a straight, fast ball and mix in your floater for a change of pace. That should be enough to get 'em without taking any chances of hurting your arm."

"O. K. Wally," I replied. "Now this first man up is poison. He hits left-handed and crowds right up on top of the plate. Anything over the inside corner is practically lost. I'll throw the first ball right at his head. It'll be fast but not fast enough to prevent him from getting out of the way. This may scare him back away from the plate, and we'll get him on low outside pitches. But if he gets on base, be careful. He's very fast and loves to steal. Now the second batter isn't very tough. He's their second baseman, and he struck out the last two times he was up. I don't know what to throw the next man. You know

that great big catcher? He's hit the ball every time up, but someone has always been able to get under it. We'll keep the ball high and outside to him and pray that he doesn't connect solidly."

Talking with Wally had helped to loosen some of the tension in me, and, as it ended, our shortstop made the third out. It was time to go back to work. As our side was retired I picked up my glove, tightened my belt, and started for the mound. Never before had the distance between the bench and the pitcher's box seemed so great. Nervously I picked up the ball and looked toward the plate where Wally waited to take my warm-up pitches.

"You get five; then we'll play," shouted the umpire.

"You get two more after that," called the opponent's third-base coach; "then you'll be on your way to the shower."

"Come on, nothing-baller," razzed the first-base coach. "You've been plenty lucky so far. Before this inning's over, you'll think you're standing in the center of a merry-go-round."

Perspiration once more popped out all over my body. Hastily I wound up and delivered the first warm-up pitch. The ball slipped out of my wet fingers, sailed high over the catcher's head, and bounced off the backstop. Again a great outbreak of ribbing from behind first and third. This time I paid no attention to the coaches as I wiped my hands on the resin bag and finished warming up. The catcher took my fifth pitch and threw the ball to the second baseman, who returned it to me. The umpire



called, "Play ball," and the batter stepped into the box.

As I had expected, the batter crowded right up next to the plate and crouched until the upper half of his body was actually bent across the pan. The catcher squatted and gave the signal for a fast ball. Slowly I wound up and threw the ball right at the batter's head. Instinctively I realized that the pitch was too fast. The batter seemed paralyzed as he watched the ball speeding straight for his head. Suddenly he fell to the ground, but he had waited too long. The ball struck him a glancing blow on the top of his head, knocked his cap at least twenty feet away, and bounced completely over the low screen of the backstop. I rushed to the plate to see how badly he was injured. Luckily he was blessed with a thick skull, and, after he had rested for a moment, he refused to allow a pinch-runner and took his place on first base. Once more I returned to the pitching mound, greatly relieved by the fact that the batter was not seriously injured but very much aware that a no-hit ball game was still possible.

The opponent's second baseman, a good fielder but a very weak hitter, was the next batter. I looked toward the plate for the catcher's signal, but, instead, I detected some sort of signal being passed from the batter to the base runner. Acting on the spur of the moment, I called time and tied my left shoestring. This was a signal for the infielders to play for a bunt. The third baseman picked up a handful of loose dirt and tossed it aimlessly in the direction of third base, the shortstop and second baseman both shouted "Easy baby," and the big, first baseman let out a low roaring "Come on, gang!" Although seemingly meaningless, these responses actually meant that each of the

players had seen my signal and would play their positions accordingly.

The catcher had seen and heard all the signals, and he responded by calling for a fast ball shoulder high. This is the most difficult kind of pitch to bunt because it is easily popped into the air rather than on the ground. I took my position on the rubber, glanced toward the runner on first, and threw the ball. My third baseman came charging in with the pitch; the first baseman took three quick steps in and stopped; the second baseman covered second while the shortstop ran over to cover third in view of a possible play at that base. My hunch had been right, and, as things turned out, our defensive play was perfect. The runner on first had gone down with the pitch while the batter, instead of bunting a slow grounder, popped the ball up in the air. The third baseman caught the pop fly and quickly whipped the ball to the first baseman, who stepped on first base to complete the double play.

Gleefully the infielders threw the ball around the horn while the spectators applauded and threw their hats in the air. Two men were out, no one was on base, and still the opponents hadn't had a hit. The catcher returned the ball to me, and the next hitter stepped into the batter's box. He was a huge fellow, and, as far as anyone knew, he had no weakness at the plate. He always hit the first good ball, but he wouldn't go after a bad one. The first time up he had fouled out on a fast ball, but the next time he had hit the same kind of pitch hard and on a line right to the second baseman. The last time he had hit a long fly to the left fielder who caught the ball only after a long, hard run. What couldn't he hit? Surely he must have some weakness.

The catcher, as though he were read-

ing my mind, took a lot of time before passing out the signal for the next pitch. Slow ball! Sure, why hadn't we tried it before! I wound up and threw a floater. It was a perfect pitch. The ball turned very slowly, wobbled back and forth, and, just as it reached the plate, broke sharply downward. The batter seemed to hesitate momentarily in mid-stride. Then, with a tremendous swing, he sent the ball high and far down the left field foul line. No one could catch that ball. Uttering a silent prayer and swallowing a lump in my throat, I looked toward the umpire. He was watching the flight of the ball intently and finally, as it came to earth, signalled it a foul.

Once again I could breathe, but I still didn't know what kind of pitch to throw the hitter in order to get him out. As a last resort I called for the catcher to come out to the mound.

"Damn my arm, Wally," I began, "I want this man out, and I want him out in a hurry. I'm going to throw him a fast curve. If he misses it, and I still have an arm left, I'm going to throw him another one faster than the first."

"O. K.," replied Wally. He started to say something else but seemed to be

afraid to trust his voice any farther. Instead he gave me a friendly pat on the back and returned to his position.

There was no need for signals now. Wally and I both knew what I was going to throw. The batter waved his big yellow bat once as I started to wind up. Silence fell over the entire field. Everyone was too interested and excited to utter a sound. I took one last deep breath, flung my left foot high in the air, and threw the ball with every ounce of strength that I possessed. The batter swung viciously and connected solidly with the ball. Like a shot it sped back toward me, shoulder high and slightly off to the right. Desperately I flung my gloved hand across my body and dove through the air. The ball went on, passing just over my outflung glove. With a feeling of dismay I twisted to watch the flight of the ball. Suddenly my heart seemed to quit beating. The spectators were going completely insane. Our shortstop had run far to his left, dived through the air, and caught the ball just off the grass tops to retire the last hitter. The ball game was over, and, because of a sensational fielding play by the shortstop, I was credited with a no-hit ball game.

## Night Driving

The hum of the wheels on the flat macadam highway, the faint glimmer of the dash lights, and the heavy breathing of my sleeping companions made me drowsy. I was having my turn at the wheel, as we sped across the Great American Desert on our way to my sister's wedding in California. The stars were a million pinpoints of light. The pale moon, crescent-shaped and ghostly, hovered over the distant foothills, its pale light making the desert, dull enough in the daytime, a land of mystery. Through the side windows I could see distant buttes of sandstone like sheets hanging up to dry on a summer's day. The sage brush, gleaming, silvery in the moonlight, appeared to be growing as I watched. The thin haze surrounding the moon and the foothills, made me feel as though the whole scene were something make-believe . . .

Finally I stopped to stretch my cramped body, smoke a cigarette, and get a bit of fresh air. I stepped out of the car into a clear, chill blast of air. I breathed deeply, and marveled at the beauty of that vast, moon-bathed desert. After my short rest, I climbed back into the car, to continue that monotonous repetition of sound, the hum of the tires on the highway, and the breathing of my sleeping passengers.

—ROBERT E. WRIGHT

# Cyclone Around Me

WILLIAM RANDOLPH

*Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1940-1941*

ALL DAY we had been expecting one of those fierce March storms that predict an early spring, but as the last bell rang, it appeared as if we were to be disappointed. The sun was now shining very brightly, and only a slight breeze moved the few clouds above us. As I went from my last class to the auditorium, I found myself wondering how such a beautiful ending could come from such a poor start. My beautiful ending was a false one, however, for before the sun finally set, the hospital was full and ten people had been killed.

The day had been cloudy, and the sun had seldom appeared; the air was warm but damp. About three it turned dark, and a half hour later artificial lights were needed. At this time a wind, bordering on a gale, swept in from the southwest; the sky turned green. We at school were filled with apprehension. Rain fell for about three minutes and then abruptly stopped. The sky cleared very rapidly, and in fifteen minutes the sun was shining in an almost cloudless sky.

In the auditorium the music department was holding try-outs for the spring operetta. I remained after my try-out, waiting for a friend. As I was lolling about in the corridor, Mr. Schmidt, our principal, rushed in the door. Very hurriedly he told us to raise the windows and hold open the doors, for a storm was about to strike. Just as I got one of the doors open a terrific wind blew it back against me. I called for help, and it took four of us to hold it. We didn't realize that we were pushing against a seventy-mile-an-hour gale. Actually we were not feeling the full force of the

cyclone, for we were one hundred and fifty yards out of its direct path, and the sun shining over our heads made us think that it was merely a windstorm. But we saw a car turned on two wheels by the wind, and rubbish was dashing through the air at alarming speeds.

When the storm passed, I went out to see what damage had been done. As I headed toward Union School, half a block away, I noticed that the huge smoke stack of the canning factory was missing. A closer view disclosed that the whole factory had been demolished. At Union School the trees were gone, the roof was gone, and half the second story had been swept away. I went inside. I found desks bent, windows shattered, and the stairs in splinters. I saw nobody, and went to the basement just as the janitor, only slightly scratched, was climbing out of his room. He said that everyone had left a half hour before. As he could help himself, I went out into the street. What I saw there stunned me.

At first the streets were empty, but presently people appeared from everywhere. Here a whole house was smashed into a cellar. As I watched, a man staggered out of the ruin. He was naked and bloody. He reeled, and two men came and helped him. I turned toward the filling station. It was gone completely—not a tank, not a brick was left. I looked across the street—cars piled on end against a building—cars three deep, and not the thickness of one. By this time people were all around. A screaming mother searched for her child. Everywhere people moaned and sobbed. They were too dazed to cry out. A boy ran up



to me and said, "You're needed. We must give first aid."

I went with him to help. Bandage this one. Support here. Help here. Run there. Lift a baby, battered and blue, from a water-filled cellar. Guard a wire. Clear a path. "Here's help." "Help coming." "Help coming." Here was a leg, but no man. Bewildered and stunned, I sought to do all I could. Ambulances and doctors were here now. I was tired, scared, and sick—very sick. I started

home, dazedly and slowly first, but soon faster and faster; stumbling over wires, tripping over branches, I broke into a run. I ran and ran.

Exhausted finally, I returned to a walk. As I looked around me, I saw that the houses of this neighborhood were in one piece, only torn shingles and broken branches giving evidence of the storm. A block farther, and only bits of straw and leaves had been disturbed. Another block, and I was home.

## The Quack Novel

LOIS MELL

*Rhetoric II, Theme 2, 1940-1941*

THE quack novel is a thing which looks like a book, and which is compounded, advertised, and marketed in precisely the same fashion as Castoria, Wine of Calorta, "Mrs. Hottner's free-to-you-my-sister Harmless Headache Remedy," and other patent medicines, harmful and harmless.

As the patent medicine is made of perfectly well-known drugs, so the quack novel contains perfectly familiar elements; and like the medicine, it comes wrapped in superlative testimonials from those who say they have swallowed it to their advantage. Instead of, "After twenty years of bed-ridden agony, one bottle of your Foxforo cured every ache and completely restored my manhood," we have, "The secret of his powers is the same God-given secret that inspired Shakespeare and upheld Milton." This, from the Chicago *Tribune*, accompanies a quack novel by Mr. Harold Jones, of whom the New York *Journal* remarks, "It is this almost clairvoyant power of reading the human soul that has made

Mr. Jones' books among the most remarkable works of the present age." Similar to that aroma of piety and charity which accompanies the quack medicines, an equally perceptible odor of sanctity is wafted to us with Mr. Jones; and just as imitators will make their boxes and bottles to resemble those of an already successful trade article, so are Mr. Jones' volumes given that red cloth and gold lettering which we have come to associate with the bindings of Mr. Winston Churchill's very popular and agreeable novels. Lastly—like the quack medicines—the quack novel is generally harmful; not always because it is poisonous (though this occurs), but because it pretends to be literature and is taken for literature by the millions who swallow it year after year as their chief mental nourishment, and whose brains it sops and dilutes. In short, both these shams—the book and the medicine—win and "bamboozle" their public through methods almost identical.

# Racial Inequality in Hawaii

JANE POWELL WYATT

*Rhetoric 1, Theme 5, 1939-1940*

HAWAII is called the "melting pot of the Pacific," and its residents say proudly that it has complete racial equality. That statement might seem to be true to the tourist, who sees that the various races living there attend the same schools, theatres, hotels, and social functions. I know, however, that racial equality does not exist in Hawaii.

At the University of Hawaii the Japanese students hold all of the school offices, but only because they are the majority. The Caucasians try hard enough to get positions and, after failing, make fun of the so-called "Oriental dynasty" and let it go at that. The Caucasian students rarely go to the University dances; when they do, they would not think of exchanging dances with their fellow students of Oriental or Polynesian ancestry. They would be social outcasts if they tried it. If a Japanese boy and a Caucasian boy graduate at the same time and apply for the same job, the Caucasian boy will usually get the job, even if the Japanese boy has been at the head of the class, and he at the foot. It is very difficult for Orientals to find really good jobs. Many Oriental women graduates of the University of Hawaii become maids, or work in the pineapple cannery. The men, too, work in the cannery, and in the sugarcane or pineapple fields. Many become small shopkeepers, tailors, or policemen. Sometimes Orientals with degrees from mainland colleges hold civil service jobs of minimum salary, although at adjoining desks can be found Caucasian high school graduates who are making just as much money.

This state of inequality is due partly to the Orientals themselves. They are American citizens and they have American ideas, but they don't have the American standard of living. They are accustomed to, and are contented with, their lower standard of living, and many are satisfied with their low wages.

But the main obstacle confronting racial equality is, I think, the presence of so overwhelming a number of Naval and Army officers and personnel in the Islands. People who reside there for less than three years cannot get used to thinking of the different races as American citizens instead of "foreigners." Most mainland Caucasians have been accustomed to thinking of the Oriental as a stealthy individual wearing a kimono and carrying a dagger in his sleeve. When they were youngsters they no doubt stopped in front of a Chinese laundry and chanted, "Chink, Chink, Chinamen eat dead rats."

People must be made to realize that when the Hawaiian Islands became a Territory in June, 1900, all citizens of Hawaii automatically became citizens of the United States, and all children born there, regardless of nationality, likewise are citizens. Until this fact is realized, there can be no racial equality. The mailman who is emptying an American mailbox confesses to a far Eastern ancestry. The man on this corner who wears a policeman's uniform is a Polynesian, on the next a Japanese, and on the next the son of an immigrant from Portugal or perhaps Russia. A fat, middle-aged Oriental woman and a Japanese school girl with bobbed waved hair

drive cars through the heavy traffic. Four out of five of the faces seen are not the sort of faces one would call "American" at home. It seems that the United States has been invaded by a throng of aliens;

yet these people are all American citizens. More important than the fact that they are citizens is that they want to be good Americans; therefore they deserve to be accepted as such.

## Hobbies

R. KEITH HUDSON

*Rhetoric II, Theme 8, Summer Session, 1940*

A HOBBY is an insidious thing. It grows on you—like a wart. Well, not exactly like a wart, either, for a wart is but a minor irritation, and a hobby is an affliction that, well into its advanced stages, is virtually incurable. All classes and types of people are susceptible to hobbies; one person seems to succumb about as easily as another. Having contracted one, you may not at once be aware that you have it. Even your family and your best friends may be totally oblivious of it for a while.

The most discouraging fact about hobbies is that they are no respecters of persons. They prey on the strong as well as the weak, on the sane as well as the slightly addled. It's all the same in the end, though; however normal in the beginning, a person suffering from a hobby will be addled before he is finished.

Before you are stricken by your hobby you are rolling through life just like any other ordinary citizen. Little warning have you that at any moment you may jump the track. You are doing the things you are accustomed to—commuting to and from your work every day, going to school, or studiously loafing—the same as ever. You may not have the slightest warning that you are menaced. But you are. You are not safe anywhere. Unlike other diseases, hobbies are not contracted

in any specific way; therefore, they may not be guarded against by vaccines, vitamins, antitoxins, or other nostrums. No definite procedure seems to furnish any protection, and no special mode of life seems to guarantee immunity. Only people who have a matter-of-fact interest in life are in any way immune to hobbies; imaginative people are push-overs. Hobbies are so contagious that, once exposed, a person is lost. The onset of a hobby is imperceptible at first; you are invariably caught off-guard. As the disease progresses, you begin to experience faint stirrings and vague premonitions. But soon forgetting the warning, you put your fears behind you, and go about your regular activities for all the world as if you were in your right mind. Your outward appearance remains unchanged. Even your actions do not start to become really noticeable until the disease is well advanced and your case is hopeless. It is the mental effect that is the most devastating. You become vague-eyed and dreamy, you slowly lose your powers of concentration upon your ordinary affairs, and you fall into reveries and seem a little deaf to your associates.

Whatever form your affliction takes, the results are almost always the same. Your bank account, if you have one, slowly disappears, and you become possessed of a multitude of singularly use-



less objects such as electric trains, model airplanes, hound dogs, turtles, or goldfish. You become a fanatic about postage stamps, old coins, beer bottles, picture postcards, fossils, arrow heads, or wooden Indians. You become morose and uncommunicative toward your more normal fellows, yet a wonder of loquacity when in the company of others who suffer the same disease. You become a patron of clubs or societies, leagues or associations, brotherhoods or fellowships—all composed of wild-eyed individuals like yourself, each endeavoring to out-talk or out-brag the others. Rational citizens begin to look at you askance; you are labeled a “crank,” or a “nut,” or,

at the least, “queer.” Your domestic life becomes practically non-existent, home is but a place to eat and sleep, and you are scarcely to be seen by the world except at meal times. Your wife, if you have one, becomes a golf widow, a fish widow, or a camera widow; if you are dominated by one of the more *strenuous* obsessions of the ardent hobbyist, such as motorcycles, hobo automobiles, outboard hydroplanes, ice-boats, racing skiffs, long-distance swimming, cross-country running, or firearms, she may become simply a widow.

If you get it bad enough, in any form, it's the booby hatch and a padded cell for you, sure.

## Nutty Lindy<sup>1</sup>

MILTON BREMER

*Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1939-1940*

SOME people rush into situations without looking or thinking. Such a person is Charles Augustus Lindbergh. However good his flying may be, however lucky he may be in other efforts, his skill and luck don't hold in his journalistic attempts. Only his name gets Colonel Lindbergh's writing into national publications.

In the November, 1939, issue of *Reader's Digest*, Mr. Lindbergh propounds a very pretty philosophy, telling us of the danger that the Asiatic races constitute to our Western civilization and how the airplane is a divine gift to the western nations and so on and so on.

I cannot imagine where Lindbergh ever got the idea that he knew anything about race unless it might possibly be

from fooling around with a chicken heart with Dr. Alexis Carrel. Even his manner of writing suggests that he doesn't know what he is writing about. There is a vagueness about his words as though he had an idea in his head but didn't know why it was there or how to tell about it. His article makes it quite evident that he didn't do very much research in his subject before writing.

What aroused my curiosity at once was his “pressing sea of Yellow, Black, and Brown.” What does Lindy mean? Is Father Divine running for President? Is Mahatma Gandhi promising a sacred white ox in the parlor of every Indian? What threat are the “teeming millions of Asia” making against the West? It seems to me that the majority of the Asiatics are busy fighting among themselves. The rest are kept busy staying

<sup>1</sup>This article was suggested by a short editorial in *The New Republic* of Nov. 15, 1939.

out of the way of the belligerents. They want no part in our hemisphere now, and there isn't much indication that they ever will unless William Randolph Hearst has the real lowdown on the Japanese spy business.

The western nations seem to be doing quite an efficient job of raising a hullabaloo in one of the most complicated messes I've ever heard of. Liars and thieves, murder nations and martyr nations, are inextricably mixed together. France is trading iron for coal with Germany. What race is what in Europe? Who's fighting whom? Is there a war going on or not?

It isn't the Yellow, or the Black, or the Brown race that is pressing on the Western nations, but it's the Western nations pressing on themselves. If ever the Asiatic or African races dominate

the world, it will be because the white man will have defeated himself with Colonel Lindbergh's idea of the divine gift—the airplane. Of course he'll use cannon and tanks and other implements of war too. I don't know whether these are divine gifts or not. Colonel Lindbergh didn't say. He didn't say a lot of things that could be said, and he said a lot more that should never have been put in print, unless in a "Letters to the Editor" column in the *Tribune*, signed by Elmer Zilch, of Gutch Corners. It strikes me as just the sort of narrow-minded "crank" letter an uninformed and misinformed person would send in.

Lindy should let his wife take care of the literary efforts of the family. It's evident that the Colonel doesn't know what it's all about.

## Conformers and Non-Conformers

F. C. GEHANT

*Rhetoric I, Theme 12, 1939-1940*

"AND this," said the landlady, with all the pride and condescending benevolence of a small-town mayor dedicating the new waterworks, "is the dorm." In my eagerness to inspect its wonders and enchantments, I almost kicked over a basket of rotten apples. I was—putting it mildly—a wee bit surprised to behold nothing but bare rafters, a line of battle-scarred cots, and in one corner a pile of junk which had obviously taken many tedious years to accumulate. All I could think was, "This is just like our attic at home; only Mom doesn't keep our rotten apples in it." Furthermore, at home I had never been called upon to sleep in the attic, and I reckoned that at twenty-two I was a little too far advanced to begin.

When I finally built up enough courage to tell her I didn't want to sleep in her beautiful dorm, she looked down her nose at me in wonder and said, "Why, all the boys sleep up here!" The nasty inference of the words shocked me. It was as if she had called me a downright infidel and considered me a sort of abnormal fellow who went around destroying sacred traditions, and who would bear considerable watching. Here it was again. The dread problem which I had been meeting for the past ten years—whether to conform to other people's ideas on what I should do and be miserable but honored, or to do what I wanted to do and be happy but ignominious.

To know that I am not alone in my quandary is some comfort. The population of the entire world is divided into two groups—those who strive to conform to convention, and those who do as they like. I do not mean to detract in any way from the glory of the conformers. They are the people who build our national institutions; they are the guardians of our traditions. On the other hand, the non-conformer, like me, is a minor menace to society.

He is likely to be an exceedingly poor business man, because he will, without the slightest qualm, drop everything and go fishing when the notion strikes him. If you ask him if he has seen "Gone with the Wind," he will undoubtedly say "No," and be quite surprised when you stare at him in open-mouthed amazement. The true non-conformer fails to conform not merely to be contrary; in fact, he is seldom aware that he is breaking any precedents when he suggests serving beer at the church bazaar. True, he knows that beer has never been served

at the bazaar, but he can see no reason why it shouldn't be, inasmuch as everyone would like to drink it, and it would bring in a nice profit.

The non-conformer is a simple soul; he does not need to strive for happiness. His happiness comes automatically from simply not doing that which would make him unhappy. The conformer is caught in the whirlpool of conventionalism. On a Sunday evening, when he would much rather be out shooting craps with the non-conformers, he invites the Smiths over to play bridge, merely because the preceding Sunday evening he played bridge at their house. He hates golf, but joins the country club because all his friends belong and membership will improve his social standing. In the event of war you are certain to find him in the trenches dodging bullets, or on the street corner giving long-winded speeches to build up the fighting spirit of the non-conformer, who is probably headed for the river with a fishing pole and a can of worms.

### Relief Client

She pushed the button on her desk, and, when her secretary appeared, asked that the first relief client, Grandpa Rhodes, be admitted. In walked a rather tall, white-haired man of about seventy, wearing a battered old ten-gallon hat, and carrying an old scarred-up cane. He propped his cane against the desk, drew his chair up close, and began telling Evelyn about his wife, who, it seemed, was sick. He was very thankful for a new wrapper that he had received, and told Evelyn that she should visit his wife to receive her thanks, and to see his climbing roses which were blooming on his back fence. Talking about flowers seemed to get him warmed up, and before long he was telling Evelyn how he ran away from his home in Kentucky to become a cowboy on a ranch in the Texas panhandle, how he met his wife, married her, and took up gardening to make her happy with the flowers. In his eyes there was a far-away look as he and Evelyn sat there in silence for a few long seconds reminiscing. "When things get to growin' and the wind gets to rustlin' through the trees and the moon shines down softlike on the green grass just come pushing up, then, Lordy, I get restless to shove my foot in a stirrup once more," he continued. Once more there was that short silence before he finally said goodbye and hobbled off.—RICHARD SHOULDERS



# America versus Sweden

EVERETT L. HAAG

*Rhetoric II, Theme 12, Summer Session, 1940*

*Sweden, the Middle Way*, by Marquis Childs.

*Rich Land, Poor Land*, by Stuart Chase.

WE IN America, who have thousands of magazines and millions of books to read, often do our reading aimlessly and carelessly. We often read magazines because of the attractive covers or because our friends read them, and we often read a book because the sound of the title is euphonious, or because it is recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club. Sometimes we find a good magazine or a good book by those methods, but too many times we fail. In my reading of *Rich Land, Poor Land* and *Sweden, the Middle Way*, I fully realized the value of guided reading, for in no two books that I have ever read have the facts in one book illuminated the facts in another book in so forceful and striking a manner. The wasteful destruction of natural resources in America by free and rugged individualists, although we are living in a world that needs those resources, seems all the more unjustified when America is compared to Sweden—a land that has learned from experience the necessity of collective protection and through reverence the desire for that protection. I read the book about Sweden first. I felt as I read it that many of the measures being taken in that country could, perhaps, profitably be adopted in America and I realized, too, that some of those measures are being attempted by our present administration. Then I read *Rich Land, Poor Land*, a book about America—the richest and newest country in the world—a book about the destruction of natural resources. I read

about the wasteful cost of this destruction, which reached billions of dollars. I read how, while we waste and destroy, we are permitting people to live in slums without proper food, medical care, or adequate housing facilities. And I discovered the falsity of the American standard of living that overlooks vast areas in the South, in the Appalachian Highlands, in the Ozarks, and the Dust Bowl. Why?

The people of the United States have made the worship of bigness an official and national religion—everything must be big, with special emphasis on the size of profits. In reading *Sweden, the Middle Way*, one understands how Sweden has made her domestic economy serve the greatest good of the greatest number by abolishing or curbing profits, and how this has resulted in a national life of stability, of order, and of sanity. Sweden has discarded out-worn individualism, and has devised a system of state control and a new collective order of cooperatives. Production is for use and not for profit, and the cooperative union is carried on not only for the practical advantage of lower prices to consumers but also as a fundamental social duty.

The struggle of the cooperatives for power was slow and at times seemed doomed to failure, for it was met with resistance from various groups and associations of manufacturers and retailers at home and abroad. The first consumers' production unit was a unit for margarine, and once a foothold was gained, its activities slowly spread to consumers' and producers' units in flour,

rubber, savings banks, insurance, light bulbs, liquor, tobacco, cash registers, gasoline, and coffee. The state gradually gained a controlling interest in the utilities, in the means of transportation, in the mines, and in the forests. The factories, mills, and apartment houses built by the cooperatives are ultra-modern and are arranged for the convenience of the users and for a high degree of efficiency. As the cooperatives produced goods, their respective products were placed on the market at a much lower price than the goods produced privately; in order to stay in business, these private companies had to reduce their prices. Light bulbs dropped in price from thirty-seven cents to twenty cents; kilowatt-hour costs dropped from a ten- and fifteen-cent rate for household uses to a one- and two-cent rate. There were corresponding savings to consumers in all the cooperatives' products and services.

The government of Sweden owns many of the railroads, the airlines, and the major lines of communication—the telephone and the telegraph. The rates set by the government's companies serve as yard sticks for the private companies, and the government operates its companies on policies as sound and practical as those of the private companies. Sweden has many conservation laws, and although the country is one of the world's largest exporters of lumber, her national forest laws protect the future supply of lumber, and that supply is actually increasing. In one mining town where the government has a controlling interest in the mines, the children go to a free school where they receive free dental service and medical care. Hot lunches are served without charge in all Sweden's schools. The schools provide a rudimentary scholastic background and special training to capable boys and girls. There are also many government-sup-

ported adult schools. Everyone over the age of sixteen contributes to an old-age-pension system according to his income; and for those who can not contribute, the local community pays. At sixty-seven everyone gets a pension according to the amount contributed by him, regardless of his need. The housing program is financed by loans from the state, varying from fifty-five to ninety-five per cent of the value of the property; and the state also subsidizes the rents of tenants having three or more children.

Albin Johansson, president and managing director of the cooperative movement, is paid only \$5,000 a year, and he is said to be the most astute merchant in the country. He, like all the officers, takes pride not in making profits but in running the business efficiently. He lives modestly in a five-room house although he is recognized as a leader of the country. He helped to formulate the method by which Sweden met the depression; and, although the country was aided by fortuitous external circumstances, its recovery was phenomenal.

Sweden, a country of patient, perseverant, and cautious people, a country that puts a high value on democracy and opposes the principles of the totalitarian states, a country that has not hesitated to curtail or abolish profit or the economic freedom of the private business man, has profitably taken a course midway between the absolute socialism of Russia and the development of capitalism in America.

America is pictured in *Rich Land, Poor Land*, as a land of unchecked and unbridled initiative; as a land that gives to the owners the power to destroy and the power to waste with no thought of their fellow citizens or of posterity. The individual has used and destroyed the forests, the mineral resources, and the wild game with the thought of only

private profit and with no thought of the rightful heritage of every person born upon the continent. Each bit of legislation passed from time to time has been met with the criticisms that it is interfering with the individual's rights—the individual's rights to destroy the forests, the individual's rights to take one-fifth of the oil from the earth and to cause four-fifths to be lost forever, the individual's rights to take one-third of the coal from a mine and to cause the remainder to be irretrievable. The men coming to America after Columbus looked upon its resources as infinite. In the swift pursuit of private profits, men tormented, hurt, and beat the continent of North America until its patience became exhausted and it turned upon its tormentors. It set about to drive them from the continent, and it used as its weapons those that its tormentors had given it—the flood, the forest fire, the dust bowl, the lack of grazing ground, the erosion of soil, the dearth of wild game, and the emptiness of mines. If the people living in North America succeed in completely destroying the continent, it in turn will completely destroy them. Only by protecting it can they protect themselves. "All during this time of destruction, red-faced gentlemen in silk hats have declared this progress, and bankers have looked benevolently over their wing collars and declared everything sound."

After almost three-hundred years of more or less complete blindness, men are beginning to protect the continent, but to date the means are entirely inadequate. The present administration has initiated various plans to check the inroads of destruction, and further at-

tempts are being made through education. Our natural resources have been exploited by individual action, but nothing in the history of this exploitation allows us to conclude that our resources will be restored by individual action; for it is a costly and difficult process to rehabilitate our forests and plains. Proper restoration can only take place through group action, initiated and sponsored by our federal government.

No one would want to disparage his country's achievements, but one must admit that they are not enough. A great many more conservation laws will have to be enacted before the destruction of natural resources and the rehabilitation of natural resources will be in balance. Many countries have changed their economic structures, and capitalism in America today is greatly changed from the capitalism of a hundred years ago. Perhaps Sweden has found the correct "middle way."

Does capitalism mean license for a few private individuals, or does it mean freedom for all? We may have to decide, for we are living in a rapidly changing economic, political, and social world. Time and war do not respect the *status quo*. The conservative *London Times*, in commenting on the new order, warned against defining democratic values in nineteenth-century terms: "If we speak of democracy we do not mean democracy which maintains the right to vote but forgets the right to work and life; if we speak of freedom, we do not mean rugged individualism which excludes social organization and economic planning; and if we speak of equality we do not mean political equality nullified by social and economic privilege."



# The Interpretation of the Negro in Modern Negro Poetry

BESSIE KING

*Rhetoric II, Theme 11, Summer Session, 1940*

THE "NEW NEGRO" is a term which was coined shortly after the World War. It was then that there emerged a new Negro character, stimulated by the social and economic changes which were in turn stimulated by the war. During the war period, thousands of Negroes migrated to northern industrial centers to replenish a depleted labor supply or to take positions formerly closed to them. The sudden influx of so many Negro families gave rise to housing and other sociological problems. Hence the interest of the white population was awakened to the needs, problems, and characteristics of the race. Because of this delving into the race problem, there developed a new view of the Negro character. He was recognized as having something more to offer than vaudeville clowning, shouting of hymns, or being porter to the nation. As a consequence of this sincere interest manifest in some groups, the Negro became intensely interested in self-revelation, and his poets began to write more prolifically and more revealingly than ever before. These poets, representative of the "new Negro," were anxious to reveal themselves as being "race-conscious and race-proud, independent and defiant, conscious of their powers and not ashamed of their gifts."<sup>1</sup>

Such pride of race is something new for the Negroes, and they are conscious of the reasons for this pride. The war helped them discover themselves. Negroes at home showed themselves capable of handling efficiently jobs and

positions which had been exclusively "white" positions; abroad, their regiments and soldiers exhibited excellent ability and spirit. The war over, they looked back over the years and saw that they had produced scientists, educators, writers, and musicians of whom they could be proud.

The Negro's pride in his race as it has developed in America, has led to a new interest in his African beginnings. He realizes that Africa has given him a heritage of music and art—phases of a distinctive civilization. He desires to cultivate the African in his personality. Langston Hughes expresses the connection of the Negro with Africa in the poem, "The Negro Speaks of Rivers:"<sup>2</sup>

I've known rivers.

I've known rivers ancient as the world and  
older than the flow of human blood in  
human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were  
young.

I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled  
me to sleep.

I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyra-  
mids above it.

I heard the singing of the Mississippi when  
Abe Lincoln went down to New Or-  
leans, and

I've seen its muddy bosom turn all golden  
in the sunset.

I've known rivers,

Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

The older Negro was conscious of his humble station and accepted it as his due.

<sup>1</sup>Redding, J. Saunders, *To Make a Poet Black*, 93-125.

<sup>2</sup>Johnson, James Weldon, *The Book of American Negro Poetry*, 241.

Sometimes he protested, but very feebly. He was conscious always of being a Negro, hence an inferior being. The race-consciousness of the modern Negro is quite different from that. True, it is a consciousness which springs from a sense of living in hostile surroundings. The Negro is not able to forget that he is a problem, that the color of his face closes doors which would otherwise be open. But, more important than that, he is conscious of belonging to a race which has made its contribution to civilization. And his race-consciousness is increased by the realization that the so-called enlightened nations of the world, ruled by other races, have spent years in tearing one another to pieces and have not yet arrived at an equitable peace.<sup>3</sup>

Negro poets are so imbued with this awareness of their race that, although they try to restrain it, it usually colors their work.

The fact that Negroes are aware of their problem and protest against its existence is some evidence of hope for a brighter future. The optimistic, hopeful expression is recurrent in Negro poetry. In the older poetry it is a hope vested in a God who would lead the Negro race into a better world. Now, there is hope for the future, but a hope which depends upon continued struggle; a hope which says "bide your time." Countee Cullen's "From the Dark Tower"<sup>4</sup> discloses this type of optimism:

We shall not always plant while others reap  
The golden increment of bursting fruit,  
Not always countenance, abject and mute,  
That lesser men should hold their brothers  
cheap;

Not everlastingly while others sleep  
Shall we beguile their limbs with mellow  
flute,

Not always bend to some more subtle brute;  
We were not made eternally to weep.

The night whose sable breast relieves the  
stark

White stars is no less lovely being dark,

And there are buds that cannot bloom at  
all  
In light, but crumple, piteous, and fall;  
So in the dark we hide the heart that  
bleeds,  
And wait, and tend our agonizing seeds.

The love of the physical aspects of nature is not lost to the Negro in his constant battering against racial barriers. It is a love which has been associated with the traditional Negro, only his was a more utilitarian love. Nature was the provider, the giver of life. To the modern Negro, nature is a source of beauty and pleasure. His is a sensuous delight in warm colors, in the richness of the soil, in the lushness of tropical greenery, in the coolness of leaping rivers. Some of these delights are expressed in the following poem by Claude McKay.<sup>5</sup>

#### AFTER THE WINTER

Some day, when trees have shed their  
leaves

And against the morning's white  
The shivering birds beneath the eaves  
Have sheltered for the night,  
We'll turn our faces southward love,  
Toward the summer isle  
Where bamboos spire the shafted grove  
And wide-mouthed orchids smile.

And we will seek the quiet gill  
Where towers the cotton tree,  
And leaps the laughing crystal rill,  
And works the droning bee.  
And we will build a cottage there  
Beside an open glade,  
With black-ribbed bluebells blowing near  
And ferns that never fade.

The Negro is, of course, highly emotional. The traditional Negro expressed his over-flowing feelings in song and religious orgy. The old-fashioned Negro minister was adept at playing on the emotions of his congregation. The modern Negro has the same power of deep feeling, though he tries to conceal it under a cool exterior; and it often blazes

<sup>3</sup>Brawley, Benjamin, *A Short History of the American Negro*, 178-179.

<sup>4</sup>Johnson, *op. cit.*, 228.

<sup>5</sup>*Ibid.*, 271.

forth with doubled energy, as in Claude McKay's poem, "To My White Friends:"<sup>6</sup>

Think you I am not fiend and savage too?  
Think you I could not arm me with a gun  
And shoot down ten of you for everyone  
Of my black brothers murdered, burnt by  
you?  
Be not deceived, for every deed you do  
I could match—outmatch: am I not Africa's son,  
Black of that black land where black deeds  
are done?

This passage expresses, incidentally, the bitterness so characteristic of the contemporary Negro. The traditional Negro was resigned to his fate. He believed that his fate had been ordained by God, and that it was not his place to complain. Bitterness was not a part of his character. But here again we may see the influence of the World War. When the regiments arrived from France in 1918, there was, of course, a need for readjustment. Negroes who had held good positions were dismissed in favor of returning white soldiers. Many Negro soldiers, returning to some of our Southern states, were severely beaten and stripped of their uniforms. These were the means taken by the Southern mob to re-instill in the Negro the knowledge of what his "place" was in the South. Discontent and injustice in Northern states precipitated several race riots. No wonder that defiance and bitterness were instilled into the Negro! They are his shield against race antagonism. In "If We Must Die" Claude McKay again expresses this defiant spirit, the poem being occasioned by the numerous riots of the year 1919:

#### IF WE MUST DIE<sup>7</sup>

If we must die—let it not be like hogs  
Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot,  
While round us bark the mad and hungry  
dogs,  
Making their mock at our accursed lot.  
If we must die—Oh, let us nobly die,  
So that our precious blood may not be shed

In vain; then even the monsters we defy  
Shall be constrained to honor us though  
dead!  
Oh kinsmen! We must meet the common  
foe;  
Though far outnumbered, let us show us  
brave  
And for their thousand blows deal one  
death-blow!  
What though before us lies the open grave?  
Like men we'll face the cowardly pack,  
Pressed to the wall, dying, but fighting back.

Despite this bitter, defiant attitude the Negro has a reputation of being gay, laughing, carefree. He is all of this, and something else, too. After the Civil War, laughter and gaiety facilitated his entry into a white world. He gained a tolerance through being the buffoon, the lazy, irresponsible clown. Now he resents being thought a fool. He laughs, he is gay; but his laughter is often ironic and deliberate, his gaiety is often empty of joy. It is the type of humor expressed in this poem by Countee Cullen:

Once riding in old Baltimore  
Heart-filled, head-filled with glee  
I saw a Baltimorean  
Keep looking straight at me.

Now I was eight and very small  
And he was no whit bigger  
And so I smiled, but he poked out  
His tongue, and called me "Nigger."

I saw the whole of Baltimore  
From May until December  
Of all the things that happened there  
That's all that I remember.<sup>8</sup>

Langston Hughes captures this ironic humor in the short epitaph, "For a Lady I Know."<sup>9</sup>

She even thinks that up in heaven  
Her class lies late and snores,  
While poor black cherubs rise at seven  
To do celestial chores.

The physical expression of love is not a moral question to the Negro. It is an expression of a natural instinct and is not to be denied. To him, physical

<sup>6</sup>*Ibid.*, 169.

<sup>7</sup>*Ibid.*, 168.

<sup>8</sup>Cullen, Countee, *Color*, 50.

<sup>9</sup>Redding, *op. cit.*, pp. 110-111.



expression, like the beauties of nature, is to be enjoyed, not condemned. He glories in the fine mechanism of his body. This poem by Countee Cullen illustrates the Negro's attitude toward love:

That brown girl's swagger gives a twitch  
To beauty like a queen;  
Lad, never dam your body's itch  
When loveliness is seen.

For there is ample room for bliss  
In pride in clean brown limbs  
And lips know better how to kiss  
Than how to raise white hymns.

And when your body's death gives birth  
To soil for spring to crown  
Men will not ask if that rare earth  
Was white flesh once or brown.<sup>10</sup>

Perhaps the fact that the Negro's concept of religion is changing accounts partly for the attitude that sexual expression is not the sin that the traditional Negro thought it to be. Although the relationships between the Negro slaves were usually casual, conventions of a white society were pressed upon them; in the light of the Christian doctrines taught to them, these casual alliances appeared immoral. Religion, however, came to be more practical than spiritual. The Negro's religion was simply his hope for an after-life of peace and surcease from toil.

The contemporary Negro does not place his faith in the religion of his parents. He sees clearly what their religion was and relegates it to the past. James Weldon Johnson used the thought and color of the traditional Negro minister in his book, *God's Trombones*, which he wrote not because he believed in the philosophy expressed but because he re-

spected the tradition that left such beauty and strength of expression.

#### LISTEN, LORD

Oh Lord, we come this morning  
Knee-bowed and body-bent  
Before thy throne of grace.  
Oh Lord—this morning  
Bow our hearts beneath our knees,  
And our knees in some lonesome valley.  
We come this morning—  
Like empty pitchers to a full fountain,  
With no merits of our own.  
O Lord—open up a window of heaven,  
And lean out far over the battlements of  
glory,  
And listen this morning.<sup>11</sup>

Johnson has done with this material what should be done with the heritage of the Negro race. There would thus be a race proud of its heritage, made distinctive by the contributions of its past and fused with the nation of which it is necessarily a part.

<sup>10</sup>Cullen, *op. cit.*

<sup>11</sup>Johnson, *op. cit.*, 125-126.

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#### Shower-room

You don't need a compass to find it. If you follow your nose, you can't miss it. That damned locker room smells worse than a convention of Russian ditch diggers. The "NO SMOKING" signs are wholly unnecessary, for the reek of steam and sweat and dirty clothes is so heavy that a match couldn't possibly burn.—TOM SHIFF

# Rhet as Writ

(Material written in Rhetoric I and II)

Instead of balancing the budget Roosevelt has made it even more larger with his ideas of unemployment and etc. It is true that he has employed several people by his W. P. A. and his other work programs. By introducing these programs he has made our taxes larger and he has started us on our way to Americanism. Mr. Roosevelt has taken over the farmers as much as he thinks he can without having them revolt. He tells them how much acreage of each grain he is to plant . . . . These along with other reasons is why I dislike our present President. . . . .

Confidentially, what is the future of Old Dobbin? I guess he just he has no future. The old gray mare is being squeezed out of all his enterprises. . . . .

I am happier for having gotten away from "mamma's apron strings" and lived on my own instead. . . . .

How many times we have sat and chat about religion. . . . .

I was originally born in New York City. . . . . This was before the Appeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. . . . .

The quiet, unassuming young man who a few years ago was almost in poverty now lies in the nook of luxury atop the ladder of success. . . . .

Many people in Germany today are more proud of their dictator for his cruelty than we as Americans are of our president for his finery.

They thought he was only marring her for her money. . . . .

This oak had large roots growing up out of the ground and snarling around in every direction. . . . .

The next stand that we come to we'll eat. . . . .

The eight men contestants wore a light pair of trousers. . . . .

The pledge has had the sharp corners of his bad points pretty well rounded off. . . . .

We now noticed his flaxen hair which protruded from the edges of a sailor cap that I don't know where he could get it in that desolate land. . . . .

When I registered in September, 1939, I felt extremely proud of myself in that I had been able to wiggle in a nine o'clock MWF tennis and ice skating class. . . . .

\$2000 worth of teeth were imported into Philadelphia in one year from skulls found on the battlefield of Waterloo, fought on June 18, 1815, for dental purposes. . . . .

If Hitler wins the recent European War the two American contents would be in great danger. United States would be in a ticklish possession. . . . .

The author seemed to have the strangest and the most unfitting endings for his conclusions at the end of all his stories.

## Honorable Mention

ALICE ALDEN—Drury Lane  
BERT BERNSTEIN—Communism, a Way of Life  
JAMES BROWN—Mono-Raciality, a Problem  
JULIAN DAWSON—Campus Businessmen  
BYRON ELSNER—Escape  
PAT GALVIN—The Failure of Civilization  
H. P. GUIMARAES—The Cattle Drive  
LORNA HANSELMAN—Surrealistic Art  
EALON ROBERTA HARRIS—Martha Berry  
JUNE ANN HART—Manahatta  
WILLIAM HIGGINBOTHAM—*The Robber Barons*  
MARY LOUISE JACKSON—Personality  
DELBERT JONES—Proration of Illinois Oil  
LORENE KETTENBURG—The Tour Way  
OTTO E. JOHNSON—The Grasshopper Strikes  
KINGSLEY KEIBER—The Challenge of Waste  
ROBERT LAFFERTY—The First Muskellunge  
KEITH LANGE—Four Bright Silk Scarves  
J. KENNETH LEININGER—A Wheat Thresher  
G. W. MCGILL—Kid Calahan  
CARROLL O. MEYER—First Date  
LEONARD SANKSTONE—Why Live at Home?  
MARIAN SHEPHERD—A Heeler  
NICK SHUMAN—Copy!  
JEANETTE SMITH—*We Too Are the People*  
PAUL STARK—Spider  
LOUIS H. STERN—Free Sample  
A. C. TRAKOWSKI—Circus Blaze  
JOHN M. WELLS—*The Last Puritan*  
DEANE WHITE—My Attitude toward the Negro  
DONNA WILCOX—Revenge  
JACQUELINE WILLOUGHBY—Indian Lake







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Illinois Collection

THE  
GREEN  
CALDRON  
WRITING

Vol. 10

JANUARY, 1941

No. 2

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# State Case

SHIRLEY SHAPIRO

*Rhetoric I, Theme 8, 1940-1941*

"THIS is Lupe."

Lupe didn't acknowledge the introduction. She turned her face toward the wall and closed her eyes, so that all I could see was a tangle of straight, inky hair and a pink ribbon above the sheet.

"She'll warm up to you when I leave the room," the nun promised me. "Lupe!"

The tangle of hair moved and the two blackest of all eyes opened wide and distrustfully. They closed slowly and Lupe said nothing.

"I think you'll get along. She's very friendly," the nun insisted. "She knows only a few words of English, but it isn't hard to make her understand."

Again the tangle moved.

"Lupe. Want to hear a story?"

The tangle stirred negatively. I began to doubt whether this four-year-old Mexican baby had any intention of being friendly.

"Lupe. Want to play dolls?"

Lupe's eyes looked through the nun and through me; they wandered aimlessly around the room. They stopped for a moment at a far corner of the ceiling, then went on to the opposite wall. Nothing held them. They glanced past my red dress, and I gave up hope. When I visit the hospital to amuse the children, I always wear my red dress because it attracts their attention and gives me an opening to some sort of conversation about clothes or favorite colors. Lupe dismissed the red dress. My self-confidence dropped, and Lupe closed her eyes again, as if to discourage me completely.

Sister Katherine must have decided just then that Lupe and I would be great

pals at any moment, for she swished out of the room. I walked over to the bed and stood there foolishly.

"Lupe." All in a second I felt that I had spoken much too loudly, I had mispronounced the name, I would like to go home, and I wanted to make Lupe laugh. There was no response. I sat down on the chair near the bed and opened my picture book.

"Oh, look at the bunny. What color is a bunny? Blue? (*Heliotrope? This isn't doing our Pan-American relations, any good, you devil.*) Here's an elephant with big ears and a long trunk . . . see? And there's a horse with a tail." I was talking to myself. (*"Come on, toots; I'm supposed to be amusing you, not myself."*) Oh, look at the pig! Isn't that funny?" I forced a laugh. "That's funny!"

"Dot's fawnee!" I was startled out of my soliloquy by the repeated phrase—half Mexican accent, half baby talk. The tangle of hair turned and Lupe squinted in an unmistakable smile; then, looking straight at me, she broke into a satanic grin.

"You little devil," I said, nervously.

"Dot's fawnee!" Lupe laughed out loud and I knew she was teasing me. I felt better. Here was a four-year-old with a sense of humor, even if she couldn't speak English. I began to turn the pages of the picture book again, and Lupe pointed to each new page and laughed at the:

"Elephant running."

"Aylphun ronning."

"Bunny rabbit."

"Bawnee rapt."

"Purple cow . . . oh, that's funny!"

"Dot's fawnee!" Lupe's giggling was low; it came from somewhere near her stomach and rose spasmodically to her mouth, where it issued from the corners in tiny explosions.

"Would you like to color the pictures?" I asked, holding out a crayon so that she would understand. I wasn't sure that Lupe was able to use her hands; so many of these state wards were complete cripples, even paralyzed to such an extent that they could not talk. I waited an instant; Lupe drew one hand from under the sheet and took the crayon. It was a green one, but she immediately reached out and covered a page of dogs with irregular strokes, like blades of tall grass.

For an hour we looked at the book. I turned the pages and Lupe colored violet chickens and yellow horses and pink rabbits with the same reckless, uncontrolled scrawl. She grew too warm and pushed the sheet back in a crumpled ball against the wall; she was wearing a regulation split-up-the-back muslin gown, and it made her body look very small, her face very brown. Both legs were in casts, and she was strapped to a long, wide board so that she would not try to move her back. I don't know whether she had any pain, even any feeling, in her body below the waist; but she seemed to be alive only from the waist upward. Her eyes were most alive. I would have given anything to know what lay behind some of their expressions! I know she could understand almost nothing of what I said; yet there was no look of questioning in her eyes. Possibly she thought I was the one who didn't know a language; after all, she named the pictures in words of her own, words her family would have understood . . . and when I told her the English names she re-

peated them patiently. Still, she must have felt superior to me, for she knew that "bunny" and "cow" and "elephant" were things I made up; those weren't really their names.

I couldn't tell whether she had ceased to tease me or was merely humoring me. I know her laughter became more spontaneous and higher pitched until I was sure she knew some joke I could never know. Then she began to address herself to me. She pointed to her pink ribbon.

"Dot's fawnee."

I laughed and nodded, and she laughed and nodded back. I picked out a pink crayon and handed it to her.

"Pink. Pink ribbon on the horse?" I suggested, pointing to the picture of a new page. She handed me the crayon and I put a ribbon on the horse's tail.

"Just like Lupe. See? Isn't that funny?"

"Dot's fawnee."

At four o'clock the nun came back to tell me that the visiting hours were over.

"Are you having a good time, Lupe?"

Lupe's eyes lost their life, her smile drooped, and she turned toward the wall again.

"Thank the nice girl for coming to see you, Lupe!"

There was no answer. The nun sighed impatiently.

"Oh, Lupe has no manners today. I know she loves to have people visit her, though."

We turned to leave the room, but when we heard a high squeak and a giggle, both of us turned to see what Lupe was doing. She was pointing at my red dress. She opened her eyes wider than ever and her nose wiggled with excitement.

"Dot's fawnee!" she exploded—and closed her eyes and turned to the wall.

# Fight

ORANGE APPLE

*Rhetoric I, Theme 8, 1940-1941*

BILL gulped down his beer. He drew a deep breath. "Goddamit, my chicken's better than that dunghill of yours, an' a huntert dollars says it's so." The alcoholic flush in Shorty's face deepened. "Call Fireboy a dunghill, will you? Iffen you put southern gaffs on that sick rooster of yours he couldn't win. I'll take the bet."

As Bill drove down the road he began to wonder if he had done right. With each blast of cold fresh air through the car window his doubt grew. Back at The Pit everything had seemed simple; he knew his cock could win and a hundred dollars was a small sum. But out here in the cold night, with the reassuring influence of alcohol turning into a tired, sick feeling, he was uncertain. Suppose his cock didn't win. Business at the roadstand was none too good, and Martha was always nagging him about the birds.

Thank God, here was his place at last. He turned into the driveway, killed the motor, and slumped behind the wheel. Jesus, he was tired! His head throbbed, his stomach jerked to the same rhythm. He'd put the car in the garage tomorrow—right now he wanted to sleep. He opened the door, stepped out. God, but the cool gravel felt nice against his face. He couldn't lie here all night though. He got up, found the house door, opened it, and made his way to the bedroom. He stripped to his underwear and crawled in, the springs protesting his weight. His wife groaned. He slept.

. . . . .

Never had the patch of sun on the floor moved so slowly, and when it

finally disappeared the clock slowed down. Why, the last three times he had looked it said 8:30. He brought a customer a hamburger, looked again; at last it was time. He walked through the kitchen.

"I'm leaving, Martha."

"Go ahead," she snapped.

She hadn't said much today—still mad, he guessed. He walked out to the runs, and entered the tar-papered shack. He stood in the narrow aisle a minute, then opened a small door, reached in, and pulled out Joe Louis. He admired the bird's trim body, the way the light gleamed on his brown feathers. Everything useless was gone—the comb, the excess wing feathers, the spurs. He walked over to the exercise table and tossed the bird a few times. Then he reached up to a shelf, took down a small leather case, and opened it. The two bits of metal shone bright in the light of the single bulb. He began to hone them. As he worked he watched the cock strut about on the table. There was no mistake, the bird was good—he couldn't lose. He finished, laid the gaffs on the velvet and snapped the case shut. He caught Joe Louis and crated him.

The long drive to the barn, where the mains were to be held, bolstered his confidence. He parked his car with the others and entered the building, carrying the crated rooster. They had a big crowd tonight—big shots and society people from Chicago, farmers from the surrounding country, and men like himself, who had game cocks to fight. He greeted his many friends, and stopped to talk with one of them, a mechanic from the



city, who raised cocks. Then he made his way to the judge's stand.

"Hello, Sheriff."

"Hello, Bill. I been talking to Shorty, an' yours is gonna be the first bout. Let's weigh your chicken."

He took the rooster out of the crate and placed him on the scales. The weight was right. Bill took the leather case out of his pocket and began to fix the gaffs. Carefully he wound the strips of oiled leather around the stump of the bird's spur. The gaffs had to go on just so.

Bill climbed down into the pit, heard the judge announcing the names of the birds and their handlers, noticed by the upraised hands in the crowd that the betting was heavy. People hereabouts knew his birds. He held Joe Louis out and let him take a few preliminary pecks at Shorty's bird. A word from the judge and he let go. The birds rushed forward and met in a tangle of feathers. They

beat each other's wings, thrust and parried jabs. Shaking with excitement, Bill watched. They had slowed down now, were fighting coldly, methodically; but when an opening appeared, always it was Joe Louis that leaped in and struck.

Then it came. Joe Louis sprang high in the air, driving down on the other's back. The gleaming gaffs disappeared from view. He'd won—the hundred dollars was his. The game cocks rolled over, turning and twisting. They separated. The other bird was dying. Bill felt a grin spreading over his face. But suddenly Shorty's bird leaped forward, striking wildly in its dying flurry. A spur pierced Joe Louis's head, and he died at once. The other bird lurched halfway around the ring and fell dead too.

Bill heard the judge's voice clearly. "The last bird on his feet and the winner, Fireboy, handled by Shorty Gates."

What would he say to his wife?

### Direct from Broadway

Now if you've ever been in a one-act play with innumerable scenes, (or if you've ever seen one) you're aware of the fact that if the changes aren't made much sooner than you can think of Rumpelstiltskin's name, it's just too bad. So we make quick changes. This works out just fine when the person changing from one of these yarded costumes has a little aid. I always did have—our bargain hunter usually pinned me together. (We never even attempted to use the buttons.)

Well, on this fatal night, I tore into the shirt and blouse, straight-pinned the blouse front together, and with the customary huge diaper-pin I fastened the back of me. This was for the scene in which the villain, played by our harried director, chases the poor heroine, me, around and around the table.

Usually, he placed his foreboding walking cane on the table. But being worried about his wife, he leaned it against the table.

He started after me. I started around the table. Something was scratching—I peered down. The front of me was coming open. I held it together. Once around the table. I felt something sticking me in back. I glanced down. My skirt had fallen to the position of a hula-dancer's. With my free hand, I clutched it up and started my plea for "Help!" Then I tripped over the propped-up cane.

Something had happened backstage to detain the hero, who was to come in to save me. I think it can truthfully be said that the audience was rolling in the aisles. They actually thought it was funny. There I was—stuck on all sides, grabbed at from behind, and tripped from the front. Finally amidst unwarranted applause, the hero arrived.—BETTY STEINER

# Prom Trotter

J. W. McINTOSH

*Rhetoric II, Theme 2, 1939-1940*

"MAY I CUT?"

I tapped the back of a black dinner jacket. The pasty face turned reluctantly, washed-out eyes glared balefully—but he let her go. Rae came into my arms, smiling her charming smile, as she had come into so many others' arms in the past five years.

She had been my brother Bill's date five years ago when Bill was a senior at Dartmouth. She was just seventeen then, the prettiest deb of the season in the Westchester crowd. Since then she had not missed a Dartmouth Winter Carnival, a Princeton "Houseparties," or a Williams Carnival, and now she was plebeian enough to come to a Cornell Prom.

Five years ago she was the date of the season, and for a big dance you'd ask her months ahead. Now she was fair game for any fellow who went to one of the "better" schools.

She arched her back a little so that she could talk. "How's Bill?"

"Fine. He's a proud father now."

Her "Oh" was noncommittal.

"You know, John, you've always seemed like a kid brother to me." The black eyes sparkled. "But you're not, are you? Two more years and you'll be a great big engineer. Are you going to build bridges and skyscrapers?"

"Yes," I said. She could hardly be expected to remember that I was an electrical engineer.

"I was up at Dartmouth last week. Billy Reynolds—you know him, Johnny, don't you?"

"Yes, I saw you there."

"Why how silly of me to forget. You

skied didn't you? Are you as good as Bill?"

"Bill's mark still is tops for the run. Reynolds will be a good skier, though. Otto Schniebs has whipped him into shape in a hurry."

We danced on in silence. How different Rae was from the girl Bill used to go with. Not different in any real way. It was a relative difference, a difference in intensity. Then she had been a lovely kid, black hair and eyes. The hair was as black and bright as ever, but the eyes were faded. She seemed diluted, like the last cocktail from the shaker.

"Williams had a nice carnival three weeks ago. Did you ski there?"

"No."

"Fred Hawkins asked me up. Fred lives in Albany. You know him, don't you?"

I knew him.

"They had Glenn Miller there. What a swell band he has, real rhythm. And did Fred get tight!—only a few drinks, too. I can't understand it." She rattled on. "This is a lovely school, Johnny. The lake looks so pretty when it's frozen. And looking down on the town from the hill—it's just like fairyland. You boys are lucky you can go to a real school, no Sarah Lawrence or Bryn Mawr lady stuff."

"Sometimes we *work* here, too."

"I'll be glad when May is here. Princeton's 'Houseparties' are such fun, and I've just met the cutest boy that goes there. He's from Illinois, or Texas, or somewhere. He's so serious—says he's there to study. He's cute though. Anyway I'll work him for a bid. It will be

nice to go with him—lots of wide-open-space ideas—and simple—. But he's sweet. Maybe this is the real thing. Do you think so, Johnny?"

"I hope so, Rae. Something should happen to you. You've been chasing proms ever since Bill had you up to Dartmouth. You've gone crazy like the rest of Westchester. You're afraid to admit that your deb days are over. You keep chasing around to any damn club or school, keep chasing boys three and four years younger than you. You'd go with anyone before you'd miss a party."

"You sound like Brother Bill. What am I supposed to do—sit home and carry pipes and slippers for one man, when I can have a hell of a lot of fun playing the field?" The black eyes sparkled again; her face became alive.

Then the eyes softened. "You're cute when you get angry, Johnny. You're like Bill only you have pretty blue eyes and his were brown. I think you're nice—you're so . . . so refreshing."

"Cut." The hand of good fortune fell on my shoulder. "Gladly," I murmured. I turned, and hurried to the stag line.

## The Hunting Instinct

JAMES R. COOPER

*Rhetoric I, Theme 6, 1940-1941*

I HAVE the hunting instinct. I refuse to say whether I feel proud of it or ashamed. Probably I cannot help the fact that while I love wild animals I also love to kill them.

The American ideal of sportsmanship in hunting is supposed to be derived from that of the red man. Hiawatha thrilled to see his buck give a mighty convulsive leap when the arrow drove home; yet pleasure was to him always secondary to necessity. If I have a code of hunting ethics, it may appear in the telling of one of my hunting adventures.

One day last winter I borrowed my brother's shotgun and walked eastward from the house to a grove of barren osage orange snags. My memory and instinct told me that here was the nearest good cover for rabbit or pheasant. I would explore the bases of the creaking hedge trees and the protected places in clumps of grass, beside rotting logs, by

fence posts, where a canny bunny might choose to bed down. Then, from this starting point I would traverse a well-planned, methodical circuit of our farm.

Like Hiawatha, I moved quietly and unhurriedly, wishing to detect game before flushing it. I searched carefully, but without visible reward, while in the grove. When I had explored every protected cranny, I stepped lightly over the fence and moved away from the grove, walking in long, snow-scraping strides. My eyes searched the fencerow as it glided past me. White landscape was the only landscape that morning. For weeks the good Illinois wheat soil had been frozen—gray, hard, and unyielding, bare to the lashing winds and the blank sky. But in the night, new and beautiful snow had disguised and enveloped it in loveliness. Living, cool draughts of air poured in through my nostrils, and thick animal steam puffed out from them. Life



pleased me. But I was bent on destroying life.

Abruptly I was aware of an exciting spot in the snow not five paces dead ahead, where a brown fringe showed distinctly above a deep impression in the snow. I stopped in the middle of a stride, clasping my gun with both hands diagonally across my body, ready to throw it to my shoulder and fire. Stealthily I backed away a few steps, turned, partially circled the prey, and advanced on him from the direction he faced. This brought me to an ideal position. I could start him up, then quickly take him with the gun, no matter which way he went. I looked at him and hesitated.

This rabbit was not of the timid type which so often has failed to escape my search by taking refuge in the advantage of dark shaded spots and protective coloration. This was a competent, experienced fellow. He had assumed a crouching position in the open, his brown coat plain against the snow. Here he could see for four dozen long hops on any side. If his enemy were a dog, he would see it coming and bound lightly down the adjacent fencerow. The dog would never see him, for it hunts with eyes intent on the snow beneath its nose. And if the rabbit were seen he could easily foil the dog by sewing his tracks from one side of the fence to the other.

As rabbits probably know, a human hunter seeks always to find game in thick cover, never on open snow-covered spots. But unluckily for my rabbit, he had not anticipated that he should lie in my direct path. No doubt I looked quite harmless as I clumped along the fencerow. I must have seemed to be just another of those huge, obvious beings that lumber along in a single direction, seeing nothing except what they stumble over. The rab-

bit, hesitating to leave his comfortable squat, sat motionless and waited for me to pass him by unnoticed.

But I had seen him. Surely he knew he was discovered. Yet he crouched, tense with a fear of the strange enemy which did not rush at him to crush his back in red jaws. Just for an instant, pity and sympathy, even a sense of love and understanding, rose high in me. No twitch of his body betrayed his readiness for instant action. There were only two great, warm eyes looking from a spot in the snow, eyes pitifully afraid, yet questioning—gazing full upon me, sensing my purpose, but still searching, imploring. My eyes looked at the dark eyes in the snow and my resolution began to waver. It seemed to me that I should never forget those eyes if I made them close in death.

Then I brought myself to reality with a stiffening jerk. I had come out to kill meat for supper. I was carrying a gun—not an instrument of manslaughter, but a hunting gun—an instrument of the old American sport of bagging wild game for food. The rabbit had wounded my vanity by appealing to my conscience. The gates of mercy swung shut, excluding the little brown rabbit. I would avenge the mental injury which his innocent eyes had silently done me.

Moving forward, I deliberately kicked snow toward him. He started up and bounded rapidly along the fence. The gun in my hand crashed, and my victim made a high somersault, then fell on his side. Twice he quivered all over, then lay still. I walked to the spot where his body lay. I was proud of my marksmanship.

One great brown eye bulged from the little brown head, staring aimlessly at the sky. Warm red blood dripped into the white snow.

# Spotted Jersey

GORDON PEABODY

*Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1940-1941*

SANDY is the best cow dog in the neighborhood. He could chase any cow through any gate he desired, until we bought old Spotted Jersey. She was never "dog broke," and I suspect she never will be.

Spot is a gentle cow, but she allows no other animal to boss her. She likes to stand idly in the shade of the willow clusters, lazily swaying from side to side, and chewing rhythmically on her cud, as she stares sleepily across the blue-grass pasture. Her sleepy brown eyes seldom move when I approach. She remains indolently motionless except for the incessant cud-chewing and an occasional switching of her tail. When I slap her on the rump with an accompanying, "Get along there, Spot," she awakes. Glancing slowly around at me, as if she were saying, "Where did you come from?" she slowly turns her back and labors toward the big red dairy barn over the hill. The other Jerseys follow her to the barn.

Sandy used to go with me to bring in the cows, but the first day Spotted Jersey was in the pasture, she broke him of that habit. I went to Spot first that day to start the cows home; Sandy was dashing wildly about me. Spot was standing under a clump of willows—swaying, and chewing, and dreaming. When we approached half way down the hill, Spot, staring straight ahead, suddenly stopped chewing. Sandy, who had been watching her very closely, edged nearer to me. When we sauntered nearer, Spot unexpectedly turned. Her mild brown eyes flashed anger and hatred as she violently shook her head at Sandy. Lowering her head, she bel-

lowed deep in her throat and lunged beyond me toward Sandy, who had just decided that he had an engagement at the barn and was consequently high-tailing it in that direction. Spot, gathering speed, bellowed again, and the entire herd took up the chase.

The enraged cows turned Sandy back toward the middle of the pasture. Running in a wide circle and jumping a ditch, he finally reached the barnyard fence. Although unaccustomed to jumping, he easily cleared the five-foot board fence. Then sitting on his haunches across the strong fence from the bellowing cows, he repeatedly panted and barked at the infuriated, pawing spotted Jersey.

Realizing that pawing the dust would not bother the dog, Spot finally calmed down. Soon she forced her way through the crowding, curious cows, and after drinking thirstily from the huge cement watering tank, she again became the quiet, tranquil cow who had been swaying contentedly in the pasture a minute before. Resuming her cud-chewing, she ignored the other Jerseys, ignored the barking dog, and stared dreamily across the pasture.

. . . .

I had been so engrossed in reading *The Grapes of Wrath* that I had grown tired. At the end of a chapter, I glanced casually away from the book. My sight immediately fell upon the face of the girl who was sitting across the table from me. She wasn't studying, but was staring into the depths of the closely grained table-top before her. Her big brown eyes were shining softly, and gazing in meditative thoughtfulness.

With her tongue she caressed a large wad of gum, twisting and turning it over and over. Each time she rolled the gum, her lower jaw dropped; then rhythmically, in a sweeping, circular motion, she clamped her teeth shut on the gum; after forcing the wad to a different part of her mouth, she began to repeat the whole sequence of movements all over again.

I grinned as I gazed at the twisting motions she made. "It's a lot like old Spotted Jersey does it," I thought. When

I grinned, she glanced up. Seeing me staring at her, she glared indignantly. The soft brown eyes lost their thoughtfulness; now they flashed dark anger across the table. She had ceased the rhythmical chewing in the intensity of her anger.

I grinned sheepishly; I couldn't help it. "She changed just like Spot did when Spot first saw Sandy," I mused. Again I looked at the girl. She was chewing methodically—ignoring my presence just as Spot ignored Sandy's.

## Casual Rescue

BILL H. DAGLEY

*Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1940-1941*

THE first day I ever wore a life-guard jersey, I strutted along the hot sandy beach as if I knew all the answers and as if this life-guarding was old stuff to me. But down deep inside I felt lost, and I halfway realized the responsibility which I had accepted, responsibility for the lives of all those people who were frolicking about and enjoying one of those rare days in June. I walked out on the dam, where most of the guards were posted. The dam, which is about three feet high and four feet wide, divides the shallow pool from the deep pool.

"You're new here, aren't you?" asked one of the guards.

"Yeah," I said, trying not to act too thrilled.

"What's your name?"

"Dagley. Bill Dagley."

"Mine's Ed Toban. Glad to know you, Bill."

Ed was about six feet two inches tall, sun-tanned like a model for a Coca-Cola advertisement. He never looked away

from the bathers in the pool all during our conversation.

"You'll like it here," he continued, "and once you get in, you're set."

I gathered that he meant if I voted for Roosevelt, I'd be set.

"Ever guard before?" he asked, still keeping his eyes peeled to the water.

"Nope."

"That's bad. If you've never had any experience, this place is—"

Then suddenly, as if shot from a cannon, he sprang from the dam. He dived parallel to the water, keeping his head erect and his eyes straight ahead. His body slapped the water, making a terrific splash, but only one thing mattered. Get there! His legs pounded powerfully at the water, and his arms stretched at each stroke as if to reach for the victim. He dug and pulled at the water with all the strength that was in his arms. Then I spotted the person in difficulty. No cry of help was uttered. It was a choking, screaming cry of terror. I could see only a face looking skyward, and two arms



struggling against the depths of the water—clutching, grasping for something, anything! But nothing was there. When Ed was about three yards away from the unfortunate fellow, he went into a surface dive. Both bodies disappeared from sight. A second later, two heads broke the surface of the water together. Ed had a firm grip over the victim's right shoulder, across his chest, and under his left arm pit. By that time, another guard had arrived at the spot with a boat. Luckily, the victim was still conscious. He and Ed clung to the side

of the boat while the other guard rowed them in to shore.

It all happened so quickly that I believe I was more excited than any one of the trio. My heart was beating double time, and I was trying to think of something that I should have done to help out. Ed climbed back on the dam, picked up a towel, and began briskly drying himself.

"How's the water?" I asked jokingly, trying to cover up my nervousness.

"Dunno," came a quick, panting reply. "Wasn't in long enough to tell."

## Playing Cops

EMMET O'CONNELL

*Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1940-1941*

OUR big black sedan, labeled "Chief of Police," rounded the corner and slid over to the wrong side of the street. Fortunately there were no cars coming from the opposite direction.

"Take it a little slower, Bob," I ordered in my most authoritative tone. "Maybe some kids will try to hitch their sled on behind and we can pinch them."

It was Boy's Day—the one day of each year that mere kids are allowed to take over the public offices of the city. I had been appointed Chief of Police for the day and I was determined to make at least one arrest. So a few of my subordinate patrolmen and myself were cruising about in the Chief's special car, hoping to find a law-breaker. We had had an all-night drizzle, followed by freezing temperature, and as a result the streets were very slippery.

"Drive over to the west side of the tracks," I ordered. "There's nothing doing on this side."

"There's a bunch of kids with their sleds standing on that corner," said someone in the back seat. "Take it easy going past. Maybe we'll get one."

"O. K. You watch out the back and let me know."

"Just keep going the way you are. That's fine. Here comes one! No—he stopped. No, he didn't! He's on!"

"Keep on going and pull over to the curb just before you get to the corner," I said.

When the car came to a stop, I jumped out and confronted the surprised youngster.

"Say, Buddy," I said, flashing my gold badge, "don't you know you're violating a city ordinance? You come along with me. We'll see what the judge has to say about this!"

By the time we reached the City Hall the unfortunate youngster was pale with fright. When the judge called for our case, I leaped to my feet and presented

the situation in the most complicated legal terms I knew, recommending the maximum punishment. After much deliberation, his Honor, better known to us as Jimmy O'Brien, looked up with a scowl and ordered the defendant to rise. With shaking limbs, the defendant stood up. The judge gave him a severe lecture on all the trouble he might have caused or got into. He ended it with a dismissal.

"Since this is your first offense," he said, "we'll overlook it. But don't let it happen again, mind you. You might not get off as easy the second time."

At this the lad's eyes opened wide. He grabbed his sled and made a dash for the door. Suddenly he stopped, turned, made a face. "To hell with you guys," he yelled, and scampered quickly through the door.

## Ernest and the Bats

LOIS SLYDER

*Rhetoric I, Theme 8, 1940-1941*

IT was evident from the first that Ernest resented the bats. My uncle's home was built during the Revolutionary War, and it is no wonder that it contained an intricate chimney system which bats loved to explore. Even we guests, new to Connecticut, could understand this and see the humor in the situation when a black shadow would come fluttering out of the fireplace. But it was Ernest, the butler, who had to exterminate them. No one could look very dignified swatting at bats, and if there was anything that Ernest resented, it was losing even the smallest portion of his dignity.

At all hours of the day, he was the soul of propriety. He never moved faster than necessary, never spoke a superfluous word, and went quietly and efficiently about his work. He seldom varied his uniform black trousers and coat, stiff-front shirt, and black bow tie. Ernest had a carefully planned program for each day, so swatting bats down and sweeping them into the long-handled dust pan upset his schedule of action as well as his dignity.

The day we arrived was unseasonably cool, and fires had been built in all the fireplaces, upstairs and down. Ernest had been chasing bats all day at spasmodic intervals as the heat drove them from their hiding places. At dinner, the conversation switched to his unusual dexterity at the "game," but we could tell by his pained expression that it made him uncomfortable to have the subject mentioned, even though his superiority in the field was unchallenged.

The evening passed without the appearance of any more bats, and by bedtime we had all forgotten about them. My cousin and I were sitting peacefully before the fire in her bedroom when, without warning, two bats darted past our noses from the fireplace. I jumped up and dashed for cover while Nan started to push the buzzer frantically for Ernest. She was so frightened that she made a terrible racket! In a moment the door burst open and there stood Ernest with the fire extinguisher. His conservative gray pajamas showed beneath the hem of his dressing robe and his thin, sparse hair stood on end all

about his head. Only the previous week, Nan had rung like that when the rug before her fireplace had merrily begun to blaze.

For a moment, Ernest stood and looked about the room, but when he sighted the bats, a look of consternation came over him. He glanced down at his apparel, then at the extinguisher; then, turning suddenly, he disappeared from view.

Puzzled, we waited, warily keeping one eye on the wild creatures, who had

withdrawn into the darkest corner of the room.

About five minutes later, we heard a soft knock at the door, and when my cousin answered she found Ernest waiting calmly outside. His hair was carefully combed, and he had donned his black trousers and coat, his stiff-front shirt and his bow tie. Clutched resolutely in his hands were the broom and the long-handled dust pan.

"Did you want me, Miss Nancy?" he asked.

## In the Stocking

VIRGINIA KLUGE

*Rhetoric I, Theme 8, 1940-1941*

TINA heard the sound of sharp bitter words coming from the woodshed. Otto was reprimanding Louis again, "Vy do you go oudt hunting ven you know there is vork needs to be done? Every day and every day. Some day I tell you, 'Get oudt'!"

Then there was silence. Tina watched her son walk rapidly away from Otto. When Louis was out of sight she hurried out to the shed. Over and over she kept thinking, "Otto must not get so excited. The big doctor in Minneapolis said it was bad for his heart. Otto must not get so excited." She found her husband sitting on an old sawhorse, deep in thought.

Carefully she said, "Otto, you must not let Louis vorry you; he is a goot boy underneath. He vill help us ven he gets a little older."

Otto grunted non-committally. He got up and they walked slowly back to the house. Tina started to prepare supper, while Otto sat in the old armchair in the

corner of the kitchen and watched her listlessly. When the meal was ready they sat down. Louis had not returned yet, but he would soon—he always did about bedtime.

"How much money do ve haf in the stocking now?" Otto asked after a while.

"Almost vun hundred dollars," Tina replied proudly.

"Goot, goot!" Otto exclaimed, reaching for the corn bread. "Soon Louis und I vill start building the new room."

After supper was over and the dishes were done they pulled their favorite chairs close to the big kitchen range. Tina languidly darned socks while Otto talked about the new room he planned to add to the house. They were startled to hear the clock in their bedroom strike ten. Their thoughts turned to Louis. He should be home by now. Just then the telephone rang. Two short rings and three long: the call was for them. Tina jumped up to answer it. It was Louis.

She heard him say, "Ma, Becky Hall



and I just got married. We're at the railroad station. Becky is sick of small towns so we're going to Minneapolis. May I borrow the money you and Pa saved? I'll pay it back."

Tina paused. Then she said hastily, "No, no, not that."

"I've already got it, Ma. But I'll pay you back as soon as I get a job. Honest I will." Louis' voice seemed to be com-

ing from a far distance. She heard a mumbled "Goodbye."

Tina hung up the receiver, and returned to the kitchen.

"Who was it?" asked Otto.

"Just wrong number," she responded, thinking, "I can't tell Otto yet, not tonight anyway." She started to mix the bread dough for the following day. It would have to set overnight.

## Pigs

MARTHA CARLISLE

*Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1940-1941*

SWEAT dripped off my face. My new shirt stuck to me. My hands were smeared and my shoes muddy. My wet hair strung over my face. But it didn't matter—I was showing pigs. I eased my pig around in front of the judge. A boy in a blue shirt tapped his pig lightly and caught the judge's eye. I moved near and tapped mine. Her head went down; her back arched beautifully; her ears lay next to her head; she stood well up on her toes. She was the pride of my life—this smooth, dark red, Duroc Jersey gilt. But twenty other Durocs were in the pen too, and among them that big, clean, stylish one, belonging to the boy in the blue shirt. His pig looked at mine and grunted. The judge seemed puzzled as he looked from one pig to the other. His eyes shone; he brushed a smile from his face. He pushed his hat back and scratched his head. A low chuckle came from the crowd standing around the pen. I glanced up and saw my mother and dad standing with anxious, yet amused, looks on their faces. My little sister was chewing her fingernails; my younger brother unconsciously pulled at his ear.

Neighbor farmers crowded around the ring, and one of them smiled at me.

The judge poked the other pig with his cane. It moved slowly and stylishly across the ring. Mine brushed past the judge and turned, giving him a side view of herself. Her body was deep and her head broad, but her legs were a little too long, and her body stretched too much when she walked. I looked out of the corner of my eye at the boy in the blue shirt. He wiped the sweat from his face with his shirt sleeve. He anxiously kept one eye on the judge and one on his pig. I glanced up at the judge. He moved around the two pigs for a final decision. I swallowed a few times. My stomach felt empty. I breathed in short, quick breaths, and heard my heart thumping fast and hard. There wasn't a sound. Everyone waited. Only the judge stirred as he studied the two pigs. I was tense, and the sweat dripped off my chin. My hands trembled.

The judge sighed. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his face. He moved across the pen to the man with the ribbons and said something that we

couldn't hear. The man nodded his head and fumbled through the box. He pulled out a blue ribbon and came toward the boy in the blue shirt and me. He handed it to me and smiled.

Each person drove his pig back to its individual pen. As I was leaning over

the partition and feeling pretty proud of my pig, somebody came up behind me. I turned around. The boy in the blue shirt stood there with a big grin on his face. He slapped me on the back and said, "Nice goin', Sis. Sure glad we could keep it in the family."

## Band—Atten - tion!

WILLIAM R. BROPHY

*Rhetoric I, Theme 6, 1940-1941*

WITH a third cornet part being blown into my left ear, a French horn part into my right ear, and into both ears the musical conceptions of some 160 other band members, I vainly try to remember what I am supposed to do next. The letter that I and some twenty or thirty are making is, to one with a good imagination, L.

All at once the music stops. The drummers tap lightly on the drum shells, and everyone starts moving.

"Brophy, you belong up there. Get going!" I go. More music. Frantically I fish for the score of the number they're playing now. I get it up just in time to stop playing. Suddenly everyone starts playing again. But they stand still and play. Then without even fair warning, they start marching. Naturally, I am caught unaware. The first thing I know, the man behind me runs into me. The man behind him runs into him.

A whistle blows. The loudspeaker roars. "You *must* step off on the *first* beat after the introduction. On the *first* beat!" That's Mr. Hindsley's voice.

The drums pound loudly for five beats. The "roll-off." We, or rather they, start playing again. This time, by deep concentration, I manage to start marching with the rest of the band.

"Brophy, guide right!"

"Brophy, guide left!"

"You're ahead of the line."

"Brophy, cover off the man in front of you!"

At last we are serenely marching down the field. Six steps to five yards—just the way they taught me.

Then all at once a confusing thing happens. Those in the front end of the band start doing column movements toward each other. Oh, yes. I remember now. This is what they call a counter-march. When I am supposed to march in the half circle turn, I obediently follow the man in front of me. Nobody says anything; I must be doing it all right. Just then a trombone player going in the opposite direction reaches for sixth position and jabs me in the stomach. Slightly ruffled, but none the worse, I continue to follow the path blazed by the man ahead of me. Destiny does not hold that I shall continue on my way unmo-  
lested, however. A bass drum player violently waving a club (some call it a drum stick) takes a vicious swing at my head. He misses by inches.

Through with this ordeal, we march down the field singing. "—For the men who are fighting for you. Here's a cheer for our dear Alma Mater,—May our

love for her ever be true." Everything is perfect.

The man on my left shouts, "The next yard line is it!" Everyone in the rank shouts to everyone else in the rank, "The

next yard line is it!" The next yard line is what? That's what I want to know. And it isn't long before I find out. Everyone but me stops on the yard line.

Perhaps I should have studied violin.

## Hybrid: a Definition

JAMES H. FRANCIS

*Verbal Expression, 1940-1941*

**hy'brid** (hī'brīd), *n.* [L. *hybrida*, *hibrida*, the offspring of a tame sow and a wild boar.]

—Webster's.

A HYBRID is a distinct type derived from unlike sources. More specialized or limiting definitions are: "(1) the offspring of the union of the male of one race, variety, species, genus, etc., with the female of another;" "(2) a word composed of elements from different languages."

Hybrid words are quite common in the English language—especially as Americans speak it—because English is based on many other languages and because America's many immigrants tend to combine words of their mother tongue with others of their adopted tongue. An example of a hybrid word is *bureaucracy*, from a French word meaning *bureau* and a Greek word meaning *to rule*. A bureaucracy is a system of carrying on government through various departments.

The hybrids with which most people are best acquainted, however, are plants or animals. Breeders often develop hybrids for a specific purpose, usually the improvement of a standard type or the combination of the assets of two or more different types. The mule, traditional work animal of the South, is a typical example. A mule is a cross between a horse and an ass, and, like many true

hybrids, is incapable of reproduction. This cross-breeding results in an animal with the horse's size, strength, and stamina, and with the ass's ability to withstand heat and hard labor.

Of course, a hybrid is not necessarily an improvement over either of its parents. Controlled hybridization usually produces an improved type, but unplanned cross-breeding often produces inferior types or degenerates. One dictionary defines *hybrid* as a "mongrel or half-breed"—terms generally used with slurring implication.

The word *hybrid* has come to the attention of the American farmers in the Middle-West during the last few years, and is now in the vocabularies of most of them. Hybrid corn—strong stalks which will stand erect in spite of wind and rain; large, evenly spaced ears producing more grain on less acreage; resistance to plant diseases, to drouth, and even to the ravages of insects—this has become the standard crop throughout the corn belt. By inbreeding types with desirable characteristics to obtain the pure strain, and by then crossing several of the pure types thus obtained, commercial producers have developed plants which approach the maximum of efficiency for all kinds of soils and climates in the corn belt. The commercial producers have coined such words as "hi-



bred" and "hy-bred," which they use in reference to their own particular seeds.

Thus the word *hybrid* has come to imply superior quality and high breeding. This favorable implication may be contrasted with the unfavorable connotations of *mongrel* and *half-breed*, which most people have long connected with the

word *hybrid*. When people living in the central states think of hybrids now, they think automatically of better types of plants and animals, because of the commercial stress upon this idea. For just such reasons as this, many words have passed through complete changes in meaning through the years.

## B. M. O. C.

ALBERTA MENZEL

*Rhetoric II, Theme 10, 1940-1941*

"GET into activities . . . ." "The house is going 100% for the X Club . . . ."

"Petition for the whoosis committee . . . ."

The university student does not exist who has never heard these typical pep talks. The freshman's identification card is hardly warm in his hand when the clamor starts. Do the upperclassmen tell him, "Now here's how to use the library to supplement your class work . . . ." or "This is the way you can best remember what you learn . . . ."? No—they tell him "Here's how to petition." And every university student knows the repercussions.

"I should go to the library, but there's a Purple Pillow meeting<sup>1</sup> . . . ."

"I have three meetings that night and an hour exam the next day . . . ."

"I haven't read a book outside of assignments since registration—I'm just too busy . . . ."

"How can I get more sleep in less time?"

At least one girl is slipping fast because "the house requires us to attend every meeting of the Green Star, the Monday Evening Club, and the Woman's Circle . . . ."

Activities, activities, activities! "What did he do in college?" "He was a big success—he had three inches of activities after his name in the *Illio*."

. . . . .

The average college student wants to be somebody—and to do it, he plunges into activities. As a rule, the more intelligent he is, the greater his interests, and consequently, the greater his extra-curricular efforts.

Now I certainly have no desire to abolish all activities outside of the classroom. There are, it is true, certain advantages to be gained from an activity—but notice that I use the word in the singular! I believe that the stress should be laid on the student's choosing one activity and not scattering his energies like birdshot.

In the first place, whether we students admit it or not, we're supposedly here for an education. With activities cluttering up the day, a minimum of time is left for that little item known as studying. Every student could leave the university with a really thorough education if he spent more time in the library or in laboratories. The ordinary student

<sup>1</sup>Any resemblance to clubs living or dead is absolutely intentional!

never digs deep enough into his course to reach the point where it becomes really interesting. Instead, he gulps down his courses and graduates with an undigested mass of ideas and a string of activities to his credit. His average may be high, even so—but doesn't an education imply having something more than a five point?

Of course, activities should help a freshman to make friends; yet he has opportunity only to make acquaintances. Think of an activity on which you have concentrated at one time—didn't more friendships develop from your participation in it than from your membership in larger groups? One criticism of modern life is that people rarely have a chance to enjoy their friends; this is as true in a university as elsewhere.

Sometimes activities such as French Club and the Hexapoeia supplement what is learned in class, but here again the over-rushed student sits through meetings, plans programs, sells tickets, and raises money until his real object is engulfed in the customary "functions" of a club. Yet think of the stimulating

power a group with a strong common interest could generate, if each member could put the best of his effort into it!

Activities, it is true, vary campus life, but so do a lot of other things. You don't need a club to play tennis or skate or read a book or crochet or see a movie or go dancing; the impedimenta of organizations are not necessary. Where students were formerly held together by bonds of friendship and interest, they must now be united by constitutions, dues, committees, and Roberts' *Rules of Order*.

The great danger on this campus is that, as one woman expresses it, we are "spreading ourselves too thin." Being in several activities means that the student can only skim the surface of each while hastily squeezing his studies to wring grades from them. The freshman who is wise would attend meetings and seek information concerning a number of activities for about three weeks, choose the one which attracts him most, concentrate on it and his courses; then serenely smile while harassed upperclassmen exhort him to "go out for activities!"

### The Musical Plumber

He was a tall, handsome, young man with curly blue-black hair and dark Italian features. His dirty, grease-stained shirt stretched over his heavy chest every time he took a breath between phrases of the music, and again each time he wielded the hammer against the corroded joint of the pipe. Whenever one hand was free from the exacting job he was doing, he would send it forth into the air in a magnificently placed gesture which bore an air of triumph and success. He would throw back his head on a high G and grin in the manner of a young boy who has just climbed to the top limb of the highest tree in the neighborhood. He worked to the rhythm of his music and enjoyed it. Picking up a wrench, he placed it on the pipe and began to exercise his great biceps to the anvil beat of the song. The pipe gave way as if the vibrations of his overtones had broken the corroded matter into a million scintillas of nothingness. Upon finishing his song he picked up the hammer again and struck one of the bath-tub pipes with it. "F-sharp," he said to himself and immediately sang, progressively, a dominant-seventh chord in the key of F-sharp. This giving him the key to the "Largo al Factotum" from the *Barber of Seville*, he opened his lungs and gushed forth the staccato babblings of the distinguished hero-braggadocio of Rossini's opera.—THOMAS STEINBACH

# Spoon River Valley Coon-Hunt

CARROLL O. MEYER

*Rhetoric II, Theme 15, 1939-1940*

THE Spoon River, beginning in the extreme northern part of Illinois, follows an erratic course and finally empties into the Illinois River just opposite the coal docks at Havana. In late spring and early summer the Spoon overflows its banks, and the valley becomes a huge lake; in the summer it provides an ideal place to catch cat-fish, but in the late fall, when the leaves have fallen from the trees and there is a hint of snow in the air, the tall maples and pin-oaks which line its banks reverberate with the baying of coon-hounds.

The Spoon River Valley, especially near the river's mouth, is perfect country for coon-hunting. The clay soil retains the moisture from the spring floods the year round—a boon to the hunter, since damp soil holds the scent better than dry soil does. Coons live here in great numbers, making their dens in the tall hardwoods that grow here, and using the heavy growth of underbrush for protection.

Crashing through thick underbrush on a cold damp night requires plenty of stamina and an even larger quantity of love for the sport; so only the hardier make coon-hunting their regular fall and winter sport. Most of the hunters are relatively poor—poor enough to appreciate the commercial value of the sport, and many coon hides have been sold in order that family larders might be filled.

The dogs used by the coon-hunters are usually mongrels, with hound characteristics predominant. I have seen all breeds of dogs used, from fox terriers to German shepherds. Usually, however,

a dog with a voice like a hound or ears like a hound is preferred. These dogs are selected more for their usefulness than for their pedigree or appearance. The dog must first be able to follow scent. He must be endowed with enough brains (or instinct, if you will) to discern between the scent of game and that of domestic animals. Some hunters demand that the dog be trained to follow only the scent of coon, and they will refuse to claim a dog who runs all night, singing at the brush of an elusive fox. Some hunters prefer open trailers; some prefer silent trailers. If the man is more interested in the price he gets for the coon hide than in the sport of listening to the chase, he will prefer a silent trailer that slips up on the coon and doesn't sound a bark until he has the coon treed. It is important that the dog have a good voice because the best time for coon-hunting is a windy night, and often the dog trees a coon so far from the hunter that the hunter can hardly hear him.

Hunters often become deeply attached to their dogs. My friend Bang, for instance—a boy who graduated from high school with me, and whom I always think of as a typical Spoon River coon-hunter—feeds his dogs before he himself eats. When a hunter finds that he has a good dog, he gives it the best of care and attention. I shall always remember one night last Thanksgiving vacation when I went out with Bang. The night was clear and frosty—far from ideal coon-hunting weather. Bang's dogs had been on what seemed to be a cold track for almost three hours. Every now and then one of the dogs would give up the



track and come in to our lantern. But Red, the old red-bone hound, never gave up, and his deep "oow-oow-oow-oow ooooooooo" would soon bring the dogs back to the track with fresh hope. The coon was old and wise. Bang said that they had chased that same coon several times in the last couple of weeks, and that the dogs always lost him after he swam the river two or three times. About three o'clock in the morning, two of the dogs had come in to stay, and Red's howl had grown very faint. Suddenly Bang got up from the fire. "Old Red's treed," he announced. I listened, and sure enough I could hear Red's steady, choppy tree bark far on the other side of the river. Bang loaded the revolver, took a couple of flashlights, and headed towards the river. I heard him splashing through the water, but soon all was silent except for Red's incessant barking. Finally I heard the report of the revolver. I put some more wood on the fire and waited. Soon Bang returned, with the triumphant Red at his heels. Both were soaked and appeared to be freezing. As Bang sat on a log in front of the fire, fondling the coon, he said, "I hated like hell to wade that river, but I knew that if I didn't Red would never leave that tree."

I, too, knew that Red wouldn't have left the tree. I had seen him develop, under Bang's training, from "just a good-looking dog" to the best hound I've ever hunted with. Bang had traded an old Airedale to get him. The first night we hunted with him we found why his owner had been willing to trade off so stylish a dog. It was mid-October, and we had gone out soon after dark. We turned Red loose about a mile from the river, and in less than fifteen minutes he struck a track. I remember now that my eyes watered when I heard him strike. A voice like his does things to a boy. I

had seen the movie, *The Voice of Bugle Ann*, and if Ann had a voice like a bugle, Red's was like a philharmonic orchestra. It was four deep bays, all of the same pitch, and then one last bay, beginning at the same pitch but rising until it became inaudible.

That was a night filled with music—and plenty of hills. Red headed straight for the bluffs, leaving no doubt in our minds that he was on a fox trail; a coon would have headed toward the river. We followed that red dog and that red fox until the gray of dawn appeared and then Bang finally succeeded in calling him off the track. As we were heading back to town and an eight o'clock Latin class, I asked Bang if he was going to train Red for foxes.

"No, he's too old to last very long chasing foxes," he replied. "I'm going to try to break him of that. If I can, I'll make him into the best damn coon dog in the county."

They say that you can't teach an old dog new tricks, and I've heard hunters expound loud and long on the theory that a dog that chases fox will never make a good coon dog; but these men didn't know Bang's perseverance. By the end of that same hunting season, Bang had trained Red so well that he would trail nothing but coon or possum. "Whenever old Red opens up, you can be sure he's got his nose pointing toward a coon or possum, and whenever he says 'It's treed,' you can be sure it just takes a little shooting to get some fur to tack to the board." I've followed Red for two years, and Bang doesn't have to argue with me on these points to convince me.

When I was home for Christmas vacation, I went up to see Bang. After an exchange of greetings, he took me out to show me his hounds. There was the old Airedale, and the two pups out of the

Airedale, sired by old Red, but Red himself was not around. Bang told me that Red had caught his last coon that night during Thanksgiving vacation. It seems as though he had a feeling that he was getting too old to do much hunting, and he put everything he had into that last chase. He had given up the same track several times before on nights when it

was easier to follow scent, but on this night (a hunt which Bang had for my special benefit, I guiltily thought to myself), he had kept at it until he finally treed. Well, Bang and I are both sorry to lose a dog like Red, but Bang tells me that when those two pups of Red's get on a trail together, their blended voices sound a good deal like their sire's.

## A Country Bewitched

BESSIE KING

*Rhetoric II, Theme 12, Summer, 1940*

*Escape*, by Ethel Vance.

*The House That Hitler Built*, by Stephen H. Roberts

GERMANY was for me a fairy-tale country peopled with spotlessly clean and joyous beings. It was a country filled with song and the warm, pervasive fragrance of beer. It was a country whose beautiful lakes, rivers, plains, and forests were made more beautiful by legend and tradition. But now, though the landscape and the traditions and legends remain, the country is under the spell of an ogre more powerful than any one of story-book fame.

*Escape* is the story of a victim of the ogre in this bewitched country, Madame Emmy Ritter, an actress, who had returned to Germany to sell her famous family home. She had been imprisoned for depositing the money from the sale in an American bank—a serious political crime. Being gravely ill at the time of her imprisonment, she was moved to a concentration camp and placed under the care of Dr. Ditten, an embittered party member. The remainder of the story concerns the almost hopeless attempt to

rescue Madame Ritter. The plan of rescue is so fantastic as to render the story almost unbelievable; it could happen only in a country which lay under a spell.

The tragedy of *Escape* arises from the unreasoning, sometimes terrified loyalty of the people of this story—a loyalty which they feel will revitalize the fatherland. The author depicts a background of glorious, snow-covered peaks, delightfully quaint old inns and gracious cities, before which is enacted a scene by people whose one underlying emotion is fear. One feels with Mark Preysing, Madame Ritter's artist son, the awful dread which hangs over the lives of any who would go counter to the dictates of the huge Nazi machine.

Whatever doubts one may have about the plausibility of *Escape*, Roberts' *The House that Hitler Built* will disperse them. It begins with the story of Hitler and tries to analyze his complex character. "It is one of the ironies of history," Roberts says, "that world affairs today depend on the accidental contacts of a spoilt down-and-out in the Vienna of thirty years ago—on the resentment complexes of an adolescent who had

failed solely because he refused to submit to authority and had not the stamina to achieve normality."

Although Hitler did not rise to power until 1933, the German people were ready for Hitlerism as early as 1918. Disillusioned by the suffering they had undergone—war, starvation, humiliation—they were ripe for a superman. Hitler was well advertised as that superman. In his rasping voice he played on their emotions—firing them to a fever pitch. He assumed the air of a God-sent leader who would guide Germany out of its Slough of Despond. Roberts points out that the Germans did not want individual freedom. They derived their feeling of strength from being a part of a strong state. Hitler provided them with a myth—a potent feeling of national unity.

Hence Hitler had a fertile field. Although there were set-backs, the growth of the small workers' party, formed immediately after the war, was phenomenal. The party grew to an almost unwieldy size. The many provinces and states of Germany were brought together under the one big state. Sensing a growing revolution of the socialistic Brown Shirts who had lifted him to power, Hitler and his henchmen in one fateful night killed at least seventeen leaders,

many of whom were Hitler's personal friends. After this purge Nationalism grew apace. Imports and exports were juggled in an attempt to balance a bad economic situation; the Gestapo became more and more efficient in discovering treason; Jew-baiting, or the purifying of the race, was climaxed in 1935 when the Nuremberg law relegated Jews, already subjected to every degradation, to a position of serfdom; the military machine—army, navy and air force—was being built on a mammoth scale; imperialism was being preached as the means of regaining Germany's honor.

Roberts carries his discussion of Hitlerism up to 1935, and he concludes the book with this statement: "Hitlerism cannot achieve its end without war; its ideology is that of war." There need be, in 1940, no comment on that prophecy.

Yes, Germany is under the spell of an ogre—an ogre of misdirected emotions, mob hysteria, and propaganda. For what end is the German capacity for sacrifice and heroism being exploited? These two books, *Escape* and *The House That Hitler Built*, do not give the entire answer, but they are well worth reading. They tell a story of which we should like to say, "Utterly fantastic," but are forced to say, "It is all too true."

## Woman Smoking

She sat back stiffly in her chair, held her chin high, and surveyed the cards with an air of haughty indifference. Her eyebrows arched unnaturally over coldly quizzical eyes. Like most women smokers, she smoked awkwardly. She held between her thumb and forefinger a cigarette over which at lengthy intervals she hunched, and from which she inhaled deeply until the cigarette glowed. Then she blew out her breath sharply, and the smoke passed from her nostrils and mouth, the twin streams converging into a dense cloud that whirled and hovered over the table and finally dispersed into a fine haze. Her smile, if it can be called a smile, was not contagious; if it were, the world would have far less humor and mirth. Her smile was a momentary lengthening of her thin lips into a straight line as though she had jerked strings attached to each corner. It would be difficult to determine whether she cut it short to make it look less a sneer, or whether she was unwilling to waste any of her precious cheerfulness on anyone.—H. B. CHRISTIANSON



# Wildlife Restoration and the Farm

KEITH R. HUDSON

*Rhetoric II, Theme 11, Summer, 1940*

WHEN the World War broke out in 1914 there were set into motion forces which, aside from military considerations, were to have the most profound effect upon agricultural methods in the United States. Ever since our country's earliest days there had always been good farm land in unneeded abundance; at least in the region east of the Mississippi river, and little effort had been made to clear and cultivate any but the choicest areas. The early farmers had picked the best spots out of a multitude of good ones; their descendants continued to cultivate the same land. Even in the most predominantly agricultural regions many scattered patches were left in their natural state—regarded as waste; in less favorable regions, particularly the Great Plains of the western hinterland, only cattle were to be found. On every eastern and middle-western farm small woodlots were common, and, except in the northern forests where extensive lumbering had been carried on, areas of deciduous woodlands occurred practically in their original state. Wildlife in all forms was quite plentiful, and even game animals suffered little except at the hands of the commercial hunter.

The World War, with its unprecedented demand for foodstuffs, lumber, and other products of the land, caused the American farmer to undertake extensive land clearing and intensive cultivation. Even before our own entrance into the war the millions of Europe's armies and civilian populations were crying for food and more food. Allied purchasing missions scoured the country for raw materials; Allied governments

begged our own for shipments in unlimited quantities. When the United States itself became a belligerent, the strain on the country's natural resources was astounding, and every possible method of increasing production was resorted to.

With the big war boom in agricultural and lumber prices began a fever of exploitation unparalleled in the nation's history. Millions of acres of virgin soil were plowed up, thousands of acres of timber were stripped almost completely bare, and hundreds of drainage-basin areas were drained in order to be sown to crops. Mass production was the watchword. It made no difference whether the land was suited to crops or not; if, as on the Great Plains, for instance, as many as ten bushels of wheat to the acre could be produced, the venture was profitable at the high prices then prevailing. The government cooperated with private enterprise in wringing every last particle of produce from the soil. Nobody gave a thought to the ultimate results of such a policy. If anyone did, he said, "To the devil with the consequences; get while the getting is good!"

Because there was a great shortage of manpower, the farms, especially in the semi-arid west, were expanded as much as possible in order to make fullest use of labor-saving machinery. Every nook and corner that was at all fertile was cleared for cultivation "in order to prevent waste." On the older, smaller farms, fencerows were cleaned out and cultivated as closely as possible; hillsides were broken and planted to crops; narrow valleys were cleared of brush,

plowed, and planted. Some marshes and ponds that had lain in their natural state since time immemorial were drained and planted, sometimes with great success but usually with very little. The price of timber was so high that the farmers cut every last foot of saleable wood from their woodlots, and then, in order not to lose a single dollar, planted corn between the stumps. The wealth of the whole country was being skimmed off the land as cream from milk. No voice was raised to ask what was being put back in return for that taken. No one seemed to have heard about the law of diminishing returns.

It should not be difficult to imagine the effect upon the wildlife of the country of this gigantic program of land clearance and maximum utilization. The wildlife became creatures without homes, like apartment dwellers summarily ejected and left standing in the street with no place to live, nothing to eat, and nowhere to go. Wild animals in every state in the Union died by the millions from starvation caused by the destruction of their food resources, from thirst caused by the draining of collection basins and the consequent drying up of small streams and springs, or from failure to propagate because their nesting refuges were all gone.<sup>1</sup> Many that did not die outright were, like the rabbits of the Western states, slaughtered wholesale to be canned and sent by the shipload to the soldiers at the front. More than ten different species of wild birds and mammals were driven to extinction during the World War or during the early part of the "roaring twenties" immediately afterward. It has been variously estimated that there were upwards of forty to fifty million ducks on the North American continent in 1916. In the seven years following, over thirty million of them

died in what had once been their marshy breeding grounds in the northern United States and Western Canada, their bodies littering the fields in places where they had perished of hunger and thirst. In parts of northern Minnesota and in Saskatchewan and Manitoba the farmers gathered them up by the wagon load for fertilizer. This is only one particularly horrible example out of many.

Now it does not follow that utilization of once-virgin land for agriculture must inevitably result in the extinction or displacement of all, or even most, of the wild creatures that once lived there. One cannot expect, of course, that the conditions of civilization will be wholly as favorable to wildlife as those existing under a state of undisturbed nature, but reasonable utilization of the land can preserve an environment that, while not exactly ideal, is still favorable to wildlife after some adaptation.<sup>2</sup> The English countryside, with which most Americans are familiar, at least from reading, is an admirable example, even though it has been occupied for hundreds of years. In America, however, when farms take the place of virgin land—whether it be forest, prairie, swamp, marsh, or pond—the environment favorable to wildlife is largely destroyed. The extent of the destruction is dependent upon the thoroughness with which the land is cleared, drained, and cultivated; but, even so, wildlife has remarkable powers of adaptation and can maintain itself fairly well if given half a chance. The smaller creatures are the most adaptable, especially the birds; the larger ones, both

<sup>1</sup>*Wildlife and the Land: A Story of Regeneration*. Washington, D. C. Special Committee on the Conservation of Wildlife Resources, 75th Congress, 1st Session, 1937.

<sup>2</sup>Wallace B. Grange, and W. L. McAtee, *Improving the Farm Environment for Wildlife*. Washington, D. C. United States Department of Agriculture, 1934.

birds and mammals, begin to disappear at once if their environment is seriously disturbed. Some creatures seem actually to benefit from a preliminary opening up of virgin land, especially if it has been largely an area of timber. Nearly all birds up to the size of crows, and nearly all mammals up to the size of rabbits apparently profit from the diversification of cover and the cleaning out of trees which, when too thick, prevent the growth of the small food plants which most non-predatory small animals live upon. Birds eat weed seeds and insects, which in a dense forest are at a minimum. But, as cultivation becomes more and more intensive—as woodlots are cut down, fencerows grubbed out, and fence corners and other small waste areas brought under cultivation—even the smaller forms of wildlife find the environment unsuitable, and begin to decline.

The environment favorable to wildlife is destroyed by intensive cultivation because such a practice deprives the animals of food and protective cover. The big mammals go first because they are most conspicuous and require the most cover, the most food, and the largest range. Large creatures require not only brush, but woods or forest to hide them from their enemies. This is particularly true of the large, non-predatory animals which are hunted by both man and the large, carnivorous beasts. It is entirely impossible for such animals as moose, elk, and the large bear to survive in regions which are thickly settled and widely cultivated, nor is it desirable that they should, except, perhaps, in limited numbers. Even such animals as wolves, coyotes, and cougars soon disappear after the large, non-predatory animals are gone. Mankind and big game are unable to exist long, side by side.

But the small animals up to the lesser deer can be maintained in cultivated regions without great inconvenience to the people, and with very real economic and esthetic advantages. It is only necessary to maintain some of the conditions that prevailed when the land was first cleared, and to see that the refuges of the animals are not encroached upon. Pioneer agriculture is the start of the whole thing, when natural refuges are created by the opening of feeding areas in the forests by lumbering. Where the trees are not so thick the small animals can find more food and are at the same time protected from their larger enemies who are forest denizens. Small birds up to the size of the crow profit by the breaking up of land and the cutting down of trees, which uncover or shake down food that the birds have otherwise been unable to reach. Yet the light remaining cover is sufficiently dense to protect the small birds and mammals from the elements and from predatory enemies that are too large to hide in light cover.

What finally drives the small creatures out of intensely cultivated areas is that their temporary "boom" environment, caused by preliminary clearing of land, gradually gives way to a "depression" environment, caused by the destruction of their food sources and cover. The extra supply of food that is provided by preliminary clearing is soon eaten up, and if intensification progresses so that the small animals are crowded closer and closer into the few remaining wild areas they will soon die off. When they are too crowded, they are subject to famine, to exposure, to disease, and to predators who take advantage of the abnormal concentration.

Many who contemplate the disappearance of wildlife will say, "Oh, well! It



is inevitable that the animals make way for progress." Progress indeed! It has been wisely said that, "When nearly all the land on a large area has been cultivated and practically all tree and shrub growth has been eliminated, agriculture has certainly been intensified to its own disadvantage."<sup>3</sup> When small birds are deprived of cover and nesting sites they emigrate or die off, leaving the farmer to cope from year to year with an ever-increasing insect and weed menace. What does it avail the farmer if he labors for a year to clear off twenty-five percent more land to plant corn or wheat on, and then loses half his crop from insects the following year? Even if only the game birds are gone the farmer suffers, for, although these birds are not so effective as the songsters in insect and weed destruction, the farmer is deprived of the sport and the considerable supply of meat that hunting them could provide. The small mammals are good game, too, and, if properly protected during the breeding season, will maintain their numbers quite satisfactorily. It is all so very simple: give the animals a few *scattered* places to live, don't destroy their food supply, and they will repay the consideration fivefold in either cash or pleasure. What is true of upland animals and birds is true also of migratory waterfowl and, to a lesser extent, fish. There are farmers in New York who make as much as three hundred dollars a year renting blinds on their private ponds to duck hunters at ten dollars a day. There are at least three pounds of good meat on a normal-sized duck, and to the farmer himself such a bird is worth at least seventy-five cents as food. A three-pound trout raised in the farmer's own pool is worth at least fifty cents in any man's money. A farmer who harvests his own game crop or rents hunting

privileges will be dollars richer with little effort to himself. Game, unlike domestic stock, will take care of itself if it has its natural food to eat, and all the farmer will have to do is see that not all the animals are killed off and that some are left over the winter for propagation. Ducks come back year after year to the same nesting grounds; quail from a single covey have been known to live within a mile-square area for as long as fifty generations, although periodically hunted.

Over-intensive cultivation, besides destroying the wildlife supply, has other, perhaps even more serious, disadvantages for the farmer. If he farms his land too heavily, the soil, given no rest, is slowly exhausted of its vital elements, and he is discouraged by poor crops. Again he faces the demonstration of the law of diminishing returns. If the farmer clears all the land he can in order to sell yearly surpluses of staples in an already glutted market, he is being not only unwise but ridiculous. In effect he is working more and more to get less and less. The Government, through the Department of Agriculture, the Biological Survey, the Forestry Service, and the Soil Conservation Service, has been trying to convince him of these facts for years. Too intensive cultivation deprives the soil of its natural vegetative cover, and, as a result, the land is subject to destructive water erosion which can nullify the value of a farm altogether. Lack of trees for windbreaks is also a serious consideration, whether it be on a farm in the South or the North, the East or the West. Conditions do vary somewhat in the different areas, but, in general, lack of field windbreaks causes the farmer's crops to dry up in the summer, frost in the spring, and fail to store up

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<sup>3</sup>*Ibid.*

the winter snow which is desirable for conservation of moisture. Dryness of topsoil and an unbroken sweep assist the wind in blowing away the topsoil when it has been deprived of its protective sub-vegetative cover. In the north, lack of trees lets roads drift over in winter when they should be protected by living wind-break snow-fences, and poor protection about the farm buildings themselves increases the farmer's heating problems. Lack of windbreak trees for orchard borders causes fruit trees to attain too-early spring growth, with the consequent danger of later freezing. Further, the farmer lacks wood for fuel, fence posts, and building materials, and for the lumber market.

It is within the power of almost any farmer to make his lands attractive to most forms of desirable native wildlife if he will, and he doesn't have to kill himself doing it.<sup>4</sup> He can, for instance, take measures to restore the cover and nesting areas for birds and small mammals, if these have been destroyed. All he has to do is to let a little brush grow here and there—in hollows, along fence-rows, and in fence corners; or, at the most, to plant a few food and cover-shrubs about his farm where they will not interfere with its normal operation. Small birds live in these places, and the larger upland game birds and mammals will delight in the protection of a little brush left to grow in gullies that will retrograde without this vegetative binder anyway. Scattered brush- and wood-lots left in strategic places so that the animals will not be crowded are ideal for upland game. If the farmer has a small pond or marsh area on his land he will be amazed at the life that will be supported there if he will see to it that two or three essential kinds of food plants are growing there. Anything done to restore the

food supply of the wild things will be amply repaid. It does not cost him much to leave an occasional corn shock standing, hollowed out so that the quail and pheasants can get at the corn inside when winter ice covers the ground. It does not deprive him of much to leave, near cover, of course, a row of corn here or there, or a few rows of wheat or other small grain. Small mammals do not usually present such a food problem as do birds; they get along very nicely if they have only a few places for shelter from the elements and from their enemies. Once or twice during the winter, for a week or so, it will pay the farmer to resort to artificial feeding when the animals are near starvation after a particularly hard storm or cold wave. The farmer can tempt migratory waterfowl with wild celery and other aquatic plants in the spring; he can keep down predators that prey on all valuable wildlife by occasional trapping or shooting, if necessary. And, *most of all*, he can ruthlessly discourage the kind of self-styled "sportsman" who considers it his constitutional prerogative to burst in at a far corner of the farmer's land, kill or cripple every single individual of a covey of quail or other game bird, bag (probably) a cow or two, and depart as quickly as he can, leaving a broken fence behind him. Such morons are insufferable.

Aside from the indirect benefits, the farmer can derive considerable direct profit from an intelligent game-restoration and game-management program on his farm. Many farmers, especially in the East, make from two to three hundred dollars a year from trapping, if they have a fairly large farm that they have made attractive to fur-bearing animals.

<sup>4</sup>Loomis Havemeyer (Editor), *Conservation of Our Natural Resources*. New York City, The Macmillan Company, 1937.

Some go in for game breeding on a more or less limited scale, all in their spare time, and sell game birds and mammals to shooting preserves, sportsmen's clubs, game sanctuaries, or other breeders. Unlike ordinary farm produce there is usually a ready sale for game animals. Groups of farmers can even go together and organize group shooting preserves, on the order of the Williamstown (Michigan) Hunting Exchange Association, selling tickets to selected sportsmen—the real kind—who are glad to pay for hunting privileges on land that is well-stocked and that is not overrun with the irresponsible brotherhood who make life equally as dangerous for human beings and livestock as for the game itself. One hunting association in Ohio, comprising a number of farms and 24,000 acres of land, realized an average of one hundred and twenty-five dollars per member in one season in 1938. A well-stocked farm of two hundred acres or more, where the number of hunters who may pursue their sport on any one day is limited and where the farmer reserves the right to examine the game bag, is a Mecca to which real enthusiasts will drive a hundred miles to shoot over. The farmer should think about this. He can't lose.

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## First Semester

When I came to college this fall, I was enthusiastically earnest. I came for an education. Feeling that I was headed for my goal, I worked hard and conscientiously. My object at the time was high grades; they seemed the means to my end. For six weeks my happiness was complete. As I was not carrying many hours of work, there was time to study thoroughly and to play too. When time for recreation came, I enjoyed whatever I did whole-heartedly, more than would have been possible had I not applied myself during the week. The fascination of the situation lay in the fact that I enjoyed everything that I did. My mind was alert and awake all the time. But now, somehow, I have lost that faculty of living keenly that I then possessed. The incentive is gone. Perhaps it was the novelty of college. At any rate, whatever it was is no more. Mental stimulation is needed; my mental habits are lazy; I slide over things without realizing that they are happening. I neither resent nor appreciate things as I should. My mind is passive.—JEANNE KNOX



# Colossus on the Columbia

ARNOLD KOHNERT

*Rhetoric II, Theme 16, 1939-1940*

THROUGH the state of Washington flows the mighty Columbia, the second largest river in the United States. Thousands of years ago it was even larger than it is today, but a series of mammoth lava flows, seven of them in all, tried in vain to cover the thundering torrent and succeeded only in piling on its banks huge mounds of soft ashes. Then came the great Cordilleran ice sheets spreading downward from the North and carrying with them tons of earth, rock, and sand to pack down the soft banks of the river. Slowly the mass mounted in height until it blocked the rushing water with a natural dam that was over 800 feet high. Turning southward the river began anew its task of cutting through the layers of soil, and before long it had formed an immense gorge that was thousands of feet deep and in some places fifty miles across. At one place there was formed a cataract that was four times higher and a great deal wider than the famous Niagara Falls. Professor H. Betz of the University of Chicago describes it as "the greatest example of glacial stream erosion in the world."<sup>1</sup> As the water plunged seaward it formed a huge basin of fertile land out of the arid lands that surrounded the Rockies, but the rich agricultural lands were destined not to remain. Nature had again changed her mind and now was busy melting the mammoth dam she had so thoroughly constructed. When the last of the ice gave way to the sun, the Columbia returned to its original and lower course, leaving its new path a barren ditch full

of strange stratum and rock formations. The western folk call these depressions in the plateaus "Coulees," and thus was given the name of Grand Coulee to the now dry bed of the Columbia.

As the West was rapidly being settled, there was a great deal of speculation among its people on the possibilities of again damming the rushing Columbia and thus providing the dry, sandy farms of the basin with water. Herbert Hoover, while he was Secretary of Commerce, tried hard to encourage some development of the Columbia, and Coolidge knew the need of such an undertaking when he told a group in Philadelphia that "the Columbia Basin project is not far distant."<sup>2</sup> But the Grand Coulee was a lifelong dream of one President who finally had the good fortune to sign the very bills that provided the government funds necessary for the construction. Back in 1920 while he was campaigning for the Vice-Presidency, Franklin D. Roosevelt noticed during his tour through the state of Washington "all of that water running down unchecked to the sea."<sup>3</sup> A few hours later he was telling Spokane listeners that some day it would be developed to serve "thousands of citizens just like us."<sup>4</sup> Later, in his presidential campaign, he again showed his desire for Grand Coulee's development: "The next hydro-electric development to be undertaken by the

<sup>1</sup>Grace Kirkpatrick, "Building the World's Great Dam," *Travel*, 67 (Sept., 1936), 25.

<sup>2</sup>Richard L. Neuberger, "Biggest Thing on Earth," *Harpers*, 174 (Feb., 1927), 257.

<sup>3</sup>Richard L. Neuberger, "Colossus in the West," *New Republic*, 97 (Jan. 18, 1939), 310.

<sup>4</sup>*Ibid.*

Federal government must be that of the Columbia River."<sup>5</sup> About a year later he signed a bill granting \$63,000,000 to start the construction. Not only were prominent national figures behind this undertaking but also many local men like Rufus Woods, Gale Mathews, and William Clipp. These citizens did their part by printing ideas for the project in the *Daily World*, a small newspaper of Wenatchee, and later they enlarged their group by forming the Columbia River Development League. Thus by the fall of 1933 the way was paved for the greatest engineering undertaking that was ever attempted in the United States.

Before the foundation of the \$400,000,000 dam could be started, it was necessary for the engineers to locate bed rock or solid granite upon which to place the tremendous weight of the concrete. To insure accurate results the engineers used three methods to locate a solid base. They started by sending electric shocks into the ground to determine the rock depth by the length of time between the original shocks and the reflected impulses. This was followed by electrically driven diamond drills that could take samples of the earth at various levels. But the final test, always necessary for complete results, was a pit dug into the earth just as any mining shaft would be sunk. By this procedure the engineers at last found a huge layer of solid granite 280 feet below the surface.

Already preliminary supplies had arrived on the location. Transporting materials to the dam was indeed a costly factor on this particular project, for there was neither a road nor a railroad within twenty miles. The only solution was to build one or the other, and it later proved worthwhile to build both. Much of the hauling expense was cut

down considerably by the uncovering of a gravel pit near the dam. It was also discovered that the huge supply of cement could be blown through an eleven inch pipe instead of being hauled by freight. After reaching the dam this cement was stored in large silos that fed the world's largest mixers.<sup>6</sup> These were two mammoth buildings, eight stories in height, which were given the names of Westmix and Eastmix to facilitate the giving of directions. To insure a capacity production of cement these mixers were entirely controlled by electricity. Light flashes in the main control room recorded to the second every step in the process. Sixteen seconds elapsed during the loading, two minutes ticked by while the mass was agitated in the mixer, and six seconds later the wet material was on freight cars heading for the dam. The containers were eight-ton buckets placed on flat cars at the top of the grade overlooking the dam. By telephone connections it was possible for the workmen below to signal the exact time they were ready for delivery. At the dam the cement was poured in layers of five feet so that it could be cooled in a short time. Cooling was done by means of pipes carrying water from the Columbia. If the engineers had waited for the heat that was formed by the chemical reactions to leave the cement naturally, they would have had to wait 150 years.<sup>7</sup> But with the aid of the Columbia the mass was cooled in thirty days. Thermometers were even imbedded deep in the heart of the cement blocks to keep the engineers informed as to the exact state of the concrete at any time.

<sup>5</sup>Richard L. Neuberger, "Biggest Thing on Earth," *Harpers*, 174 (Feb., 1937), 257.

<sup>6</sup>R. G. Sherrett, "Grand Coulee Progresses," *Scientific American*, 159 (Dec., 1938), 299.

<sup>7</sup>"Portfolio of New Deal Constructions," *Fortune*, 14 (Nov., 1936), 11.

After the dam was completed, eighteen pumps of enormous capacity were installed to lift 1,800,000 tons of water an hour up to the Grand Coulee reservoir.<sup>8</sup> Since this water will be retained in order to insure a constant supply for the basin below, there will be formed an artificial lake that is fifty-one miles across. The power for these pumps will, of course, come from the generators on the upper and lower dams. These combined generators will have a total output of 2,640,000 horsepower.<sup>9</sup> So great is the power that is developed that the cost will be extremely low, and with the receipts from the sale of some of this power the Federal government believes it can pay for the dam in twenty or thirty years. The exact cost of the power to the farms surrounding the dam will be 2.25 mills per kilowatt hour, but it will be raised slightly for some of the distant cities.<sup>10</sup>

In building this 4,290 foot dam, the contractors met with many problems that are seldom realized when one views only the finished project. One big difficulty was the diversion of the river during the actual construction. Tunnels for this mighty river were far too costly, and besides they would surely have lengthened the building time beyond the specified limit. So the contractors built two circular coffer dams 3,000 feet long. These dams diverted the water into the center of the river, while the permanent dam was built out from the two banks up to the very edge of the water. Then as the water flowed through the spillways in the completed portions of the dam, another coffer dam held the water away from the center when the original two were removed. Thus the dam had been placed across a huge volume of rushing water without checking it or causing it to leave its bed.

On one occasion 2,000,000 cubic yards

of earth started sliding down into a ravine near the east coffer dam. The contractors hastily constructed a dry dam to halt the landslide, but it failed. When they saw that their powerful shovels could not remove the excess rapidly enough, they inserted 2,000 miles of pipes through 377 holes at various depths of the soil. Then by joining these to two ammonia compressors that produced eighty tons of ice a day, they froze the earth into one solid mass.

A universal problem at most of our American dams is the disposal of removed earth. The engineers at Grand Coulee devised a belt conveyor that carried the earth a mile and a half to a nearby coulee.<sup>11</sup> Here, after lifting the soil 500 feet into the air, the conveyor inverted itself over Rattlesnake Canyon. In a good day's work it was able to move 51,000 cubic yards of earth, and in all 15,000,000 cubic yards of material were carried from the dam.

The problem of a leak in the east coffer dam almost proved fatal to the entire project. When the hole increased in size until 35,000 gallons of water were pouring out a minute, the contractors tried to check the flow with a dike around the gap. But they failed to get a satisfactory structure in front of the swirling torrent and decided to try filling the hole from the inside. For a filler they used a large quantity of grout, a substance familiar to all engineers because of its usefulness for sealing any cracks or crevices in cement, rock, or earth. It is a mixture of sawdust, cement, shavings,

<sup>8</sup>Grace Kirkpatrick, "Building the World's Great Dam," *Travel*, 67 (Sept., 1936), 25.

<sup>9</sup>Grace Kirkpatrick, "On a Natural Dam Site, Grand Coulee Dam," *Scientific American*, 152 (April, 1935), 199.

<sup>10</sup>More Power for the Northwest: Grand Coulee Project," *Review of Reviews*, 89 (Jan., 1934), 49.

<sup>11</sup>R. G. Sherrett, "Grand Coulee Progresses," *Scientific American*, 159 (Dec., 1938), 296.



and Bentonite (a light, loose earth that swells to about thirty times its original volume when it becomes wet). After pouring tons of grout into the huge hole, the contractors finally slowed the flow of water to only 200 gallons per minute. This was easily controllable.

A minor difficulty to engineers but a grave concern to industries and conservation organizations is the salmon spawning. Thomas A. E. Tally, chairman of the Washington State Game Commission, firmly believes that the fish in this area will become extinct, and his opinion is shared by the Astorian Budget Press.<sup>12</sup> In one editorial it declared, "If the fish do manage to pass above Bonneville on their way to spawning grounds, Grand Coulee will surely shut them off . . . and the difficulties and expense of building adequate fishways in connection with such a structure are insurmountable."<sup>13</sup> This is not necessarily true, for other dams have proved there are successful ways of meeting this situation. If little pools of running water are built around the dam, the fish can leap past the structure by raising themselves gradually. The fish that will not go up by this means may be raised by a ladder that lifts them up through a column of water. In addition to these aids a hatchery is being built in front of the dam.

The completed dam of Grand Coulee will bring about an ideal reclamation of the Columbian territory in the arid West, but some financial difficulties have arisen about the sale of land in the basin. Land speculation always runs high when a project shows a chance of enriching property. At Grand Coulee some land that used to sell at a dollar an acre is now for sale at sixty to seventy dollars per acre. One small piece of property changed hands six times in a couple of weeks, and the last owner recently re-

fused 2,500 dollars.<sup>14</sup> Of course, poor people cannot pay these exorbitant prices, and the government is rapidly taking steps to check the entire sale of all land except under federal supervision. But in spite of this difficulty of land ownership there are great possibilities in the million and some acres of land that are now receiving a much needed supply of water. When the full electrical development of the dam is completed, there will be sufficient power to supply 30,000 farms of forty acres each.<sup>15</sup> Even heat for these farms will be provided by electricity. Thus the area should make ideal homes for approximately 1,500,000 people in the very near future.

I am sure that the feeling of many Americans is expressed in a statement by a minister who had spent his entire life in the Columbia River valley. "You know," he told a friend one day, "for years I have been reading about the building of the biggest battleships, the biggest bombing planes, and the biggest artillery on earth. It thrills me immeasurably to stand above the great dam and see ingenuity put to useful rather than destructive purposes. Thank God that some of the biggest things on earth are to make life better rather than to end life!"<sup>16</sup>

<sup>12</sup>James Rorty, "Grand Coulee," *Nation*, 140 (March 20, 1935), 330.

<sup>13</sup>*Ibid.*, 330.

<sup>14</sup>James Rorty, *op. cit.*, 329.

<sup>15</sup>Richard L. Neuberger. "Colossus in the West," *New Republic*, 97 (Jan. 18, 1939), 311.

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# Rhet as Writ

(Material written in Rhetoric I and II)

If you have a buddy, slip a spear pole through his mouth and gills, having a man at each end.

. . . .

The whole book *The Big Barn* was written around a barn, and is just what the name implies because it was a big barn.

"His most characteristic habit is when he is excited or enraged in any way, he paces up and down the room like a panther scraping the vest of his suit with a sharp pocket knife."

. . . .

Onto the field trotted the men who compromised our team.

## A Garland for Quiller-Couch

1. There are many fields in the world of books. 2. But these fields do not go together. 3. This field interfered with my most important field. 4. Already this field has been playing a large part in my life. 5. I have not entered into many of these fields. 6. In reading books, I like to travel from one field to another. 7. My heart was not in that field any longer. 8. I finally got a taste of all three fields. 9. I buried myself in that field for several years.

—from a set of essays on "My Reading."

## Honorable Mention

- E. L. BIBERSTEIN—Splendid Isolation?  
MARTHA LOU BOTHWELL—Tuesday Morning in College  
J. E. CARLSON—The Post-impressionist School of Painting  
HAROLD EISENBERG—Speed  
SHIRLEY ELVIS—Stern-wheeler  
H. P. GUIMARAES—Mathematics  
J. L. GUYON—Cattle Drive  
JULIAN HAMILTON—Armament for the United States  
EDWARD HOLMGREN—And So They Buried Him  
JOAN MALACH—Handlebar Hank  
TED MAYHALL—Backstage  
SUZANNE MESSINGER—Why? How Come?  
BOB MITCHELL—The World's Largest Telescope  
ALICE RODKEY—Kolno to Lida—Third Class  
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ADRA THIRY—Atlantis  
JANE VON MEHREN—Troubles in Germany, 1933  
C. WOLF—The Electrical Concept of Matter  
MARTIN YOUNG—Imperialism of the United States in the  
Spanish-American War  
JOHN ZAMECNIK—The Knights of Labor, 1869-1890





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THE JOURNAL  
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Reviews collected

# THE GREEN CALDRON

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# Meet Patricia

NORMA ROHRSEN

*Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1940-1941*

Patricia Theisen Heinrich, erratic child of an Irish shrew and an idealistic Frenchman, has lived forty years with a singleness of purpose that demands of me much respect and a little terror. Her every decisive act has been motivated by her greatest desire—to be the center of attention. For her, to be unnoticed is to be miserable.

God must have fashioned her with happiness in mind, for even now she has the striking kind of good looks that draws stares from the casual passerby. At first glance he sees restless brown eyes set in a finely-modeled, olive-skinned face, and hair that is still black. Then he notices her high cheekbones, her humorous mouth and stubborn chin. She has beautiful ankles and legs, of which she is well aware; but only the grace of God and a good foundation garment save the rest of her figure from dumpiness. She is not much more than five feet tall, but she carries herself with at least six extra inches of pride. That much of her is her French heritage. Her wit, her stubbornness, and her quick temper are qualities that all her mother's ancestors had before her. She did not inherit her father's dependability and fastidiousness.

Pat was the child of an unhappy union. Her mother, Kit O'Connell, was never in love with Philip Theisen; she was, by her own admission, never in love at all. Phil, on the other hand, idealized women, putting Kit in a perfect position to make a hell of his life. She did. The couple wrangled constantly about religion, politics, the relative merits of tea and coffee for breakfast, the neighbors, table manners, drink, and tobacco. To-

gether, they managed to make young Pat's idea of the adult world uncertain and insecure.

As a child, Pat was a holy terror. Kit was too lazy to train her six children properly, so she let them roam the neighborhood while she gadded about town. When their small naughtinesses annoyed her, she punished them severely. Once, in a fit of temper, Pat threw a butcher knife at her big sister Virginia, cutting a frightful gash in her head. Screaming, Patricia ran to her mother. "Ma! Ma!" she yelled. "The butcher knife dropped off the shelf and cut Virginia all to pieces!" Virginia was crying too hard to deny the tale, and Pat went unpunished. She developed her natural talent for lying to escape punishment; later, she fabricated stories for pure enjoyment.

Soon she discovered that her genius for fiendishly naughty pranks brought her all the attention she could wish. That it was unfavorable made no impression on her. She took especial delight in climbing onto the roof of their house, scaring the neighbors half to death. The lady who lived next door once offered her a nickel to come down from her precarious perch; her husband promised her a dime to stay there out of the way. Pat came down. She thought it was worth a nickel to have them aware of her existence.

In high school she had no trouble making boys aware of her, and she was very much aware of them. Kit, whose opinions on sex were puritanical, wanted Pat to have nothing to do with men. It may have been pure contrariness that made Pat consider masculine attention

all-important. At any rate, she cultivated men, not very subtly. In an age and a community where bright colors were a little disgraceful, Pat dressed in red. She was ousted from a public bathing beach for wearing the first daring bathing suit in town. More than a little small-town gossip swirled about Kit Theisen's prettiest daughter, and Pat gloried in every malicious word. Her boy friends exceeded in number, if not in quality, those of every other girl in town. People who saw her for the first time stared. What more could she want?

Had she been an only child, her desire for recognition might not have become a mania. As it was, four other Theisen girls offered competition in beauty, wit, and popularity. Pat's peace of mind was shattered by any rival to her supremacy, but to be outdone by one of her own family was unbearable. As a child she had always outdone them in mischievousness; and as they grew older, she was the cleverest of a group noted for its caustic wit. Her desire to maintain her superiority prompted her most ridiculous antics. She demanded of her parents the counterpart of everything her sisters received; thus when Virginia went to college, Pat, who didn't want higher education, attended the local academy. She tried—unsuccessfully, it is true—to steal her oldest sister's fiancé. By exerting all her powers, she seemed to be holding him—until he married Virginia. Pat's reaction was "Well, if she can do it, so can I!" So Patricia Theisen entered into holy matrimony.

I sometimes wonder whether she did not marry Emil Heinrich for pure spite. She could not have picked a man more displeasing to her parents. Kate and Phil were ardent Catholics; Emil's father is a strait-laced Protestant minister. Pat and her family are high-strung, irritable,

and irresponsible, but they are an intelligent lot; Emil is slow and dull. Perhaps, though, she really loves him; for in her own queer way Patricia is an affectionate creature. Husband and wife get along well together. Her temperamental outbursts and little scenes amuse, rather than annoy, him. He pays attention to her when she is angry, but he refuses to quarrel with her.

The circumstances of Pat's early married life were not ideal. When she married she stepped out of the witty and vitriolic companionship of her family and friends, into almost complete isolation; for the newly-wedded Heinrichs lived in the country. Most of her neighbors, as dull as Emil, were intolerable to Pat, who craved companionship. She looked for it among her five children, all of them husky boys with lusty appetites and remarkable talents for wearing out clothes. Irresponsible as she was in childhood, she has for twenty years now kept a family fed, clothed, and educated on an income sometimes practically nonexistent. Many a stabler mind would have cracked under the strain.

But her children have not kept her busy enough. Pat's uninteresting environment affected her just as you would have expected it to. She sought escape from her drab surroundings by dramatizing herself. When her brother married, with all the pomp and tradition of a church wedding, she regretted that she had had a hasty marriage in a parsonage, without trimmings. Therefore, on the morning of her brother's wedding day, she stole his thunder by having her own marriage vows repeated and sanctified by the Catholic Church. Since her brother was the only boy in the family to carry on the Theisen name, much was made over his wife when it became known that she was going to have a baby. Pat had

had all the children she wanted, and more; but she had always enjoyed the fuss that women make over an expectant mother. So Pat went shopping for maternity dresses and capes, and told the salesgirls she was expecting another baby.

Pat's bids for attention may deceive all the rest of the world, but never her sister Mary—probably because Mary is so much like Pat that she understands her. Just once Pat made the mistake of trying to deceive her. Mary has had painful migraine headaches since she was a child, and the silence and solemnity of her household when she had a headache impressed Pat. Why couldn't she show the same symptoms? The plan might have worked had Pat not over-dramatized the situation and produced pseudo-hysterics. "No one with a migraine headache," said her wise sister, "acts like that. All the real sufferer wants is to be completely ignored." That was the last headache Pat suffered. Her best current tricks are fainting spells and melancholic fits—both effective attention-getters.

It is a shame that Pat is a little unbalanced, for she is a vivid person. Her wit gives life to any conversation, and she delights in adding to discourse the spice of profanity. Stopped for reckless driving, she has cussed out more than one traffic officer. While driving to a picnic once, she ignored a stoplight and was promptly hailed by an irate officer with a thick Irish brogue. "Well," said Pat, "the car in front of me went

through. I thought I could too."

"Sure now, and if the other car drove in the river, I suppose you'd be after doin' it too!"

"Sure now, and wouldn't that be a hell of a damn-fool thing to be doing?" she snapped back. The officer stared for a moment. Then he laughed, and let her go with no more than a warning.

I am at a loss to explain her last prank. All I know is that when I last heard of her, she was in bed with a fractured back and a tale of falling downstairs. What really happened is that she jumped from a second-story window, being careful to land where she would not be killed. When she was finally well enough to be out of bed, she had one dress that would fit over the heavy cast that encased her body. Did she wear it? She did not. She visited her neighbors clad in spectacular scarlet pajamas, a purple housecoat, and a short yellow cape.

Yet in spite of all her peculiarities, she has reared her children, as I have said, with intelligence, and has kept her family intensely loyal. The contradiction in her character makes me wonder, if there is an after world, what Pat's place in it is to be. She has made so many people miserable that perhaps she should burn eternally; but I think she would like hell-fire better than the company of identical angels dressed in immaculate white. I can just see Patricia in heaven, in a flaming halo and a bright red dress, breaking up the celestial chorus with "Hallelujah, I'm a bum!"

### On Handbags

I have prepared my nerves and I want you to prepare yours. If you are ever walking along the street behind a woman who is carrying one of these handbags, and rain begins to fall, don't be surprised or shocked to see her reach into her handbag, pull out an umbrella and a slicker, pick up her dog and place him in the purse, and snap shut the padlock on the top. And don't be startled if a bit farther along she opens her bag and scolds the dog and Junior for quarreling about which one gets the powder puff to lie on.—GEORGE L. ALEXANDER



# The Chosen People

RUTH SHAMES

*Rhetoric I, Theme 13, 1940-1941*

THE Israelites, descendants of the tribe of Judah, followers of Judaism, have come to be known as Jews. The Bible calls them, "The Children of Israel, His Chosen People." The meanings of words are changed by common usage, but no word has been so used or misused as the word *Jew*.

Now I'll admit we Jews are not the greatest people in the world. We no longer claim to be God's chosen race. We are the most self-defaming people in the universe, but we resent being defamed by anyone else. We don't mind criticism, for we admit there is much to be criticized in many of our people. But please, if you're going to condemn us, be consistent. We cannot all, at the same time, be Communists, Socialists, Capitalists, and Democrats. We cannot want to conquer the world when we want only to live peacefully. We cannot possibly sacrifice Christian babies at our religious feasts if we are all atheists. We have had, of course, men of all kinds among us—Karl Marx, Albert Einstein, Leon Trotsky, Baron Rothchild, Judas Iscariot, and Jesus Christ.

The Chosen People have sometimes been given special definition within the countries from which they hail. In Spain they were known as Infidels. In Russia they were said to be the authors of the forged Protocols of Zion, which advocated World Revolution. In Germany they are now known as contaminators of a pure race. Hitler claims the Jews are not like the rest of mankind, but a species alien and apart. Shakespeare has said that a Jew does "possess the same organs, dimensions, senses, affections,

and passions as a Christian," but at present, I am sorry to state, Mr. Hitler is drawing larger crowds than Mr. Shakespeare.

Today *Jew* has come to mean whatever men feel it to mean. It is not a term which people use rationally, but emotionally. Americans, I believe, are the most unprejudiced people in the world. We have to be, since we are composed of practically every race, religion, and color. But even the American people can easily surrender reason to emotion. Patriotism is a wonderful thing, but not when it blinds tolerance. In these democratic United States rabble rousers have yelled at the people, "Kill the negro! He's killing your race!" and the Ku Klux Klan responded. They called, "Destroy Communism, before it destroys you!" and the American Legion behaved like a group of children. Today the real despoilers of Democracy are shouting again. This time they give a new meaning to the word *Jew*. It now stands for Un-American.

Call us what you may, there is the best and worst of mankind in us. But when America is the "last stronghold of Democracy" you can be sure the Jews are taking a strong hold and hanging on to it. There is no one anywhere who appreciates Democracy more than we do. And the only way that the people of the United States can remain democratic is to remember that this nation is composed of all races and will always be, as long as this remains a true democracy. The Jews are very ready to concede that the Chosen People of today are the American people.

# Socialized Medicine

PHILIP DALTON

*Rhetoric I, Theme 14, 1940-1941*

SOCIALIZED medicine, as I understand it, is a practice which provides medical care for a group of people on a fixed contract basis, payment being made either by the individuals, their employers, or the government. In the United States today, there is a vital need for some socialization of medical service. Many serious shortcomings exist under our present system of individual practice. Adequate medical care, under present conditions, is unavailable to a large proportion of the people. There is also an obvious lack of preventive service—that is, there are too few authorities at work in the removal of conditions which encourage disease. Another great fault of our present system is that communities throughout the nation have unequal facilities for medical care. Some centers of population are oversupplied with doctors and hospitals, and some under-supplied. The cost of medical service under the present system is a cause of widespread hardship and dissatisfaction. It falls heavily upon those with small incomes, for whom unexpected costs may mean years of debt. The lack of coordination in the medical profession makes it difficult for the people to find adequate care, for they have little means of judging the skill and conscientiousness of a doctor—hence the tremendous waste of money on quacks, cults, and other fakes. Irregular practitioners receive about one hundred and twenty-five million dollars a year from the American public.

The best and most logical answer to all of the faults of our present system is socialized medicine. I believe it would ultimately do away with all of the present

inadequacies. It would provide thorough medical care for all. Hospital facilities and preventive as well as curative service would be at the disposal of all communities and classes. It would lighten the financial burden of medical care. Many economies would be introduced—savings in overhead, laboratory services, routine examinations, and treatment. It would provide for more equal distribution of costs—that is, costs would be met by taxation and would fall more on those better able to pay. It would do away with excessive fees, fee-splitting, unnecessary operations, and unnecessary visits and care. It would raise the standard of health throughout the nation, because medical service would be more extensively utilized. By removing obstructive financial terms it would reduce the evils of self-treatment or delayed treatment. Periodic health examinations would be encouraged, and patients would be guided and assisted by competent authorities in the selection of physicians.

There are those who say that socialized medicine would not be desirable. They claim that medical service would suffer and that the quality of service would tend to deteriorate. They say that the doctors' incentive to do good work would be removed and that their personal responsibility would be lowered. Another argument they offer is that this system would result in an enormous bureaucracy—that doctors would be liable to political manipulations and red tape.

All of the arguments offered by opponents of socialized medicine can be easily answered. There is no reason to believe

that medical service would deteriorate. The quality of service would remain high because of the natural love most doctors possess for their profession. Rewards and promotions would be offered to physicians who do distinguished work ; thus the impulse to do good work would be stimulated. Doctors who would become careless under socialized medicine are just as likely to become careless under our present system of individual practice. Socialized medicine would not necessarily set up a bureaucracy or expose doctors to politics, because social-

ized medicine would be no more political than other agencies now operating successfully under government control—such agencies as public education, public health, and public postal service. Let the system of socialized medicine be administered by the medical men themselves, and they need fear no bureaucracy.

Socialized medicine has been tried out in several foreign countries and found to work well. I believe that the benefits which might be derived from such a system would be sufficient to overcome all arguments against it.

## Theme-Writing in Rhetoric

MARTHA LOU BOTHWELL

*Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1940-1941*

AS I labor now, endeavoring to syn-  
chronize thoughts with words to fill  
up these pages, I am seized by an im-  
pulse to throw my pen, to rise and shout,  
"Writers are writers, and there's them  
that ain't. And that's ALL THERE IS  
TO IT!" Zing—with a shoe or something.

But then tomorrow's Wednesday. This  
thing has to be in. And so I struggle on,  
draw more doodles, add a line, scratch  
out two, take up a clean sheet of paper,  
and go through the whole worrisome  
process again. It is all very wearing.

Now there seems to exist a school  
of thought which places a great deal  
of emphasis upon self-expression. The  
advantages of adequate self-expression  
can hardly be denied. But this school  
thinks apparently that the art of self-  
expression in writing can be taught to  
freshman students. With all the re-  
spect due to rhetoricians, I sometimes  
think that, considering how feebly this  
aim is accomplished, they might with

more success take up bean-counting.

For it seems to me that if the student  
is not especially fired by intellectual  
fevers no other power can incite in him  
the urge or the capacity to write any-  
thing more thrilling than "Jack, the dog,  
ran after the cat," and then wonder if a  
comma is necessary after the word "dog."  
I am trying to say, I think, that writing,  
like brains, is a God-given gift, and if  
He didn't bestow it upon you—then you  
had better take it up with God and not  
with your rhetoric instructor.

If theme-writing must be taught, how-  
ever, the struggle should take place, not  
during the freshman, but during the  
senior year. Then the mature student-  
writer could draw on a broader range of  
experience, on a more serviceable vo-  
cabulary, and on a more deeply en-  
trenched respect for intellectual pursuits.  
Until this reformation in rhetoric in-  
struction takes place, most of us will  
have to get along without self-expression.



# Grohean

BILL ZACK

*Rhetoric II, Theme 14, 1940-1941*

WHEN I was first old enough to know that the West was peopled with cowboys and Indians, I discovered in the town library a fascinating book: *Old Jim Bridger on the Moccasin Trail*. It led "Young Jim," a frontiersman, through a never-ending series of battles and dangers until he was "Old Jim." Somewhere in this tale Jim picked up a grey Indian pony, which he promptly named "Grohean." When I learned that Grohean meant "grey horse" in some Indian language, my joy was complete; I could speak Indian. Shortly after this discovery I was given a bicycle, named, of course, "Grohean."

On my two-wheeled Indian pony I pursued buffalo and Indians down the quiet streets of Sheffield. Many were the times when Grohean dropped with an arrow in his side. After being thus ambushed, I lay behind his body and desperately loaded and fired my long rifle at the attacking "Injuns." On several occasions—especially after I had heard of Custer's last stand—the painted warriors closed in and, even as I buried my tomahawk in the head of the chief, they brought me down and divided my scalp among them.

After two years of active battle, Grohean was stolen, even as it happened in the book. In the book, Jim recovered his Grohean, but I had to get a new one. About this time, too, I got a job delivering papers. My route was nearly six miles long, and for four years I struggled over its interminable length every night except Sunday, bringing the world to

your doorstep with the *Kewanee Star-Courier*. In order to pass the hours, I again rode my noble Grohean. Sometimes I was on the Pony Express. Sometimes I was an Indian or a road agent, robbing and killing and striking terror into the "Old West." My nondescript dog, Pat, was a tame wolf, accompanying me on all my raids.

I took good care of Grohean, checking to see if his "shoes" were properly inflated, polishing his outside, and greasing his inner works. During these years he was ready at all times for instant action. Sad to say, after I retired from the newspaper business, I did not take such care of my trusty steed; the tires sagged, the spokes rusted, the paint grew tarnished. Last fall I needed money pretty badly and started looking around for something to sell. Of course Grohean was my victim. With a dime's worth of steel wool and several dollars' worth of elbow grease, I made him presentable. As I looked at him, however, I began to feel sentimental. I remembered how I hated the rain that had beat down upon me and my miserable dog, soaking us to the skin; how I cursed the weather, the papers, the customers, and even myself; how I had bucked high winds and biting cold on the north road along the railroad tracks; how I had sweated and thirsted on broiling July afternoons.

So I kept putting off the day when I would insert the fatal ad in the local paper. No one wants to buy a bike in the winter time anyway; I'll sell him in the spring.

# My Dear Henrietta

ALBERTA MENZEL

*Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1940-1941*

February 2, 1876

MY DEAR HENRIETTA:

If you could but see me now, you would marvel at my red cheeks, for I have just come in from a delightful skating party on the lagoon. How fortunate is my fair city of Chicago to have such facilities for the healthful sport! I wear my gray alpaca for skating, carry the little muff you sent me for Christmas, and glory in being the envy of the park.

Speaking of clothes—the dressmaker has been here these three days past, employed in making new gowns for Sister Louise and myself. Mine is to be a bewitching ball gown—white silk, the underskirt in puffs of material with tulle plaiting around the bottom, an apron overskirt and a pointed bodice, trimmed in tulle, a bertha with flowers on the shoulders as well as in a huge pink bow on the fulness at the back. I shall wear flowers and pearls twined in my curls—doesn't that sound delicious?

The first opportunity I shall have to wear my silk will be at the ball the Markhams' aunt is giving for Lucy's twentieth birthday—she is but one year older than I—which promises to be a most elegant affair.

Did you know my Aunt Richmond presented me with fifty dollars? Father counseled me to be wise and save it for something which will "enrich my life rather than my person"—you can imagine how it burns in my pocket; I fear I am not at all sensible.

This morning I made a few lotions for myself, having no trust in those so blatantly advertised. I pass on to you

one recipe—it whitens and purifies the skin most marvelously. Take a lemon, make a little hole in it, and fill the hole with sugar candy; seal the opening with a bit of leaf gold and roast in hot ashes. When desired, remove the seal and squeeze a little on a napkin and wash the face with it.

Yesterday, while rearranging my book-row, I discovered my old school books. Nothing would suffice but that I terminate my labors and leaf through each of the familiar volumes. I could almost see you and me, back at boarding school, learnedly discoursing on all matters of science. Sometimes I wonder if I ever feel so much alive as I did while in school. To hear me now, you would think me utterly incapable of setting my mind above dainties and dancing, ruffles and beaux.

I hope your dear family are all quite well; Mama is poorly, but we pray she will soon be sound again. Affectionate regards from

Your devoted friend,

JULIA HERMANN

March 3, 1876

MY DEAR HENRIETTA:

It drizzles most miserably, depriving me of my walk; yet I rejoice in the opportunity to give you an account of the Markhams' ball. As I anticipated, no cost was spared to provide sumptuous elegance. Mama being indisposed, Sister Emma and her husband obliged as my chaperons, as they knew I desired greatly to be one of the party. My new gown must be most attractive, for no sooner had we paid our respects to our

hostess and I taken my place with my sister, than I was quite besieged with most personable young men. I danced most of the evening, except while I was being treated to a variety of ices by one of my *devotés*—c'est le mot, n'est-ce pas? I felt much pity for the elder Miss Hanson, as she was seldom requested until after the sets were formed.

Now I must confess, dear friend, that there was one man who has aroused more than a little admiration in me. His name is Jeffrey Alden. That is all I shall say now, except that I will admit we danced *three* times! He also asked if I would make him happy by selecting him for my protector home. I trust you will be discreet in this matter—do not disappoint me, I beg of you.

The behavior of Annabelle Toskin has been most scandalous—I shudder to think of my feelings should such talk be directed at me. She attracts society's barbs by her most unseemly conduct. More than once have I seen her on the public streets after sundown—unattended! Yet that is not the worst—she disappeared from the ball last night for five minutes! I do not know how she escaped her mother's eye, nor do I know what motive prompted the Markhams to make her their guest. Certainly she will not be invited in *respectable* homes again.

Mama calls me; so once more adieu from

Your loving friend,

JULIA HERMANN

P.S. At the ball I also met a young man who is studying to be a doctor. I almost asked him to tell me of his life in medical school and explain some of the new discoveries to me; but I feared I should be considered indiscreet and forward, and confined myself to amusing him with prattle about the theatre.

Yours, J. H.

April 29, 1876

My DEAR HENRIETTA:

The doctor has just left my dear Mama. Every day she seems paler, though as saintly as ever. I feel so helpless, receiving Mr. Alden and attending theatre parties, while my mother lies in her darkened room. Why can I not help her? I long to find why she is ill—I feel I know the cure, yet I am too untrained to find it. If only I knew science—I have read the articles on the microscope in *Harper's* over and over; I can feel my fingers twirling the knobs, my brain finding clues to disease, while I stupidly crochet table scarfs, or exchange civilities with Mr. Alden. Making beef tea is all I can do, and even the servants can have that ability.

I must go to her now—if she is not too weary I can read to her from my favorite, George Eliot. *There* was a woman who forced men to acknowledge her genius, even if she had to use a trick to do it!

May God bless you, Henrietta, for listening to the outcry of

Your futile friend,

JULIA HERMANN

June 30, 1876

My DEAR HENRIETTA:

My father was certainly most wise in advising me to save my money for a worth-while cause, for I have used it to go to the World's Fair in Philadelphia. Sister Emma and her husband proposed the trip, and since I had the \$34.50 for the round trip fare, Papa gave his consent to the project that we three go. It has been most illuminating—my continual amazement is that they were ever able to tear me away from the Woman's Building, where every real feminine achievement was illustrated. I dallied for hours before the display showing woman's work in medicine. I had great



hopes of persuading Papa that I might be allowed to study this science as do some of the girls of the middle class, but as usual, he is adamant.

I also saw the new machine which writes—the typewriter, I believe. This I should like to learn to operate, but when I asked Papa, he laughed at me and said, “There, there, daughter, do not worry about such a temporary innovation—besides, the nervous system of the female is too delicate to permit such an occupation.” I fear I was impertinent, for I said women were no more delicate than men, only more sensitive. He answered gravely, “I am distressed to see you so unwomanly. And as to your argument, have you forgotten the misfortune of Mary Wilder?”

Mary Wilder is one of my friends who attended Vassar. She is lately returned home, much upset nervously, will see no one, and cries without cause. Papa is right, I suppose, and yet I secretly hope that girls will some day conquer such nervous delicacy.

Today I persuaded my brother to row on the lagoon with me. I fear he will soon indulge in smoking and liquor unless he gives up his association with the other dandies. I am using “woman’s good influence” on him as Mary E. Walker suggests, but to no avail. If you can, send help please to

Your faithful friend,

JULIA HERMANN

August 9, 1876

MY DEAR HENRIETTA:

Please interrupt your well-beloved croquet to hear a most astounding bit of news. On New Year’s Day I will be—yes!—Mrs. Jeffrey Alden. I trust you will share my joy at this felicitous event. Last June Mr. Alden addressed me most courteously and asked humble permission to be my suitor. I answered

his letter saying that his attentions were neither unnoticed nor unwelcome, that by his worthy actions he had won his way into my affection and esteem, and that I trusted our feelings would not change, but ripen into the purest devotion, to be culminated and blessed with matrimony.

Our engagement will be short because of my mother’s health, as poor Mama is not at all well. She is highly content in my engagement and desires the nuptials as soon as proper and convenient for fear that she may become worse. As she is too weak to arise, I sew in her room to give her what comfort I can offer. I am crocheting a watch stand for Mr. Alden from a pattern in Godey’s Lady’s Book, as well as a boudoir cap. And, of course, my trousseau will be a charming amount of needle work! I hope I will complete it quickly.

Tonight Mr. Alden and I attend the opera. I feel most gratified to appear there—he is so amiable that I am very proud, as ill becomes me.

Do send your best wishes soon to

Your affectionate friend,

JULIA HERMANN

P.S. On perusal of this letter, I find I have not shared with you Mr. Alden’s many virtues. He is most courteous, attendant to my slightest desire, generous to a fault—our life together promises to be of the happiest. My parents are agreeable, nay, anxious that our union be effected. If I cannot truthfully say that I cherish for him the tenderest of affections, at least I do esteem and respect him, which is all any girl can expect to feel when she enters into wedded bliss. Yours, J. H.

November 30, 1876

MY DEAR HENRIETTA:

Do you remember the conversations we had in boarding school when we so

fervently discussed the affairs of government? All the excitement over the election has quite thrilled me. I consider Hayes the better candidate, for I do not blame Grant for the atrocious scandals which were visited upon his administration. Nor do I consider it safe to have the choice of the rebels in office—the war is yet too recent to chance allowing a man like Tilden with the rebel vote behind him to seize control. Oh how I wish *we* could have the vote! When I listen to my father and his friends conversing on the topic of the election, I feel that no woman could be more silly than some of the men. Hours are spent quibbling over a point which seems absolutely clear to me. But breathe no word of this, my dear friend, or I shall be labelled a strong-minded woman.

Though I decided that I should be able to discuss such matters with my fiancé more than with anyone else, I was much disappointed. He said to me, just as Papa would have done, "Dear Julia, the charming heads of women were made for parties, not politics. I shall expect you to leave such affairs to me and busy yourself with the happiness of my home after we are married." After such a stinging rebuke from my intended, I could not but be silent, though I burn with indignation at such an estimate of female intelligence.

Anticipating your presence at my wedding, I remain

Your affectionate, though  
political, friend,

JULIA HERMANN

December 18, 1876

MY DEAR HENRIETTA:

It is two in the morning. I feel your surprise at my writing at this hour, but I cannot sleep.

In a fortnight I shall be wed—permanently. Even now there is no turning back. Mama would be crushed by the disgrace of a broken troth, Papa furious at my declining such an advantageous match.

Do not, dear friend, draw from this that I do not wish to marry Mr. Alden. Aside from the regard which I feel for him, there is nothing for me except marriage. My father with his servants does not need me to keep his house; I am ill-trained for any useful work; nor would I be accepted in any profession except teaching, and that at the cost of my position in society.

Tonight I have been wondering what my life would be if circumstances had been different. If I had been given an education equal to that of a man, would my intelligence have been sufficiently developed so that I would be worthy of having the vote? If woman suffrage were granted, would not woman's natural kindness and mercy bring a happier day to our nation? Just think, Henrietta—if I had studied medicine, might it be possible that I could have found a way to save my mother from the fate that hangs over her? I even wonder whether, if female clothing did not demand such corseting and padding, ruffles and bows, much of woman's weakness and ill health might be avoided? If woman were equal with man, would she prove to be of greater worth than a lovely parasite?

I have heard that every woman is prone to doubts and fears just before her marriage. Perhaps these are mine. Pray make no mention of what I have here written. But, dear Henrietta, what a waste of precious lives of usefulness, if these hypothetical suppositions of mine were true! I almost hope these

weak fancies are false, for "The saddest words of tongue and pen are only these —'It might have been!'"

Believe me, dear friend,

Yours lovingly,

JULIA HERMANN

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## The Problems of a Waiter

HERBERT RICKERT

*Rhetoric I, Theme 14, 1940-1941*

THE door opens. A customer staggers in, plops himself into a booth, glances at the menu, and looks up expectantly. A white-clad student waiter hurries to the booth with a glass of water, a pad of paper, and a ready pencil. Once more the customer scans the menu from top to bottom. The waiter waits. Suddenly a series of sounds as from a badly tuned radio emerges from the booth.

"Give me a blwk pulkwable mamrie grob, without mayonnaise, and a sasrinkerie blab."

The waiter looks puzzled.

"Pardon me, but I didn't understand you. Would you mind repeating your order?"

The customer looks up angrily, looks down again, and says, "Give me a wlwk balpuble gumrie gub, WITHOUT MAYONNAISE, and a zindrible wbwab."

The waiter, fearing to inquire again, nervously tries to translate the customer's order into English and prays fervently that he is right. Usually he isn't.

Again the door opens. A chattering group of girls. While the waiter waits

expectantly, they debate noisily the advantages and disadvantages of sitting in certain booths, wave and shout to friends on the other side of the store, and finally sit down. Another debate on what to order. Slowly the topic of conversation changes.

"Marie, I've got the cutest instructor in Rhetoric, and you'd never guess what he said to me! Well, he said . . ."

"Imagine!"

"Really?"

"Well!"

While the morsels of gossip and slander are tossed about, the waiter waits. Finally one girl happens to notice him. Then, as if on a signal, they all give their orders as a chorus, each using a different lyric. It is the waiter's problem to separate the lyrics and note them on his pad.

A little old lady enters. Slowly she steps down the aisle, glancing at each booth as she goes. She sees one to her liking and eases into it. She picks up the menu, reads it carefully, moving her lips, and then repeats the process. The waiter waits.



One by one she eliminates the various dinners listed until only two are left. Glancing from one to another, she chirps, "Waiter, I'd like this dinner." (An aged finger descends upon the menu, hurries up and down, and lights on a small paragraph.) "Only I'd like this vegetable (the finger drops two paragraphs) in place of this one (the finger hurries up the menu), and the vegetable on this dinner (another flight of the finger) in place of the potatoes. Also I want this salad. I wonder if I could—do you have buttermilk? I'll have buttermilk to drink. Will you hurry this order? I have an

appointment in fifteen minutes. Thank you."

Meanwhile the waiter stretches his aching neck, makes a few marks on his pad, sighs heavily, and leaves.

As you see, a waiter's life can be hell. There are nice people, and there are mean ones; there are pleasant words and there are insults and scowls; there are tips and there are haughty silences. Many waiters have become so hardened to the eccentricities of the human race that they have adopted the following motto: "The customer is always wrong. Be sure to let him know it!"

## Splendid Isolation

E. L. BIBERSTEIN

*Rhetoric II, final examination, 1940-1941*

IN THE middle of September, 1939, immediately after the outbreak of the war, our history teacher in high school made a survey of the class's attitude toward the policy of the United States—whether she should pursue a policy of isolation or whether she had better intervene. As it happened, the whole class—about twenty persons—favored isolation, while only one—myself—advocated intervention. This ratio is significant. It was at that time about the same throughout the country. And no wonder, if you consider how sound the arguments justifying isolation appeared to be: in the first place, there isn't anything the Germans would want over here once they've defeated the Allies; secondly, even after a victory, they would be far too exhausted and confronted with too many problems to attack a country as strong economically and as far distant as

the United States. Why, then, should we go over there, lose our men, and spend billions of dollars, only to get cheated by our allies as we did in the last war? No, let them fight it out alone, by all means. The average American, who was interested mainly in the continuation of the way of living he was used to, accepted these arguments without question.

It is too bad that history isn't a science like mathematics, where we can say, for example, that alternate interior angles on parallel lines are equal, no matter who drew them on what paper with what kind of pencil. History is different, simply because identical circumstances never recur. Sometimes, however, similarities in circumstances and events are so striking that we can't possibly overlook them and may use them as a basis for speculations about what's ahead of us. Well,

let's see if we can't find a chapter in the history of men that bears close resemblances to our present period.

Was there ever before in the world's history a man with an abnormally strong belief in himself, a man who assumed power when his people were in great distress, who promised to lead his nation to prosperity and make it the foremost power on earth? I refer you to the Napoleonic era. The backgrounds and the policies of Napoleon and Hitler are pretty much the same. Both are men of force. Both tried to maintain a "friendly" attitude toward their powerful neighbors; both would suddenly undertake some coup of annexation, and then affirm immediately afterwards their desire to maintain peace. Napoleon succeeded, and Hitler has succeeded so far, in tricking their enemies each time they tried to. The main thing, however, and this disarms one isolationist argument, is that Napoleon did not show any intention ever to stop as long as there was another great power on earth beside his own. Hitler acts in the same manner: he wasn't contented with Austria, with Czechoslovakia; he took Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, Luxemburg, France, and still he wants colonies and concessions from Britain. So there is no reason to believe that he does not want the United States in whole or in part.

In the question whether Hitler would be too exhausted after the war to attack this country, I refer again to Napoleon, who fought continually for sixteen years without exhaustion. When he did not have enough men at his disposal, the

people he had subdued had to go into battle for him. The same thing happened at Dakar, where the French fought for Fascism against their own countrymen and former British allies. Hitler might use this method against the United States should he defeat Canada. Besides, Hitler's close friends, Russia and Japan, are evidently anxious to acquire some more territory. Wasn't an airplane base discovered only recently on one of the Russian Aleutian Islands? And who can tell what is going on on the many little "uninhabited" Pacific Islands which cannot be found on any map? How about Mexico? Wouldn't she be grateful for her "lost territory" of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona? We shouldn't forget that, during World War I, Mexico was all set to line up with Germany against the United States. An official from the German embassy happened to leave his brief case in a subway, so that the whole plot was discovered. Maybe this time the plotters will be a little more careful about the things entrusted to them.

And what does all this mean? It simply shows that the question is not up to us at all. Suppose a man, standing in the rain, wanted to decide whether or not he should get wet. His decision does not affect the rain drops. They fall on him no matter what he decides. They may drop from the gray-black sky any minute now. We may have waited too long. We should have gone with the others. We should have put up our share of the cab-fare long since. Will we be able to pay the fare alone? I hope so, but I doubt.

# The McGuffey Readers

LORENE KETTENBURG

*Rhetoric II, Theme 15, 1939-1940*

DURING the years between 1825 and 1875 many German, Scotch-Irish, and English people came from northern Europe and settled in the newly opened Northwest Territory. These people were hard-working, God-fearing, and conscientious, and they quickly established themselves in new homes, soon forgetting their native countries in this land of wealth, opportunity, and work. After they had secured themselves in new homes, their next thought was for the education of their children. Schools were very few, and textbooks were rare. The *Puritanical Readers* and *Murray's English Readers* were the two best known texts, but neither was suitable for these rugged pioneers, being too suggestive of the drawing rooms of the smug Bostoners and of the governesses and estates of the English nobility.<sup>1</sup> These Midwesterners were a new people who needed a new reader. The McGuffey reader filled this need.

The originator of the McGuffey readers was tall, redheaded William Holmes McGuffey, an Ohio farm boy, born September 23, 1800. McGuffey had little opportunity for education during his first eighteen years, but his father taught him arithmetic and surveying, and his mother, by borrowing books and by using the Bible, instructed him in reading and writing. Schools in those times were far apart and were dependent upon the voluntary subscriptions of the settlers; consequently, the sessions were irregular and timed in order not to interfere with heavy field work or building.

Young William possessed a remarkable memory, and by the time he was

twenty-one he was able to recite verbatim any book of the Bible.<sup>2</sup> In later life as a preacher he delivered over 3000 sermons, and though he never wrote one of them out, he was able to repeat any given one almost as he had originally delivered it. He took up Latin and Greek when he was nineteen and became in time one of the foremost scholars in the country. McGuffey attended Washington College, graduating in March, 1826, and then went to Oxford University at Miami, Ohio, where he worked for part of his board and tuition. A kindly professor paid the amount which he lacked. Board at that time was seventy-five cents a week and the tuition three dollars a year.<sup>3</sup>

McGuffey spent several years of diligent and hard work at the university and in 1829 was ordained. In 1832 he became a professor of moral philosophy. He stayed at the university ten years in all. It was during this period at Oxford that McGuffey conceived the idea of compiling a reader for primary education and first began work on it. He had for some time realized the grave need for a new reader for the children of the Middle West.

It is interesting to note here his method of teaching. Much of his experimenting in child psychology he did out-of-doors at the edge of the woods where trees were being felled to make new buildings. He had a log for reading, a

<sup>1</sup>"McGuffey Readers," *Ohio Archaeological and Historical Quarterly*, 36 (1927), 161.

<sup>2</sup>Minnich, *William Holmes McGuffey and the Peerless Pioneer McGuffey Readers*, 21.

<sup>3</sup>H. S. Fullerton, "That Guy McGuffey," *Saturday Evening Post*, 200 (Nov. 26, 1927), 57.



log for spelling, one for arithmetic, and one for grammar. To encourage the spirit of competition, the student doing the best work was permitted to sit on the big end of the log and protect his position from all challengers.<sup>4</sup> McGuffey first arranged his children in age groups, tested their capacity to learn by his prepared lessons, and made necessary changes every day. Gradually he codified the lessons until he could take children step by step through an elementary education. From his arrangement of the work he evidently believed that there should be a primer and four readers. His fifth and sixth readers were works of later times. The nucleus of his readers consisted of the classic stories he had had copied in long hand and sewed into cloth book covers.<sup>5</sup> He used these cloth-covered books to test his students. In the informal setting of the woods, McGuffey was able to watch the reaction of his students to the various stories and was able to determine which stories would be suitable. If a story had a good moral and the children enjoyed it enough to ask for it again, McGuffey incorporated it into his book. McGuffey always insisted upon having a moral in his stories, and, though he did not permit the moral to be stated bluntly, virtue always triumphed, and sin and evil were punished.

In 1836 McGuffey made a contract with Truman & Smith, publishers, to prepare four readers in the ensuing eighteen months. According to the terms McGuffey was to receive a 10% royalty until the sum obtained from the sales reached \$1000, at which time the publishers got the entire receipts.<sup>6</sup> In the next fifty years eighty to ninety million books were sold, and after the Civil War the publishers voluntarily paid McGuffey

an annuity for the use of his name. At one time more than one-half of the school children in the United States used his readers.

The first reader contained seventy-two pages, was bound with green paper backs, and sold for twelve and a half cents.<sup>7</sup> This book attempted to plant in the "infant barbarian mind" a sense of dependence upon parents and of responsibility to them. It taught the students as much as it was able in its seventy-two pages about behavior and the rights of others. A section at the beginning of the primer, and in the other readers also, was devoted to speech, gestures, and elocution. Apparently McGuffey believed in teaching his young students how to talk and persuade before they reached the great classics. By the time they read this difficult material they would be able to repeat passages of the classics aloud with oratorical emphasis. McGuffey himself was a great orator, and on him may be placed much of the responsibility for the Fourth of July style of oratory.

The second reader contained 164 pages, and its purpose was to lay the foundation for manly integrity. The price of this reader was twenty-five cents. The third reader cost fifty cents, and within its 165 pages social responsibility was introduced.<sup>8</sup> Students were taught co-operation and mutual respect. The fourth reader, of 324 pages, cost seventy-five cents; the advanced selections included work of authors like Rousseau, Schiller, Dr. Johnson, Sir Walter Scott, and Shakespeare.

The reputation the McGuffey readers won was due to the care with which Mc-

<sup>4</sup>*Ibid.*, 58.

<sup>5</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>6</sup>W. J. Cameron, *The Mind of McGuffey*, 15.

<sup>7</sup>H. S. Fullerton, *op. cit.*, 64.

<sup>8</sup>*Ibid.*, 63.

Guffey had gathered his selections. He had included what he considered the proper proportions of humor, pathos, love, adventure, sorrow and an especially large proportion of material on death and on preparing to die. The emphasis on death was not uncommon in those days; all the school books printed before McGuffey's time had devoted even more space than he to this depressing subject.<sup>9</sup> It was thought that the children should be prepared early to meet the inevitable. McGuffey's readers, however, in contrast to the old ecclesiastical readers and the Bible, which was used extensively in educating children, contained more flowers, woods, birds, and starlit nights than stern men and subjects for fear. McGuffey gave his readers action. He gave them even a dash of sex at times, as shown by this one-syllabled illustration: "Ann and Nat. Ann has a fan. Nat has a hat. Ann can fan Nat."

After the readers had been on sale for several years, they were thoroughly revised, and in 1853 they were worked over and issued in six books, called the New Readers. In 1878 they were revised again, and new selections were put in for old ones. When the books were revised last in 1901, new material was added, but even the latest editions retain about 20% of the contents of the original books. Today, first editions of McGuffey's readers are rare; even the Library of Congress does not have a complete set; as far as is known no complete first edition set exists.<sup>10</sup>

With McGuffey's careful selection of material, his arrangement of it, and his psychological study of students' likes and dislikes, it is little wonder that these readers spread in popularity and were used

all over the Northwest Territory and even got into the Eastern schools. The effect which these books had upon the entire Middle West was profound. The practical German, the thrifty Scotch, and the witty Irish all read these books, and all enjoyed them. They opened the gates of literature to all these people, and their stories in many instances opened the people's eyes to a much vaster store of knowledge which could be obtained through other books. McGuffey's simple readers did more for American education, morals, and culture than those of any other educator, and they had great influence—particularly on the people of the Middle West.

<sup>9</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>10</sup>"McGuffey's Edifying Texts Become Museum Pieces," *News Week*, 8 (July 25, 1936), 26.

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# The Man with the Gold Collar Button

LARRY ROBINSON

*Rhetoric I, Theme 14, 1940-1941*

THE battered covered wagon labored across the creek and up the broad low knoll into the shade of the oak trees. It creaked to a stop and the women dropped the reins over the dashboard. A moment later a man on horseback, driving ten or twelve gaunt cows, rode up beside her. He leaned on the saddle horn.

"Well, Sarah, this is it." He dismounted. It could be seen that he was small and wiry. His black coat was tight over his wide shoulders, and his legs were bowed from long hours in the saddle. There was a youthful growth of black whiskers over his jowls and chin. He spoke in a loud, flat voice.

"We've worked a long time for this land and now that we have it we're going to make something of it. You see that land out there?" He pointed toward the west over a vast rolling plain. "We're going to own that land too some day. We're going to build our house right here and then, by God, I'll raise more cattle than Illinois thought there was in the world!"

They worked hard and the time went fast. Early in the spring of 1850, they began their house, building it sturdily of oak and brick. Then in the fall of 1852, when the farm was ready to be restocked, the man left for the West. He traveled widely, picked out the best spring heifers he could find, and when he had gathered a fine herd he drove them back and set them loose with his other stock in the Mackinaw River region. They were hardy Longhorns and Herefords, and they multiplied fast under his experienced care. Many other people

had settled with him at the same time, but soon the lure of land and gold in the West drew them away. The man bought their land, and his territory grew. By 1865 he had three thousand acres and two thousand cattle. He hired men to buy cattle in the East and West and to send them to him. When a herd was fattened he sold it at the right time and made thousands of dollars. In a few more years he had five thousand acres and four thousand cattle. He had achieved a quick success.

Now that his farm was established and his sixty men were running it for him, he began a life of comparative leisure, but he never lost his energy and ambition. He used to ride at a gallop over his land, jumping fences and ditches. He had good horses and a special forty-pound saddle, and he could stick to a horse like the horse's own hide. His ability to ride was as well known as his gold collar button. His daily apparel (it never varied) was a shiny black suit, boots, a broad-brimmed black hat, a celluloid collar, a huge solid gold collar button, and no tie. He kept the collar button shiny and was never without it.

Like most men, even most successful men, he had a weakness. After selling a train load of cattle, he rode to Eureka on Saturday night with his pockets bulging with money. There he got into a crap game or a cock fight or a poker game. Invariably he was beaten. Then, with his buddy, the town drunk, he went to the tavern. He didn't touch alcohol from one Saturday to the next, but on Saturday night he howled. Not long before dawn he staggered to his horse, and rode



home to bed—just in time to get up and go solemnly to church with the family. He was known to everyone as a pious, hard-working, honest cattleman. Of course he was a real “hoss-trader,” but no one held that against him. He had a reputation for being “damn good on a trade—beats the devil how he connives around till he gets what he wants.” He was respected both by “the boys” and by the ladies of the Temperance League. Before long he became known as the “Cattle King of Illinois.” His success had grown more and more impressive.

On a winter night, in the middle of a raging blizzard, one of his men stamped into his office and reported that he hadn’t been able to find the prize bull and the cows that followed the bull. Because these were the best cattle on the farm he couldn’t afford to lose any of them. He pulled on his boots, donned his black suit, hat, and coat, and his gold collar button, saddled the mare, and set out. He headed for the Mackinaw River, where he thought the cattle might seek shelter, rode along the bank for several miles, and found fairly fresh tracks leading into the water. Urging his horse on, he started across. The thin layer of ice over the river shattered before

horse and rider as they plowed through. Suddenly, in mid-stream, the horse stumbled. The rider was hurled into the water, but he clung to the reins, got the horse on its feet again, and started on. After searching for two more hours, he finally found the herd, huddled beneath a dirt bank, their tails to the wind. Cracking his bull whip and cursing, he headed them back. After five hours of hard riding he turned them into the corral. The next day he had a bad cold. A few days later he died of pneumonia.

There is a story that the old timers tell as they sit on the high stone curbing of the town square in Eureka, Illinois: “Afore Henry M. Robinson died he had built the biggest damned monument in Eureka cemetery, and he had her put up in his corner plot and had ROBINSON carved on it in letters a foot high. When he died he had the biggest funeral this town ever did see—damned near s’many people as they was at the mayor’s third wedding. Well, he was buried next to his wife, and y’know—damndest thing—the people across the road said that every Saturday night about midnight the town drunk would come out, stiff as a lord, and lean on that two-story monument, and holler and cry there all night long.”

### Professor

He speaks earnestly and sincerely. His features are mobile, frown following smile in quick succession. He loves his subject and is thoroughly familiar with it. He strains to impart it. Occasionally he pauses, rigid with thought. Then eagerly he catches up and resumes the lecture. He mimics and gesticulates feelingly, yet ever presents a dignified picture. When he speaks in the vernacular, the words automatically assume quotation marks around them—as though they were not really his. Sometimes he sniffs excitedly as he pounces upon particularly important points.

History plays upon the stage. Scenes shift. Now tragedy, then comedy. I give myself up to it unreservedly, forgetting to take down notes in my absorption.

—MARTHA LOU BOTHWELL

# Why Girls Leave Home

RUTH SHAMES

*Rhetoric 1 Theme 11, 1940-1941*

WHEN a college boy dates a college girl, he seldom asks her what she intends to be or do. He takes it for granted that she intends only to be a wife, and that she's doing her best to find a husband. Whether he is right in his assumption is not the question; the question is whether any girl should come to college for the sole purpose of finding a husband.

Well, why not? Aren't college men considered the cream of the male crop? Aren't they the best educated, the best equipped for a vocation? These are the future professional men, the men who are placed in the most responsible positions. And what girl wouldn't want to see herself sharing in a husband's fame?

When a mother pridefully outfits her girl for college it's for two reasons: a mother wants her daughter to attract the male eye, and the daughter wants to attract the male eye. Many parents find it a good investment in happiness or material prosperity to send their girls man-hunting. And even the sophisticated parents of today who loudly proclaim their lives to be their own still find their greatest pleasure in their children's pleasure. Parents from a small town know that college life and college men will give their daughter a bigger world, give her a chance to meet many people. Among them, perhaps, her husband-to-be. A girl in a city is able to meet more men than a small-town girl can, but at a large college she can become well acquainted with many more men, if she tries. Thus college benefits both the city and the country girls in their search for suitable spouses.

Marriage is also the refuge of a girl with no particular talents. She can always pick up the abilities of a good housewife in Home Ec classes. It's a shame, perhaps, that the state has to pay for her education when her mother could probably do just as good a job for much less. But we the people of the United States want to make our citizens happy, and if the girl finds a suitable mate she'll be happy. If their daughter is happy the parents will be happy. Even the man will be happy, for at worst her cooking could not be as bad as the average college fare, and at best she might turn out to be everything he thinks she is.

But let's look at this question from another direction. It is known that a girl matures sooner than a boy. Therefore a girl of the same years as a college boy is usually much older, and, in a good many ways, much wiser, than he. The college boy is either dependent on his parents for his money, or on his own talents or limited resources. A boy who leaves college to marry is not usually prepared to support a wife, and even the college graduate often finds that the business world has a hard shell protecting it from immature interlopers like himself. Of course if he is lucky he might find a generous father-in-law who would place him in business, but this status is seldom satisfactory.

If a girl's chief desire in life is a husband, then, I don't believe that college is the place for her. In spite of what many college girls believe, there are many men who, having never been in an institution of any kind, are not only capable of making excellent husbands,

but are nice people as well. Why then do a girl's parents send her to college to find a suitable mate? The University of Illinois, whose venerable foundation was laid on Indian hunting grounds, is one institution which was never intended as the hunting grounds for stalking females. It seems to me it would be more beneficial to the girl, too, to spend her time and money on clothes and expert grooming. Then if she needs to meet men let her travel. She can probably acquire a more suitably practical education and meet more men traveling than she can in a classroom. Studying science doesn't benefit a girl if her mind is on at least six other subjects—all male. If a girl leaves her books to go out for

a walk under the moon the night before an exam, of what benefit is her course to her? If she cuts classes to go coking, what good are her classes? She is willing to get by on a minimum of work as long as she gets a maximum of pleasure.

Frankly, I believe she ought to find pleasure elsewhere, and leave the colleges for those who sincerely want to make the most of their education. Young women ought not to consider a University a perpetual "Sadie Hawkins' Day." Why don't they go home and give the rest of us a free hand? We don't believe in using a college as a marriage bureau, but of course if Mr. Right comes along it's possible we might sacrifice our career. Say, mister, are you married?

## Uncle Will

NOEL L. HANNAH

*Rhetoric I, Theme 14, 1940-1941*

UNCLE WILL'S eyes were the most striking thing about him. Usually they were flashing and glaring, reminding one of angry ocean waves. A few times I saw in them a soft light—then they were comforting and beautiful. His eyebrows were large and shaggy, his face smooth white, his hair a glossy black. A handsome man in features and physique. Prosperous looking. And indeed he was prosperous. To each of his nine children he willed one hundred and sixty acres of the finest of Illinois' rich farm land.

He had, unfortunately, one serious fault—so serious, in fact, that it turned what could have been a happy, useful life into a wasted, tragic one. It was his temper! His temper grew beyond his control and caused everyone to fear him.

His own children shrank from him. After an outburst of temper, he was oftentimes cruel to his wife. Therefore, as soon as the children were old enough to provide for themselves, Aunt Ida left him. After forty years of living with him, she got a divorce and moved into town. No one blamed her. We of the family were glad to see her rid of him. A good thing for her.

But a bad thing for Uncle Will. He continued to live in the huge farmhouse. He hired several housekeepers, but none could endure him as an employer. One of his daughters tried to do his laundry and mending, and another cleaned his house once a week, but they soon quit. As time passed, he grew worse and worse. Sometimes, on Sunday mornings, he would come to our house to play



checkers with my father, and within an hour he would have lost his temper and left, raging like a bull. The time came when he was actually unwelcome at our house—and at everyone else's house. Everyone hated him. To no person did he as much as say "Morning" or "Evening." He never visited his children's homes, and none of them bothered about him. No one could get along with him. He rode around the country in his muddy, red Chevrolet coupe, never nodding or making any sign of greeting to his neighbors. Father used to worry about his being so alone, never knowing the companionship of a human being, rebuking any advances of friendliness.

For three years I delivered Uncle Will's groceries and picked up his cream and eggs, and in all that time he never

said a word to me. When I walked into the kitchen, he just looked to see that everything was as he had ordered, gave me the basket of eggs, and carried the cream cans to the truck. I was always glad to speed down the drive again, eager to get away from the old savage. It was on one of these delivery trips that I last saw him alive.

The next morning some neighbors found his body about thirty yards from his car. The car had apparently skidded down the slippery banks of the lane that led up to his farmhouse, and had crashed into a tree. His right leg had been broken and the other injured to such an extent that he couldn't use it. He had tried to drag himself to the telephone to summon help, and had frozen in the sub-zero weather.

## Part of the Game

RICHARD ZIEGLER

*Rhetoric I, Final Examination, 1940-1941*

THE COACH stands in front of the window of his room, musing. It is Monday morning and time to go to school. The life of a coach, he thinks, is a fine life. Last Friday night they tripled the score on Mooseville, and the people have been patting his back ever since.

Monday evening comes. The coach pulls on his white pants, basketball shoes, and sweat shirt. Everybody is out to practice; tonight is the last practice before the game with Dalton, the strongest team in the league.

"Okay, boys," calls the coach, "start that half-and-half drill." Everyone responds to the order. Nets swish and basketballs bounce. Mr. Brown comes to the coach and sits beside him.

"Pardon me, Mr. Ball," says Mr. Brown, "but I think Junior ought to have got to play more last Friday. Now it isn't because he's my boy, but I think that he's a better player than Jones and *he* played the whole game."

(Boy, what a spot!) "I'll tell you, Mr. Brown," the coach answers. "I didn't let Junior play very much last Friday because it was such an easy game. Maybe he'll play more next time."

"I'm sure he will. Good evening." The visitor leaves.

"Who the devil does he think he is?" the coach wonders, looking at the receding back. "That kid couldn't play a good game of tiddly-winks. Some of these people think that their brats are the

only ones in school." About this time he sees Dave Smith trying a freaky back-hand shot from under the basket.

"All right, Dave," he yells. "There aren't any photographers here, so cut out the horseplay."

He steps on the floor and blows his whistle. All of the players group around him, shoving for a position next to him. Everybody is feeling fine. He gives orders for a short scrimmage and lines up two teams. Things are going along swell. Now if only something doesn't happen. Five minutes later the coach sees Dave trying that crazy shot again. "All right, Flash," he calls, "you're through for tonight. Go down and dress."

The embarrassed player goes out the door. A substitute is put in and practice continues. Fifteen minutes later the squad is dismissed, and the coach goes to the local restaurant for dinner.

Tuesday drags by; Dave is mad and threatens to quit the team. He'll be back by game time—maybe.

Tuesday evening comes. The squad files into the dressing room and begins to dress. The coach writes the lineup in the scorebook and starts giving instructions. "Jones and Hart take the two forwards. Dave, you go to center. Charley, you and Blaine play guard. Now all of you listen! Play this game slow tonight. They are faster than you, so don't take chances on losing that ball. That's all—wait! Don't go up yet. There's plenty of time."

Then the door opens, and big Jake Mooney comes in. Back in '29 Jake was a university flash. "Hello, boys," he booms. "Everyone in fine shape, eh? Well, I'll tell you just what to do. Go in there and fast break and shoot every chance you get!"

"Good lord," thinks the coach, "who does he think he is? I'll have to send the boys out and get 'em away from him." "Okay, boys," he yells, "let's go."

The game starts. The home team gets the ball and begins to work as the coach has told them. Then the ball is passed to Dave, and he tries that ungodly shot that he was sent to the showers for. The ball goes out of bounds. The visiting team takes it, streaks down the floor to score.

"Come on, boys, play her steady," mutters the coach. Just then Dave fires away again, and the ball goes over the bank-board.

"What the hell made him do that?" the coach groans. "Bill, get in there in Dave's place and pass that ball." Dave comes out of the game, and the crowd begins to stamp their feet.

"Put Junior in. Put Junior in!" That's Mr. Brown.

"Fast break, fast break or you'll lose the game!" roars Jake.

. . . .

The first half ends; the teams take their rest; the people sit in the bleachers upbraiding the coach or commenting on the refereeing. The second half comes, and with it comes defeat to the home team.

"Mr. Ball, I *know* we would have won if Junior had played," puts in Mr. Brown.

"My god, coach, how do you expect to win with an offense as slow as that," moans Jake.

"We lost the game when you took Dave out," counters Mr. Smith, shaking his head sadly. All of these accusations fly through the air at once.

Finally, tired and disgusted, Mr. Ball reaches his room. Sitting on the bed, he resolves never to take another coaching job at twice the salary.

# He's Tired

RUTH SHAFF

*Rhetoric I, Theme 14, 1940-1941*

NOW he just sits and smokes and thinks. The pipe hangs droopily from the corner of his mouth, and saliva trickles down his wrinkled chin unnoticed, finally falling into the folds of his coffee-spotted vest. His bleary eyes stare blindly through the blue haze, and white streams of smoke issue from his nostrils in lazy spurts. His fingers move idly through the front lock of his white hair, pause at the temples, scratch. Scenes from the past drift through his mind in jumbled array.

He hasn't always been old and useless. I can remember well the times when I toddled into his drugstore to ask for pennies. Those were the good old days when a drugstore window bore only a sign in Old English lettering such as:

## DRUGS & SUNDRIES

T. H. FILSON, Proprietor

I held him in awe then. That little drugstore was his kingdom. He sat in his dingy shop in a sagging Morris chair and chewed the rag with some small-town politician, fixed radios, or mixed mysterious solutions in the back room. Once or twice a fortnight he'd pass lightly over the showcases and tickle the odd-shaped bottles with an ancient feather duster. Smart salesmen loaded him with immovable stock, and his want-list remained unchecked for weeks. His window display usually consisted of a giant, fly-specked laxative ad and was changed only with each new season. The back room reeked of turpentine and chemicals, and stale smoke hung over the green-shaded lamp that lighted his table. Here,

in this musty little drugstore, he puttered and smoked and chatted with friends.

But he was a success in that way of life. He was a standpat Republican, a member of the town board and school board, and a respected business man in the community. A more stubborn man never existed. Democrats were all worthless, all public officials deficient, neighbors' children spoiled, and prices too high. Yet, however grumpy he was when he had to open on Sunday for horse medicine or croup remedy, people still loved him. He spun endless yarns of the Hallowe'en pranks, bicycle trips, "play parties," and skating sprees he had enjoyed in his youth. He ate hearty meals and wanted them served on time. The louder he cursed, the more the family humored him. He was the head of the household, then.

The depression came. His spirit was hard to break, even after his business had failed. The cash register grew rusty, the shelves never emptied, and still he sat in the back of his store, waiting for times to get better. His bank account dwindled; the house ran down. Finally he sold the store. His wife got a job in a larger town, and the family moved. He had to leave his home, where he was respected by men and feared by little children. In this new town he was just another jobless man, with white hair and a faltering walk. He tried to get work, but times were bad, and he valued his services far too highly. He washed dishes and cooked and swept. He grew more contrary and bitter. He stormed and cursed. Democrats were still worth-



less, public officials still deficient, prices still too high. Times would be better when the administration changed.

But ten years have passed, and his spirit is broken now. Coffee splashes onto his vest as his trembling hands

raise the cup to his lips. His trousers are threadbare and wrinkled, his shoes are unshined. He can't earn a living for his family.

He just sits and smokes and remembers things that happened long ago.

## Snake Water

A. L. POTTS

*Rhetoric I, Theme 14, 1940-1941*

ONE lazy summer day several years ago, my three cousins and I were loafing along the South Fork of the Sangamon River. We were in disgrace with our families because, the night before, we had got into a fight with some fellows from a nearby town, and had broken a boy's arm. Consequently, we were camping out till things cooled off at home. As we rounded a bend in the river, we came upon a stretch of water known in those parts as "the snake water."

At this point the river roughly resembles the letter Z. We had rounded the downstream curve of the Z, and were looking at the middle stretch. The stream is wide for the Sangamon at this point, and about four feet deep. The width, combined with the depth and the peculiar curves, makes the muddy, sluggish water nearly cease to flow. Willows crowd into the stream as if they are trying to choke it. Here the Sangamon seems more like a pond than a river. A pitiful story is connected with the naming of the snake water.

. . . . .

Several years ago the willows did not grow so thickly, and the water flowed more swiftly. The boys and young men in the surrounding territory swam here regularly. One day a water moccasin

was seen. That day marked the end of swimming here for a long time.

One Sunday afternoon a young man was taking a short-cut past the snake water on his way home. When he noticed the old swimming-hole, he decided to take a little dip, just to do something he hadn't done in a long while.

He stripped, poised on the bank, then cut the water with a dive. Powerful strokes pulled him through the water. He banked at the far end and started back. There was a splash behind him; he felt scales scrape his back; he felt a rending pain in his right shoulder. He turned to see an ugly, triangular black head drop out of sight beneath the muddy water. For a moment he was dazed; then he realized that he had been bitten. He screamed and made for the nearest bank. Even as he scrambled frantically from the water, another moccasin bit him on the leg. He ran, naked as he was, for home.

A neighbor found his body the next day about a mile from the hole. He lay face downward. His fingers were dug into the ground, and his body was twisted grotesquely. His bitten leg and his head and shoulder were blue, almost black. His features were swollen almost beyond recognition, and from the swell-

ing and the discoloration it was obvious in what agony he had died.

. . . .

"Look," said Harold, "Snake Water."

"Yeah," added Harry, "that's where Johnny Wallace got his."

"Nobody swims here any more," Howie said. "Bet you're scared to swim here, Potsie."

"I'm not scared of anything," I boasted. I had lately got a reputation for courage by stealing melons from the very patch in which the farmer was working, and I'd talked about it so much that I actually believed myself fearless. Nevertheless, I regretted the boast.

"Talks big, don't he?"

"You think I won't swim here?" I said, kicking off a shoe.

"I know you won't."

"Yeah? Listen, wise guy, if you'll carry my clothes to the other end of the snake water, I'll swim down there and be waiting for you."

Howie agreed, and I unbuckled my overalls and stepped out of them. I undressed in silence, waiting for one of the fellows to tell me that he knew I was brave enough to take the swim. No one spoke. They were calling my bluff.

I shoved off my last sock and strode to the edge of the bank. As I stood poised for a dive, I could think of nothing but stories of Johnny's death. Here I was about to do the same foolhardy thing that had killed him. Those willows must hide hundreds of cottonmouths. Dragon-flies hung on quivering

wings over the water. Where there were "snake-doctors" there were always snakes. Just as I was about to admit that I was afraid, Howie called, "What are you waiting for, lacy pants?" I tensed my legs to dive, but I couldn't.

Harry called, "Look, kid, I know you've got guts. You'd better put your pants on and come along." That did it. Harry was the oldest of the four and my particular pal. I couldn't have him think I was a bluff. I dived.

The snake water hit me in the face and brought full realization of what I had done. For a moment I couldn't stroke. My feet sank into the soft mud of the bottom. Then I took off. I know I never swam so fast in my life. I was conscious only of swirling waters, throbbing fear, a constantly nearing bank.

Scales brushed my leg. I thought, "Oh, God, here it is." I pulled harder, expecting at any moment to feel cruel fangs slashing my flesh. But nothing happened.

My hand touched the muddy bottom. As I rose to flounder to shore, I felt something coil tightly about my leg. I froze where I stood. As long as the snake remained under water, he couldn't bite me, but as soon as I left the river, he'd sink his fangs. My heart nearly stopped beating. I seized a stick, which was floating nearby, slid it down my leg, and tried to pry the hateful coils loose. They gave readily, and a pliant willow root rose to the surface. After two more steps I was on dry land. It was some time before I could put my clothes on.

### What's Wrong with Rhetoric?

They made me register for Rhetoric in a class that meets at four o'clock. When the class is over I ride home on my bicycle, and by that time it is always dark. I am a no-handed bicycle rider—that is, I use no hands. No-handing is a sport that gives a sense of freedom to the soul, and an effortless gliding motion to the body. But, after dark, it is dangerous. I often hit objects: people, automobiles, rocks, trees. This hurts me and makes me angry, and this is what I don't like about Freshman Rhetoric.—WENDELL WINKELMANN

# The Treasure Hunt and How It Grew

MARTIN STOKER

*Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1939-1940*

THE Treasure Hunt started at eleven o'clock on a dreary and uninviting February night. The weather that night was chilly and biting, and the air, wet with dew, hung heavily over our heads. The ground was soggy, dotted with puddles and small mud holes. The dew was turning into rain, and the wind rustled the treetops. The night was dimly dark, the dull light from street lamps making only a soft dull glow around the lamp-post tops. Everyone had gone to bed now, and the world was quiet, save for the sound of our feet upon the pavement. A train whistle cracked the silence twice. The night was the kind that makes you want to go to bed early, or just to sit inside and read, or just to sit inside, or just to sit. It was anything but the night I would pick for my own treasure hunt.

The first lap of the Treasure Hunt had been fairly easy. The note we got before leaving the house had directed us to a certain corner of the Old Gym. Slopping through the night, we soon reached the place. During the walk we sang songs, and called out joyously to one another, and the hunt seemed to be better than we had anticipated.

The ease of the first leg of our search prompted Ralph Wilkins, one of the more exuberant of the pledges, to remark to me, "It isn't so bad, after all, is it, Bill?" No, it wasn't so bad, I thought. "Almost good clean fun," I said. But as Bob Niggot, the president of the pledge class, read the second note, the sky became dark again.

"Go to a point 15 degrees west of the 45 minute 30 second longitudinal line

west of the prime meridian which abuts the back door of the British Broadcasting Company," Bob read. "Thence from a point chosen at random by dropping a pin which must be heard, proceed southward upon the dividing line between Champaign and Urbana for 678 paces. When this point has been attained, tack to west for the sum of seven blocks, then again to the south. Message No. 3 will be found reposing quietly at the base of a blinking red eye, the Bloody Eye, or how many did you drink?"

Niggot was puzzled. "Go to a point—." He mused over the note again.

"Gee, I don't get this," he finally said.

"Well, look," I interposed. "If we go south on Wright Street, we can't go beyond the Library, so that must be where we tack west. That street ends at First, so we must go south there. And the bloody eyes are the two WILL radio towers."

Everyone agreed immediately that my diagnosis of the note was penetrating. So we tacked south. As we passed the Place Where Friends Meet our crowd was growing very unhappy. Pledge-brother Wilkins was fast becoming morose. The wind and rain were becoming colder and wetter. So far I had remained fairly comfortable, and so far, too, I was not complaining.

After we passed the Stadium our hunt suddenly began to turn grim. The blinking red lights of the radio towers had at first seemed to hug the city limits. But the farther we trudged along the muddy, cinder roads, the farther southward those blinking red lights seemed to retreat. I began to feel the cold. Perhaps I wasn't



dressed so warmly as I had thought.

Long minutes later we approached the radio towers. They were tall, much taller than I had anticipated. Hidden away among the supporting girders at the bottom of one of the towers was our third note. Again we had to unjumble a jumble of navigation terms. Our third destination was the South Farm.

"The South Farm," repeated Niggot. "Where's that?"

"Well, Illini Nellie lives there, doesn't she?" someone brightly suggested.

"Oh, I think I know," piped up Elmer Lambby, our Pershing Rifles man. "That's the place we sometimes take the horses in military. We were out there just the other day. It's over that way." He flung his arm to the east.

"Oh, over that way, huh. How far?"

"I don't know. Mile. Maybe two."

"Yeah, and maybe three," I added glumly.

Again the class set out. This time with no high spirits. This time cold. This time not singing. This time thoroughly disgusted with the whole thing.

The cinder road from the radio towers to the South Farm proved no better than the one we had previously used. The wind and rain persisted. Everyone was wet; there was no doubt about it now. Everyone was cold. But on we trudged, knowing full well it was folly to turn back. Disgruntled mutterings began to rise from our caravan. No one seemed to be enjoying the hunt.

"Well, maybe this'll be the last one," Bob suggested.

No one wanted to venture a guess. Everyone was quiet.

"Yeah, and then again maybe it isn't," someone replied.

"Well, every other class's done it, haven't they?" Bob defended no one in particular.

"Well, sure, but I'll bet they didn't on a night like this one."

We were coming to the South Farm now. Big brick barns, better than any other barns I had ever seen, were slowly taking form against the dismal sky. Even if this wasn't the end of the hunt, I told myself, at least we had completed another leg—at least we were that much nearer the end, nearer home, nearer bed.

"It's supposed to be over by this silo somewhere," Niggot said. We began scratching in the mud. We found the note and breathlessly awaited its order. In sadness and anger we heard our next stop was not home but the Stadium. We had passed the Stadium on the way to the radio towers. What kind of business was this!

This was the Treasure Hunt, I sadly told myself. Yes, the Hunt. The yearly Hunt. It was done every year. Yeah, it was traditional. Yeah, sure. Yeah, we were on the damn thing. We were doing our part. And it was cold. It was raining. The wind was blowing. The fog was nasty. I didn't like it. My legs were tired. I was tired. I wanted to go to bed.

We found our note under Seat 20 in Row LL of the Stadium. Bob's voice cracked hoarsely as he read the message. "Go home, you frogs. Cold, isn't it?"

"Home! God, a bed!" someone shouted, and soon the cry rang from one end of the line to the other.

Yes, we were going home. At last the hunt was over. Happy, singing again, we started. The night, cold and dark and rainy as it was, seemed more friendly now. We were making plenty of noise, singing and laughing and shouting. Suddenly a car turned down the road and a swinging spotlight pierced the dark and found its target on us.

"The cops!"

One shout was enough. We left the

road as if a giant plow had been driven through our group. I ran to the stables on the north side of the road and stumbled clumsily and numbly over the iron fence. The darkness was impenetrable. I jumped quickly over, close to the side of the stables and lit in—something. The car with the spotlight passed slowly by, apparently not searching for

anyone. I felt around myself. Had I—? I smelled the air. Yes, dammit, I had.

From then on home the journey was short. I wanted a shower and a bed, and relentlessly I pushed my tired legs toward that goal.

"Lotta fun, wasn't it, guys?" Niggot said later, in a steaming hot shower.

"Yeah, lotta fun," everyone agreed.

## Forty-Niners by Archer Butler Hulbert

DOROTHY JOHNSON

*Rhetoric II, D1, 1940-1941*

THE diary of a fictitious Argonaut of the gold-rush days of '49, based on actual contemporaneous journals, constitutes the framework for A. B. Hulbert's *Forty-Niners*. A record of the experiences of a party of forty-niners on the 2,200-mile trek from Independence, Missouri, to Hangtown, California, it presents in a new light the timeworn tale of the heroic struggles of our ancestors over "plain, desert, butte, mountain, river, and ravine" to a land of "milk and honey and gold." The expedition is comprised not of the conventional family with a poorly equipped covered wagon, but of thirty male adventurers led by the indomitable Captain Meek and possessing "sixteen masterpieces of wagon building." Their experiences—the inevitable hazards of such a journey granted—are not the dire hardships which less fortunate forty-niners suffered, but are comparatively successful. With a minimum of difficulty, they meet and overcome every obstacle, finding a challenge in each succeeding one with which they are confronted. They are eager to "see the elephant"—that is, to undergo the privations of the California

trip and to arrive at their destination. The securing of gold, their primary objective, is subordinated throughout the book to the lure of the unknown. As the narrator says, ". . . this California trail spreads its line along the way with great cunning."

But while the relatively fortunate events of the trip are being told, the reader is never permitted to lose sight of the misery of other, less well-equipped, and less well-manned trains. The "horrible, precipitous ravines" of Ash Hollow, the "tortuous Sweetwater," the "poison water in the ghostly Goose Creek Mountains," the "Valley of the Alkali Shadow of Death," are described in the authentic phrases of an eye-witness.

Casting the story into the form of a diary is highly effective in that it provides an actual account of the California gold rush. The tremendous amount of detail, however, and the short accounts of daily incidents necessarily included in such a diary, are difficult to remember and, in the main, are irrelevant to the story as a whole. Consequently, if one fails to keep in mind the fact that the book is a diary, it frequently seems

choppy and disconnected and becomes difficult to follow.

The by-play in which the author indulges—that of introducing contemporaneous comic illustrations and songs sung by the way (the songs collected for the first time in this book)—greatly enhances the reader's enjoyment of the story. Who would not appreciate a cartoon depicting any one of the crazy whims of a forty-niner in search of gold? Or what better expresses the spirit of the gold rush than "Oh! Susanna," or the following ditty:

In spirits we will keep ourselves,—  
The Metal's coming in, Sir.  
And not a man will now be found  
Who'll say he wants for 'tin,' Sir?

An interesting sidelight to the main account of the journey is found in the references to the followers of Brigham Young and the description of their

"Paradise" in the desert. Most of the remarks concerning the Mormons were utterly fallacious, having been concocted by those who were envious of the success of the Mormon colony and having been kept alive by the prejudice of each new tide of emigrants. But creditable reports were also broadcast—especially by those who had sought and found relief in the new-found city. That the place was a virtual paradise compared to the dusty, parched trail no one denied.

Perhaps no more authentic modern chronicle of the California gold rush could be found than the *Forty-Niners*; for Mr. Hulbert wrote from the point of view of one whose purpose it was not merely to seek gold but also to record his day-by-day impressions of the sweeping drama in which he played so vital a role.

## You Americans, edited by B. P. Adams

JOHN W. OSTREM

*Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1940-1941*

THE phrase *edited by* gives the clue that *You Americans* is not a book authored by one person, but rather a collection of compositions by several authors. Fifteen foreign correspondents of unusual economic, political, and social insight contributed essays interpreting American life, particularly in its relation to their own countries. I have found this to be a totally absorbing, although disquieting, book.

Although each contribution was written by its author separately and without reference to the thesis of another's work, there is a striking relationship in several of the articles—namely, those written by South Americans.

It takes no expert at psychoanalysis to perceive the fiery jealousy which prompts the Chilean correspondent to write his criticisms of the United States. He points out the similarity in the rise and fall of South America and North America. Relating how South America was prosperous and cultured, while the United States was still a wilderness, and how through unproductiveness and dissension South America separated into numerous little pseudo-republics, he attempts to show that this country is following the same general course and that soon South America will surpass us. To support his conclusion he describes this country's falling birthrate, slowing of



production, falling off of exports, and weak politicians, who cater to the wishes of the public. He is amazed, however, at the way in which America has diffused its achievements in science among the common people. Ancient Rome had the equivalent of modern plumbing and central heating, but only in the palaces of the proconsuls. In spite of this widespread diffusion of the results of science, however, when one-third of the population depends directly or indirectly on the government for sustenance, he says it is difficult to believe that a system of private enterprise prevails. His Argentine cohort chimes in with a similar note of disaster. He says, and not without considerable economic perception, that now that the frontier has disappeared, America must look to some solution to her economic problems other than free land. A fellow Latin from Italy foresees the slow decay of America due to the inadequacy of our system of distribution. Distribution is, of course, a problem—a problem which must be solved: but the United States is still a growing country in many ways and must, as a matter of course, cope with serious economic problems.

As if in answer to these critics, a Hungarian relates the intelligent way in which Americans discuss and solve their problems. A Norwegian answers the Latins' argument by stating that, although the geographical frontier has been swept away, there still exists the

frontier of the mind—that is, we are not contented with the advantages we now possess; we are always striving for those objectives conjured up by the mind. He concludes his argument with this statement: "America has everything, wealth, brains, and ambition. It is collecting talents of a score of races as oppression sweeps Europe and Asia. Whatever happens in Europe, the future is America's."

Some foreign views of the typical American differ greatly from our own. For instance, a Mexican tells us that we are more deeply religious than his own supposedly devout people. *Hard* and *Yankee* go together, but according to this observer we are really soft. The fact that the adjective *gregarious* is used throughout the book in defining the American people suggests that others do not share our prized conception of Yankee individualism.

Often in a book authored by one man, discussion swings around a single thought or idea. This, of course, could not be true of *You Americans*. Each author had a new idea, a fresh viewpoint, or an argumentative answer to another's statement. The freshness and variety of these ideas, moreover, increase the value of the book, for the opinions held by a foreign correspondent are significant, since they are a reflection of his country's attitude toward the United States and an indication of what his country is being led to believe about the United States.

# Rhet as Writ

*(Material written in Rhetoric I and II)*

The two Beavers were trying very hard to dam the creek, and each time they would try again. . . . The thought I had in mind when watching the Beavers reminded me of Boulder Dam. The men who worked on the dam looked like Beavers because they worked on and on even at night. The dam had many difficult things of their own to plan out as the Beavers.

. . . . .  
Then came the final event. The two men took their places at the starting line. It was to be a hundred yard dash. Smith's knees wobbled slightly, and then they were off.

. . . . .  
In the mean time her husband who comes back from England lives with the preacher not letting him know that he

was the husband of the girl he had illegally gave a baby too.

. . . . .  
This book helped me to increase my vocabularly.

. . . . .  
True platonic friendships are rare, and they are usually culminated by marriage which legalizes the offspring of the friendship.

. . . . .  
In my senior year I don't remember of writing but only 1 theme. But I do not believe that it was our instructor's fault because we didn't have to take our last year English. . . . . In my other 3 years of school, we studied a good deal of grammar but the only critizism I have is that we did not have to write enough theme to practise of it.

## Honorable Mention

- ALLYN AGDESTEEN—College Conversation  
LUCILLE ALBIN—Life on a Mississippi Cotton Plantation  
ARABELLE BIRGE—Tracy  
BURTON BRODY—It Could Happen Here  
JAMES BROWN—New England Hurricane  
GEORGE CLARK—Bah! Humbug!  
FERN FREEDMAN—The Negro Makes Music  
EUNICE GORE—Are You Guilty?  
BUELL HUGGINS—Senseless Art  
JOHN M. HUNTER—The Increase in Governmental Activity  
DOROTHY JOHNSON—The Range of Chaucer's Humor  
MARY ELAINE JOHNSON—*Days of Our Years*  
DOROTHY JOOST—Miss Effie  
CHRISTY KNAAK—Daydreamers  
JOHN LEVENSOHN—*Hell on Trial*  
ALBERTA MENZEL—As Different as Black and White  
PAULINE MITCHEL—Musical Training for Children  
JOHN PODRAZA—Alcatraz Island  
WILLIAM E. PUGH—The Wearing of the Green  
PAUL SCHUTZ—A Meek Attempt at Prophecy  
RICHARD SHOTLIFF—Eddy May  
LOIS SLYDER—*The Importance of Living*  
HAROLD SUSSMAN—Credo  
ROBERT WOLFF—My Home Town Newspaper





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# I Like Her—A Lot!

EUNICE GORE

*General Division I, Theme 18, 1940-1941*

IT wasn't that my mother minded my coming. By all means not! But my three brothers, ages one to four, all had the measles, and my father, the biggest baby, had just been put to bed with his second case of measles. All in all, I don't suppose I picked a very opportune time, but nevertheless I decided to be born.

My coming was very typical of the life I lead now that I am here. My whole life has been surrounded by four boys (including Father) and Mom, who is forever giving us nasty pills to swallow, but who always has a piece of chocolate ready in the other hand. We live what I always took to be a normal life. We dislike having company because then we can't tell dirty jokes at the table; we cried like babies when my oldest brother got married; Mom is forever telling Father he must put on a white shirt; my youngest brother is the best-looking and most conceited boy I have ever known; Mom still can't comb her own hair; we have lived in a ten-room house for the past eighteen years; I have never been refused anything in my life; we are all good at music; Father owns a book-binding factory; we never know what to get Mom or Father for their anniversary and inevitably buy something useless; Jerry has made a five-point for the past two years; Father is an atheist; my family insists on calling me "Sister"; my brothers are all over six feet and I am exactly five; neither Mom nor Father ever got past high school—Al graduated from Northwestern two years ago—Jerry graduates from Illinois this spring—Mel will be a lawyer in two years—I'm still here.

It was only when I came into contact with so many new people here at college that I discovered that I and my family and our way of life were not normal; my new friends called us "original." To my further astonishment I found this was meant to be a compliment—and who was I to discourage them? It seems that I am a rare bird, because—I enjoy talking to my history teacher; I continually cut my hair; I bring negroes into the house; I ask boys to take me for a walk; I don't give a damn what people think of me; I swear like a street-girl; I never used lip-stick until I came to college; I never hesitate to say what is on my mind; I have a scar between my eyes; I despise high heels; I wake up each morning at six-thirty; I play Bach well; my hair is naturally curly; I take a shower every morning; I answer my mail promptly; I've been going steady for the past five years; one Sunday afternoon I refused a date and went to an organ recital instead. Now that just shows you; I can't possibly be normal.

. . . . .

"How can you tell whether the baby is a boy or a girl?" I asked this bright question at the age of four, and I haven't lowered my voice at the end of a sentence yet. I have always allowed my curiosity to go where it will. After all, what fun would there be in life if you couldn't at least ask "why?" Why does the moon follow us? Why do mosquitoes bite? Why does minus one, plus minus one, equal plus two? Why does Hitler win? Why do boys want to kiss girls? Why do voices come over the air? Why do cocoons turn into butterflies? Why

was Roosevelt elected? Why do I believe in God? Why haven't I a date for Saturday night?

I have asked many questions, silently of myself, openly of others. Some have been answered, but very few to my satisfaction. I will continue to ask questions because questions are all I can think of. I will continue to ask questions until my curiosity has been satisfied. When that day comes, I hope the good Lord has sense enough to take me from this earth.

. . . .

Ever since the time we were babies, if my brothers wanted anything, they always had me ask for it. They knew that neither my father nor mother would refuse me anything. It's not that my parents love me more than they love my brothers. It's just that they couldn't pamper my brothers; they grew up too fast; they left home too soon; they became independent. My parents decided that I was to be the spoiled, petted child; I was to have anything my heart desired. I have never been disappointed. I have been brought up with the belief that my slightest wish was their command. It is all summed up in something my grandmother always said to me: "Du bist ein heilig kind." You are a sacred child. I was treated as such all my life. I find it very hard to have it otherwise.

. . . .

"Sis, that's one thing I like about you. You're not a lady." So think my brothers. They are, unfortunately, the only ones who feel that way. It seems that one of my worst faults is that I insist upon doing everything that will mark me as unladylike. Only the other day I was reprimanded for sitting on the floor while listening to a concert. A tall man dressed in a dark suit informed me that there were plenty of seats available. I sat on a chair until he left. It's not that

I don't know how to be a lady. When I remember and try, I do a very good imitation, but when I'm perfectly natural I'm forever being reminded to act my age and be a lady. And so I try, but it's very hard. I still can't see why I have to wear shoes in the summer time, when all I walk on is dirt. I know it's proper to say "How do you do" to the chaperons, but they always look stuffy and uninterested. I've been told, I don't know how many times, to keep my elbows off the table, but they get tired in my lap. I know it's wrong to swear at a boy when he steps on my foot while dancing, but when he does it all evening—well, there's a limit. I know I do the wrong things a lot of times. I try so hard to be a lady, but damn it, it's very dull.

. . . .

I remember my grandmother praying. She would place a white shawl about her head, look out the window a second, light the candles, and with her hands over the flames say, "Boruch atch adoshem, elohanu meloch hoelum." She would finish her prayer, look at me and smile. "Gott, mein kind, Gott." God, my child, God.

I can see my father at Rosh Hashonu, buying the family a block of tickets for the holiday services. The rabbi would ask him whether he would be at the services also. "Hell, no," he would say, and laugh loudly.

My grandmother was the wife of a rabbi; my father was a believer only in himself. They let me decide for myself.

They sent me to a Hebrew grade school; they sent me to an ultra-modern, painless Sunday School; they sent me to hear Dr. Preston Bradley. None of these made much difference to me. I didn't know. I didn't care.

A month before my grandmother died, she lost her memory. Someone who

understood Yiddish had to be near her at the hospital all the time. They gave the job to me. Grandmother didn't have much to say to me, but she talked constantly. She talked to God. I can't get those four weeks out of my mind. She wasn't begging for a miracle; she wasn't asking the magician for favors. She was simply talking to someone she knew very well, to someone she had trusted and loved all her life. She was talking to God.

I sat for hours at a time, half-listening to her mumbling. There must be something to this God, I thought. There must be, if a woman can spend her whole life believing in what my father said was the bunk. I started to believe in God. I began to have faith.

The day they buried my grandmother was fresh with spring. As they lowered the white casket into the earth, it seemed as if it must be true.

I like boys. They are the only class of the vertebrates I can talk to except dogs; they are the only humans that will listen to me except my mother. Not boys just to sit and hold my hand (I have one of those, too), but boys as friends, companions—someone to go for a walk with on Saturday morning; someone to listen to the symphony with; someone to miss me when I'm not there; someone to talk to when I have something to say; someone to take me swimming; someone I can telephone without his thinking I'm chasing him; someone I can eat supper with on Sunday night, paying my own way; someone to ask me what I think about a book; someone I can confide in; someone to whom I can speak as I please; someone who thinks I'm more than a date; someone who'll trust me and ask my opinion; someone who says when he hears my name, "Euni? Sure I know

Euni. She's my friend." This is the kind of boy I like. This is the only kind of boy I care about.

#### GIRLS—FOO!

They say you're awful if you kiss him twice.  
 They say you're a prude if you don't.  
 They say you're a crock if you don't go out,  
 They say you're loose if you do.  
 They wear your stockings and return them unwashed,  
 They wear your clothes without permission.  
 They don't like to walk because it hurts their feet,  
 They don't like to talk because they've nothing to talk about.  
 They never eat bread, just two pieces of pie,  
 They're forever borrowing your nail polish.  
 They judge your conquests by the number of bids,  
 They always wear tight yellow sweaters.  
 They spout secrets as if they were seeds of an orange,  
 They gossip day after day.  
 Now don't get me wrong,  
 It's just that I don't like girls.

A piggy bank without pennies is an empty, hollow thing. Only until it is being fed copper is its full usefulness and importance felt and known. That is how I am about music. I exist without music; my body flourishes as well as usual, but the hollow, empty feeling needs to be filled.

My whole life has been surrounded by music. My mother always sang while peeling potatoes or baking a cake; we were awakened each morning by Father's deep voice singing a Russian love song or *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*; we each started the piano at the age of ten, and at twelve we were allowed to choose any other instrument we wished; each afternoon, from three to five, was spent in practicing or listening to the flute, clarinet, and saxophone going at the same time. To this day we must perform for company, the four of us—Al, Mel, Jerry, and I—all chiming in on *The Golden Wedding*, the only thing we can play together that people ever recognize. We



always tune in the opera and symphony on Saturdays and Sundays. We have passed many rainy evenings in the country by a continual concert, either of records or of our own interpretations of the masters.

Music to me has come to mean that part of life which is the happiest. Chopin's *Polonaise* always means a spring Sunday morning, with my brother playing, his mouth stuffed with waffle; Mozart's fortieth symphony—Mom and Father's anniversary, and tears in their

eyes as we dedicate the newly learned symphony to them; Mom and Father dancing to Strauss waltzes; all six of us piling into the car and celebrating Thanksgiving by hearing Jascha Heifitz.

Eunice Gore? Well, I think she's a rather nice kid. She has her faults, but then so does everyone else; she has her good points. She laughs at off-colored jokes; she cried during *Gone with the Wind*. I guess she's ordinary, run-of-the-mill . . . I guess I'm prejudiced, because I like her . . . a lot!

## Corruption and Efficiency in Machine-Politics

GEORGE R. CLARK

*Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1940-1941*

THE year 1931 brought more than breadlines, bank failures, and bankruptcies to the citizens of Chicago—it brought them a new mayor, Anton J. Cermak. The uninformed person might well ask, "What is so spectacular about that?" The answer was not very clear in 1931, but three years later it was becoming more and more apparent as each day sped on. Now, in 1941, the answer is known to thousands of people all over the United States: the election of Mayor Cermak was the cornerstone in the building of one of the world's most astute and efficient political organizations—the Kelly-Nash machine. In looking back over the long road the machine has traveled since that first triumph, we are able to see vividly the reasons why it now exists. Perhaps reform movements would achieve a great deal more if they followed some of the basic principles exemplified by the machine. Let us look into the history of the political rulers of the second largest city in the Western Hemisphere and see how master crafts-

men have constructed a master machine.

Anton J. Cermak, known to both friend and foe as "Tony," did not become mayor through any surprise uprising of the Democratic party. On the contrary, he started in local politics at the very bottom and moved upward, organizing as he went, from precinct captain to state assemblyman, chief bailiff of the Municipal Court, alderman (twenty-second ward), president of the Cook County Board, and finally, mayor. In addition to holding these positions, Cermak also included real estate and banking among his occupations. From this glimpse at his career we can easily see that Cermak must have possessed many special qualities of leadership and a decided flair for organizing. From 1915 until 1931, "Big Bill" Thompson and the Republicans had control of Chicago, but Cermak won for himself the title of the "master politician" by wresting the rule of Cook County from them and establishing himself as president of the Cook County Board, an office often considered

the mayorship of Cook County. Before Cermak's rise to this position, the Democrats' power in city politics was being weakened by internal dissension centered chiefly upon the all-important race question.<sup>1</sup> The Irish dominated the Democratic ward organizations and naturally named Irishmen to all important posts. The flaw lay in expecting Jews, Bohemians, Swedes, Poles, Dutchmen, and Italians to vote for them<sup>2</sup>—something that these "unprivileged races had no intention of doing." Cermak broadened the sphere of Democratic control in Chicago by enlisting the support of a large number of races who previously had only known what it was to be governed without enjoying the satisfaction of governing."<sup>3</sup> This enlisting of all races was of tremendous importance, as sixty per cent of Chicago's population is either foreign born or of first or second generation foreign extraction: 433,000 Germans; 220,000 Scandinavians; 194,000 Irish; 182,000 Italians; 170,000 Russian Jews; 122,000 Czechs; and 108,000 English; plus a sizable number of Lithuanians, Yugoslavs, Hungarians, non-Russian Jews, Greeks, Rumanians, Hollanders, Mexicans, Persians, French, Swiss, Belgians, Luxemburgers, Finns, Filipinos, Chinese, Latvians, and Japanese.<sup>4</sup> Add to these the racial unit of the Negroes, of which there are 234,000. Cermak's new system of handling the racial problem was summed up by "Big Bill" Thompson when he quipped, "It used to be Tinkers to Evers to Chance and the Giants were out; now it's Cermak to Szymczak (city comptroller) to Zintak (clerk of county court) and the Irish are out."<sup>5</sup>

In 1931 Cermak inherited from his defeated opponent, Thompson, a municipal government that seemed to be on the verge of a complete financial breakdown.

The taxpayers owed the city \$240,000,000 in taxes, wages for school teachers were six months in arrears, and banks were crashing on all sides.<sup>6</sup> Better Government leagues took one long look at Thompson's cabinet of advisors during his last term as mayor and were almost stunned into passivity. Their reaction seems justified when one recalls that the Corporation Counsel was Sam Ettelson, former Insull attorney; and the City Sealer was Dan Serritella, "generally reputed to have been Al Capone's representative in the city administration."<sup>7</sup> Cermak pitched in with all his characteristic energy to bring order out of chaos. He cut the city's budget twenty-five per cent in 1932 and set about restoring the city's good name in financial circles.<sup>8</sup>

On February 16, 1933, a stray bullet wrote the first words in the last chapter of Anton J. Cermak's brilliant career as a politician and administrator. While chatting with President-elect Franklin Roosevelt, "Tony" was struck by a bullet intended for Roosevelt; and on March 6, after a remarkable struggle for life, the "master-politician" of Chicago passed away, leaving the mayor's chair and the party boss' position unoccupied.

Edward J. Kelly, the man who has succeeded Mayor Cermak, came up to the City Hall by a long, hard route. Identified with the Sanitary District of Chicago from 1894 until 1933, Kelly held down, at one time or another, every job in the service, working successively as

<sup>1</sup>"Kelly-Nash Machine," *Fortune*, 14 (Aug. 1936), 114.

<sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup>*Ibid.*, 115.

<sup>4</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>5</sup>W. H. Stuart, *The Twenty Incredible Years*, 497.

<sup>6</sup>C. W. Gilbert, "Czech Reign," *Colliers*, 91 (Jan. 7, 1933), 21.

<sup>7</sup>V. O. Key, Jr., "The Unholy Alliance," *Survey Graphic*, 23 (1934), 473 f.

<sup>8</sup>Gilbert, *op. cit.*

axman, rodman, computer, head inspector, levelman, instrument man, substitute assistant engineer, assistant engineer, assistant chief engineer, and chief engineer. This battle for success by a good-natured, hard-working Irishman was paralleled by his simultaneous advancement as a practical politician. As an illustration of the latter, Kelly was appointed South Park Board commissioner by Circuit Court in 1922 and was elected president of the Board in 1924; he served as commissioner until 1927 and as president until 1934.

As president of the South Park Board and chief engineer of the Sanitary District, Kelly earned a place of prominence among municipal officials for his many accomplishments, which include the building of Soldier Field, seating 100,000 people, the restoration and conversion of the Fine Arts Building into the well-known Rosenwald Museum of Science and Industry, and the improvement of Grant Park, which is located on reclaimed land on the shore of Lake Michigan. One of Kelly's most clever political moves during this period was the consolidating of all park districts, thus putting himself in charge of seventy miles of parks and boulevards.

In 1933, Edward Kelly was appointed mayor of Chicago, to serve out the unexpired term of Anton J. Cermak. His appointment was sponsored by Patrick A. Nash, Democratic National Committeeman and sewer contractor. Strange though it may seem, Nash's being a contractor probably had a great deal more to do with Kelly's selection than Nash's being the titular head of the party. While Kelly was chief engineer for the Sanitary District, Nash Brothers received \$8,000,000 in contracts, and Dowdle Brothers, Nash's nephews, received \$4,000,000 in contracts from the District.<sup>9</sup> During this

same time the famous McCormick "bridle path" was built of cinders that the Sanitary District gave away, then purchased back from private contractors.<sup>10</sup> Thus the selection of Kelly for mayor, a selection that the people themselves had no voice in, was to a greater or lesser degree the paying off of old obligations and at the same time securing a strong, politically acceptable man for the mayor's chair.

As soon as Mayor Kelly was firmly entrenched in his new position, his thoughts and actions were turned towards the mayoralty election of 1935. It was of vital importance to the standing of the Democrats in Illinois that Kelly be re-elected by an overwhelming popular vote, for President Roosevelt had not yet quite forgotten how Cermak and the Illinois delegation had fought for Al Smith at the National Convention in 1932.<sup>11</sup> There seems to be little doubt that the Chicago Democrats had to put on a good show in 1935 to prove to President Roosevelt that they were not only on his side but possessed a powerful vote-getting machine,<sup>12</sup> which could prove very useful in the impending 1936 presidential election. In preparing for the big show of 1935, Chicago's first "grade AAA" political machine was established. Before delving into the complex mechanism of the famous Kelly-Nash machine, it might be best, first, to consider briefly just what a "machine" is and what is its real objective. An excellent definition states that "a 'machine' is a group of men who obey the orders of a boss in return for political jobs, and prerequisites an organization that trades

<sup>9</sup>"Kelly-Nash Machine," *Fortune*, 14 (Aug. 1936), 125.

<sup>10</sup>*Ibid.*, 126.

<sup>11</sup>W. H. Stuart, *op. cit.*, 494

<sup>12</sup>"Kelly-Nash Machine," *Fortune*, 14 (Aug. 1936), 119 ff.



with other people's money for votes." The immediate objective of a machine is to *produce votes*, "the production of which are the condition of its survival."<sup>13</sup>

Like all other political machines, the Chicago model has in addition to the "boss"—Mayor Edward J. Kelly—men behind the scenes in key spots in the city's structure. First of all, credit must be given to the man who laid the foundation, Cermak. Then we have County Judge Edmund W. Jarecki, who insists that "less than ten per cent of Chicago's vote is fraudulent."<sup>14</sup> His officials are the ones that permit the very helpful "less than ten per cent." We cannot forget Patrick A. Nash, whom we have mentioned before as having the most to do with Kelly's appointment—thus the name, Kelly-Nash machine. Of late, Jacob Arvey, twenty-fourth ward alderman, has been taking over a good deal of the aging Nash's work. Arvey is given credit for achieving a modern political miracle in the 1936 primary when he delivered his ward for Kelly and Bundensen against Horner. "This is a remarkable feat when one considers that Bundensen was born in Germany, Kelly is an Irishman, while the ward and Horner are both Jewish. It is even more remarkable when one realizes that primary day was on the Passover, when no orthodox Jew was supposed to mark paper."<sup>15</sup> This is just an example of the almost unbelievable power and influence of a well-oiled machine, like the one now operating in Chicago.

It was stated above that the objective of a machine is to produce votes, the production of which is to win elections. The student of "practical" politics finds that a Chicago election is unsurpassed as an example of the steal, lie, cheat, buy, and smash type of election. Too often, however, the city's elections are con-

demned outright, and no examples or evidences of corruption are given. Let us examine the main discoveries of a study of Chicago elections made by a well-known magazine in 1936.<sup>16</sup> The river wards (first, twentieth, twenty-seventh, twelfth) contain the city's worst slums. As Chicago is the largest railroad center in the world, thousands of bums drift in and out of the city, and during their stop-overs between "excursions" they live in the flop-houses, which can be found throughout the river wards. In return for the food and lodging furnished by the aldermen and ward committeemen, who own the "flops," these bums vote the party ticket on election days. The common procedure followed by the ward bosses is to send a group of bums to the polls at six o'clock in the morning. Eager to collect their "fifty cents and a shot of rye" they vote as citizens—although frequently they are registered from vacant lots or even under dead citizens' names.<sup>17</sup>

A tremendous number of votes for the machine always come from the job-holders and favor-seekers, who must, in order to preserve their own scalps, respect the wishes of the boss. In Chicago proper there are some 50,000 official job-holders; the Park Board has an added supply of 3,800 votes, the police department 7,000, and the fire department 3,000. Not to be overlooked are the 76,000 W. P. A. workers who can't afford to lose their income, or the countless tavern keepers who want to evade the one o'clock rule, or the 5,000 handbook operators, or the

<sup>13</sup>*Ibid.*, 46.

<sup>14</sup>*Ibid.*, 46 f.

<sup>15</sup>*Ibid.*, 120.

<sup>16</sup>*Ibid.* The facts concerning crooked elections in Chicago are taken from the article in *Fortune*.

<sup>17</sup>Because of the number of "ghosts" who vote in Chicago, its election days have been called Resurrection Days! See, for example, W. H. Stuart, *op. cit.*, 551 f.

3,000 professional prostitutes—all have a “must” share in the election of the machine candidate. In addition to these methods, there are what *Fortune* calls the “thirteen ways of getting the right answer from the ballot box”: intimidation and violence, outright purchase of legally registered voters, false registration, voting “illiterates,” manipulating the line, stuffing the box, weighing the ballot box (deciding before the election what the results *were* to be), cheating on the count, erasures, spilling the ballots, substituting a new tally sheet, substituting a new ballot box, and more indirect methods, such as controlling the clerks, judges, etc.

The 1935 mayoralty election employed all the tricks mentioned above, possibly more, and the results were highly pleasing to the machine. Mayor Kelly was “re-elected” with a smashing total of 798,150 votes—a majority of 543,853 over his “opposition,” Emil C. Wetten. This amazing success left President Roosevelt very favorably impressed, and the “big show” resulted in the White House’s stamp of approval on the “Roosevelt and Humanity” hook-up of later Chicago elections. “Now finally what had started with A. J. Cermak’s election in 1931 had been consummated. The Chicago Tammany was built in, apparently impregnably entrenched.”<sup>18</sup>

We have seen the various steps and methods used by Cermak and the others to bring into effective existence their powerful organization. After facing these cold facts, many people, not just Chicagoans, but people from every state in the Union, open their eyes in incredulous amazement and loudly deride the Kelly-Nash machine as being some strange, prehistoric monster. Asking themselves, “How can Chicago stand such filthy government?” they fail to realize that their

own municipal government, although probably on a smaller scale, is just as corrupt. “Political corruption is an inevitable, successful policy, and cities differ from one another according to age.”<sup>19</sup> In other words, Chicago is worse than its critic’s home town only because it is larger and older in experience. “No one class is at fault, nor any breed, nor any particular interest or group or party. The misgovernment of the American people is misgovernment by the American people.”<sup>20</sup> In other words, Chicago alone is not to bear the scorn of our country’s citizens because of its boss rule; we are all more or less in the same position.

“We will admit that this corruption is almost universal,” our anti-Chicagoans say, “but surely the Kelly-Nash machine is the *most* corrupt, rotten political organization in the history of Chicago and the United States.” Well, as Al Smith once said, “Let’s look at the record.” Calling the present machine the worst in Chicago’s history, a favorite trick of the Republican party, seems a rather erroneous accusation when one recalls the regime of William Hale Thompson. This Republican boss plunged Chicago into actual bankruptcy,<sup>21</sup> and it was the existing machine that pulled the city out of the mess in which it was left by the administration of “Big Bill” Thompson.<sup>22</sup> And the only fair criterion for judging the present machine in respect to the organizations of other cities is to consider what it has done *for* and why it is accepted by the citizens of Chicago.

<sup>18</sup>W. H. Stuart, *op. cit.*, 554.

<sup>19</sup>Lincoln Steffens, *Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens*, 413.

<sup>20</sup>*Ibid.*, 434.

<sup>21</sup>Dr. J. Lynch, “Boss Rule, a Challenge to American Cities,” *Literary Digest*, 117 (May 5, 1934), 11.

<sup>22</sup>“The Heavy Cost of an Eight Dollar Pistol,” *Literary Digest*, 115 (Mar. 18, 1933), 26.

Of major importance is the fact that the powerful Democratic machine is headed by hard-working, hard-fighting Edward J. Kelly, who has done much for the city. In addition to his numerous accomplishments as chief engineer of the Sanitary District which have already been mentioned, Mayor Kelly's endeavors have carried him into other activities. He conceived and sponsors the annual "Chicago Homecoming" celebration, which brings thousands of potential customers back into the city's streets and stores; he organized Chicago's public health and welfare leaders into the Committee for Control and Eradication of Venereal Disease; he established the "Keep Chicago Safe" committee, whose activities have greatly reduced automobile fatalities and injuries in the city. Thus one sees that it isn't all take and no give with Mayor Kelly. In addition to having a popular, powerful leader, the machine has other sources of strength: it does not try to live off the poor alone, but receives most of its financial support from the moneyed classes; it does the best it can for a maximum number of citizens; Cermak and Kelly have, under the boss system, kept the city finances in good order; the machine keeps its hands off national business; it does not take sides in labor disputes; it has appointed an honest police commissioner—James P. Allman; the machine *keeps its word!*<sup>23</sup>

In discussing political machines, we are led to consider a direct outgrowth of any kind of corrupt politics—the reform movement. There have always been idealists among us—men and women who are shocked at discovering the widespread domination of a machine. Banding together in the form of better government leagues or election watchers, they set out to clean up city politics. But it seems that they always either fail to

reform or actually become machines themselves. Why don't they succeed? Many theories have been advanced to explain the failure of reform, and the general conclusion leaves little hope for the future success of such movements. Too often big business men, who should be our leading citizens, have a good deal of their wealth tied up in firms or investments which require a friendly and lenient government to protect them and insure profits.<sup>24</sup> A reform movement might therefore, by upsetting the *status quo*, cause the business man financial trouble, and so he is inclined to back the machine against the reformer. Even if a "cleanup" group should overcome this opposition from wealthy citizens, it is by no means safe, for then it must tackle the crime situation. And the underworld powers, who have been receiving favors from the machine, do their best to discredit the new government at every opportunity. In attempting to secure an efficient system, therefore, the reformers are forced to make peace with the underworld<sup>25</sup>—an action which the deposed machine immediately flings before the general public, who then begin to wonder if changing horses wasn't a mistake. In the midst of all this dissension and confusion the machine once more swings to the front, "stops" the crime

<sup>23</sup>I am again indebted to the article in *Fortune* referred to previously in footnote 16.

<sup>24</sup>W. H. Stuart, *op. cit.*, 585.

<sup>25</sup>"No honest police force, unaided, can deal with crime," Lincoln Steffens concludes from his many years of investigating municipal government. The necessary aid, he finds, lies in a collaboration between the government and some lesser criminals—notably gamblers, prostitutes, and some saloon keepers. For the privilege of being allowed to operate, these criminals give the government clues to the solution of major crimes like robbery and murder. A government that refuses to compromise itself with this collaboration finds the solution of major crimes practically impossible, and public indignation and wrath soon follow a series of unsolved crimes. See Steffens, *op. cit.*, 387-391.



wave, and in a short while is again firmly entrenched in office.

The citizens of Chicago are well aware that their municipal government is not the best possible. They realize its corruptness. They know that they no longer elect city officials—but they also know that they are getting a much better deal than they ever got before. Gambling, crime, and prostitution continue, but these vices are as old as mankind itself, and, to my knowledge, no American municipal government has eradicated them. Yes, Chicago knows it's being bossed by a machine, but it is young and rich, strong and powerful, and it can afford to tolerate what amuses it or helps it.

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#### High School and College

High-school hygiene teachers insist upon your remembering that undulant fever is brucellosis and that the etiological agents are *brucilla melitensis*, *alkaligenes melitensis*, *alkaligenes abortus*, and *micrococcus melitensis*. Here in college, undulant fever is undulant fever and is contracted by drinking the milk of an infected cow. In high-school English, the students that write flowery themes are the "A" students. The more synonyms you can use and the more different names you use for the subject of your themes, the better grade you receive. In college, flowery phrases are labeled "trite" and you're supposed to call a spade a spade.—HELEN GORMAN

# May the East Wind Never Blow

LUCY CUNDIFF

*Rhetoric x1, Assignment 2, 1910-1911*

YOU may have your Royal Coachmans, your Pflueger reels, your out-board motors! Give me a can of angle-worms, a long bamboo pole, and a flat-bottomed boat. Give me a lazy summer day. And if there is some magic by which time can be turned backward, let Old Jay Brown be sitting in the stern of the boat talking quietly while our fishing lines drift in placid waters.

Fishing and Jay Brown are inseparable in my memory. He was my instructor in the art of fishing. He taught me how to bait hooks and make catches, and what is more important, he taught me those virtues of patience and introspection which should be a part of every fisherman's make-up.

When my brother Hugh and I were youngsters, Jay was to us what Captain John and Robin Hood are to other children. That much-used and often ill-used word *glamour* rightly describes what he meant to us. The magic in his person and in his way of life fascinated us more than that of the heroes of fiction. He had none of the outward aspects of a traditional hero. He was tall, stoop-shouldered, and gaunt. His square head was set like a chunk of cordwood on his long, thin neck. His hair, what little remained of it, formed a sparse, gray semi-circle around the bald crown of his head. He lived in a weatherbeaten shack on the edge of the river that bisected our little Wisconsin town. To my brother and me, his domestic arrangements were ideal. He had but to step out of his back door to be on the little dock to which his boat was moored. He shared his home and a considerable portion of his fishing

catches with Venus, his dog, an old hound with a lean, mournful face like a crumpled velvet pillow. She was lame with age, and asthmatic, but wherever Jay went she lumbered in his wake.

His most fascinating quality was his ability to "play games." He never seemed to us one of the grownups. He entered into our world, or took us with him into his. Getting into the boat to go fishing he would say to me, "Now, Lou, you just sit up there in the prow and pretend yer the Lily Maid." Many a long summer afternoon I dreamed myself Elaine, while Jay and Hugh brooded over idle fish-poles. Jay invested all of our make-believe with a quality of reality. When he was with us we didn't have to pretend we were Jim Hawkins and Alice in Wonderland at all. We *were* Jim Hawkins and Alice in Wonderland if Jay was there to say so.

One thing about Jay added a dash of daring to our association with him. He fished because he loved to fish, but he also fished to make a living—and broke the game laws freely. He ran setlines at night, and though the warden warned him often about the possibility of arrest, Jay went his way unperturbed. We didn't question his methods, but accepted them as a natural part of his existence. In an era when the children of fiction too often followed the Elsie Dinsmore and Horatio Alger patterns, Jay strode through our lives like a tattered but triumphant warrior.

If Jay had been a student of the scriptures, he could have taken as his motto, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." He asked nothing more of life

than that he be allowed to fish when he liked, to have Venus always with him, and to live by the river he loved so well.

The river was a living creature to Jay. He spoke of it in the familiar way in which people speak of kindred. "She" was "in a temper," or she was "gentle as a new lamb." She had "moaned all night," or she had "sung him to sleep." When the spring floods came he never moved out of his shack, though sometimes it seemed in peril of being carried off by the violence of the river. He talked of the rising waters half-disapprovingly, half-proudly, as a parent speaks of a precocious but willful child.

In winter, though the river was ice-covered from bank to bank, it still provided him with his livelihood. He set traps for muskrats, and would tramp miles every day across the ice to the little muskrat houses which dotted the white expanse like small mounds of firewood. On the infrequent occasions when we visited him in wintertime, the air in his

shack was always strong with the odor of drying hides. He stretched them on pointed boards and hung them from the rafters. By late winter the blood-tinged skins were brown and smoke-stained, and the odor in the shack was so pungent that even Venus preferred lying in a sunwarmed spot on the dock to staying indoors.

It was in summer that Jay came into his own. The richness of his contentment was almost tangible. Sitting in his boat, with Venus at his feet, his fishpole lying across his lap, the smoke from his pipe curling upwards around his battered straw hat—this is the picture of him that I remember best. Judged by conventional standards, it is the picture of a failure; judged by the more sensible standard of a man's search for happiness, it is one of a memorable success.

I hope that now, when Jay goes fishing in celestial waters, Venus still lies at his feet, his pipe smoke still curls upward, and "the east wind never blows."

## I'm Going to Be a Chemist

BLOSSOM ZEIDMAN

*Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1940-1941*

I FELT sharp pains as if someone suddenly used my face and arm as a pin cushion. Simultaneously I heard glass crash on the floor and my high school chemistry laboratory partner scream. People moved very hurriedly behind me. I saw my instructor come toward me. He grabbed me by the nape of the neck, and held my face, partly turned upward, under water.

"Does your face burn?" he asked.

"Yes," I blubbered.

He picked up a dirty sponge that had

been used to wipe chemically stained equipment and dirty laboratory desks, and he repeatedly dabbed it on my face.

"My hair," I screamed, half-hysterically, "you're ruining my hair."

My instructor released me, and I stood up; I put my hand up in order to touch my face, but he pulled it away. "Don't touch an acid burn, it is—" He stopped, thrust his hand in his pocket, and brought out a small knife. With my hand clasped in his, he ripped the sleeve of my blouse—it was serving as a wick



for the acid. When I looked down at my arm, I was panic-stricken. Up its entire length spread raised, red marks, which were beginning to blister.

"Oh," I said, "what does my face look like?"

I needed no answer. The expression on everyone's face told me. I was too frightened and confused to cry. "What happened?" I asked.

Virginia, my laboratory partner, answered, "I spilled some concentrated sulfuric acid on my hand and it burned. I was excited, and instead of dropping the bottle, I threw it back. I guess the acid got on you." She was nearly in tears. "Oh, Blos, I'm so sorry."

What could I say? It was done. Oh, I didn't want scars. I hesitatingly asked Mr. G——, my instructor, whether it would scar.

He didn't answer for a while, but busied himself by treating my face and arm with a first-aid preparation. "Diluting with water and applying this is the best anyone can do, and if you take care of it, you have every chance of recovering without a scar. It's just one of those things you have to watch out for, and contend with, in chemical laboratories."

But danger won't stop me. I'm going to be a chemist!

My knees nearly gave way when I walked into my first chemistry quiz class this semester. I was the only girl! Some of the boys smiled when they saw me; some nudged their friends; others coughed affectedly. I looked around for an empty place. I saw just one—right in the middle of the room. I went toward it. All the boys in the row stood up.

"The lady wants a seat," said the boy on the end.

"The lady wants a seat," the next boy repeated.

"The lady wants a seat," said each boy in turn as I passed in front of him to get to the empty seat.

As I sat down, my vocal cords somehow managed to put together a few syllables that sounded like "Thank you." All of the boys answered in unison, "Don't mention it. Anything for a lady!"

I did not dare take off my jacket for fear the boys would rip off my arm, trying to play the part of the perfect gentleman by helping me. I did not dare turn my head either way. All I felt was eyes. Thank God the instructor walked in soon after.

"Fellas," he said, without looking too closely at us, "this is Chem. 6, Section 64 A." He looked up, and I caught his eye. He smiled, a little embarrassingly, but did not bother to make a correction to include me in his address. "Be sure you are in the right place. Chem. 6 is for chemistry *majors*." I felt that that remark was directed at me. "It deals with the chemistry of metals," he continued, "and is not a pipe course." Was that another for me? Perhaps I was just supersensitive. "My name is Mr. H——." He stopped for a while and took up a pile of registration cards. He went through them, one by one, and called aloud, "Adams, Benson, Beller, Carson," and so on. After each name the owner looked up and in a low voice answered that he was present. Everyone turned in order to be able to connect a name with a face. "Simson, Smith, Thomas, Wells, Wilson, and—Miss Zeidman." From the back of the room someone gave the well-known horselaugh. My voice sounded unusually high as I answered.

But ribbing won't stop me. I'm going to be a chemist!

The jagged end of a piece of freshly broken glass-tubing cut deeply into my

finger. I jerked my hand back and then thrust it under a tap of running water. The blood flowed steadily, and the cooling comfort of the water seemed to have no effect. No one in the laboratory saw what had happened, and I didn't utter a cry. I took my hand out of the water, hoping that the blood had clotted, but immediately a small pool of blood gathered on my finger. I felt no physical pain—only shame. Why did all the petty accidents in chemistry laboratories happen to girls? I couldn't bring myself to tell Mr. H——, even though we had specific instructions to report any injury, no matter how small. I wrapped my clean handkerchief around my finger. In a short time it was soaked with blood. I was torn between two desires. Should I tell and suffer the shame, or should I let my finger bleed and perhaps suffer serious consequences? I finally convinced myself that I had no reason to be afraid and that accidents can happen to anyone. I went up to Mr. H—— when no boy was around. I did not say anything; I just held out my hand. He got the idea!

"Put your hand under the faucet; I'll get something to put on it."

He came back with a bottle which he took off the shelf. "This will clot your blood." He poured the contents, very generously, on my finger. I did not say anything. He did not say anything. My classmates came by, one by one, to get a bottle off the shelf near us, to replace a bottle, or to weigh some salt on the scale next to us. Each in turn looked at me in contemptuous silence. I wanted to crawl down the drain. The solution from the bottle colored my finger blue. I took advantage of that and broke the silence.

"Look, I am an aristocrat!"

Mr. H—— smiled. "You must have

been cut rather deep. I'll put a bandage on, and then I think the blood will stop."

As he wrapped an elaborate bandage around my finger, my classmates again came by, one by one, to get a bottle off the shelf near to us, to replace a bottle, or to weigh some salt on the scale next to us. Amused, and, oh, so smug!

But humiliation won't stop me. I'm going to be a chemist!

The lecturer cleared her voice and waited until the group of girls quieted down. "I'm going to talk to you tonight about the future for women in the field of chemistry. All of you have some interest in connection with chemistry for a vocation and would like to know the possibilities for a job. I'm afraid the outlook isn't too favorable; I'm afraid many of you here tonight will give up the idea of being a second Madame Curie."

There was a rustle in the group. Some girls laughed at the suggestion that they were aspiring to be Madame Curie; some girls commented on the surprising attitude the lecturer took, considering that she was a successful chemistry instructor; some girls, obviously disappointed, seemed to be half convinced to give up the idea of becoming chemists. I didn't belong to any of these categories. I merely listened, without comment, to the woman's point of view.

"Now I'm not trying to disillusion anyone, but I am trying to present facts to you, and offer you my experience. It is an opportunity for you to hear about the thorns in your path, an opportunity that many graduate woman chemists did not have. There are some positions always open to women having chemical training. For example, they may become chemical secretaries or chemical librarians."

I could just see myself working in an

office or a library. I'm taking chemistry to be a chemist.

"There are places open to women desiring to be instructors in high schools, but almost every other field is filled by men. Practically every firm hires men to hold positions in preference to women. They feel that men are more capable."

I don't think men are more capable. Besides, the presence of a woman in a laboratory can have results that are not often considered. Men are much more inclined to work harder when a woman is around in open competition with them.

If I can sell an employer the idea that, in setting up a mild form of competition among his workers, he can attain a much more efficient organization, then I can easily get a job.

"Another feature in which men have the advantage over women is that women stand to suffer more, in connection with personal beauty, when they are injured in any way in the laboratory. For this reason, I regret to have to tell you, men again are preferred."

But competition won't stop me. I'm going to be a chemist!

# Women in Chemistry

MARY E. SMASHEY

*Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1940-1941*

UNTIL I changed roommates this semester, I had never thought much about women in the field of chemistry. I knew that there were some, but I had always carefully avoided them. Then I moved in with Mac.

Mac works with men all day. In fact, the reason she is called Mac instead of Margaret is that the men in her classes felt ill at ease when using a feminine name. She knows more men on the campus than I ever will, but her relations with them are quite different from mine. Mac goes to a dance only when Bill, her favorite chemistry engineering pal, finds that his pin girl from Chicago can't possibly make it for the Annual Chem Engineers' Ball. Her typical week-end date consists of coking at Farwell's with the chem majors, discussing the 1-3 shift and its relation to the formation of polymers. The one day all semester that she had a date with someone other than a chemistry major, she spilled pentanoic acid on her hands; the odor lasted for

two weeks. Mac prides herself on having a speaking acquaintance with all the janitors in the Chemistry Building; every Friday night at closing time they sweep her out with the rubbish.

Mac is only five feet tall. She has given up trying to look dignified when she reads the three-foot high barometer. Her instructor once walked in and saw her climbing up the lab desk to see the reading, and he has been watching her suspiciously ever since. She often spends one hour trying to put up the equipment for a half-hour experiment. Although Mac is small, she is rather clumsy. For last month alone, her bill for breaking equipment was ten dollars.

When I walk into our room, I can tell in an instant whether Mac has been there. I'm not psychic, but I can detect the characteristic aroma of the second floor of the Chemistry Building. I am gradually becoming accustomed to it. If you have never been in an organic chemistry laboratory, it is useless for me to



describe the odor. I try desperately to keep the door to Mac's closet closed, because all her clothes smell like organic chemistry no matter how often she has them cleaned. I have considered giving her some strong cologne for a gift, but the mixture of the two odors would be unbearable.

Mac also has other troubles with her clothes. She must constantly replace the thing she ruins in labs. The damage is

not always the result of her own clumsiness; yesterday the other woman chemistry major in her class spilled sulfuric acid over Mac's new tweed suit. Mac's clothing bills are twice mine.

If my account of Mac hasn't convinced you that women should not major in Chemistry, I am afraid nothing will. Every time I talk to her, I give a sigh of relief that I am majoring in something feminine like French.

## Page 213

BENNETT SHERMAN

*Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1940-1941*

PICKED up my Zoo book, turned to page 213. Bang! The door flew open. In floated what appeared to be a ballet dancer. "Look," I yelled, "I've got so damn much homework. Will you please get the hell out of here?" With this my guest stopped dancing.

"What's the matter? You've got a whole week-end. Study tomorrow."

"You don't understand. I'd like to finish it now so I wouldn't have to worry about it for the rest of the week-end. Just 'cause you're happy over finishing a practical is no sign you have to barge in here dancing like a fairy."

Picked up my Zoo book, turned to page 213. A bugle-blast from the next room. "You're in the army now. You're in the army now."

. Got up and went into the next room. There, sitting in a chair, blowing like a cyclone, was another member of the house.

"Would you please stop playing that contraption?"

"Why?"

"Because I've got homework. Good enough?"

"Do it tomorrow." He turned and started to play again.

"What do I have to do to shut you up?"

"Nothing," he stopped. "Just let me finish this verse."

"O. K."

Picked up my Zoo book, turned to page 213. In walked my roommate. "Click," and on went the radio. This time I saw red. "Say, for crying out loud, do you ever see *me* turn on the radio when *you're* studying?"

"No, but it's Friday. You've got the whole week-end."

"What do you mean the whole week-end? Isn't it better to work now and get it over with?"

"Well, that's up to you. Personally, I'd rather do it Sunday night and have some fun over the week-end."

"That's you, not me. Now turn it off."

"All right, but you're crazy."

Picked up my Zoo book, turned to page 213. Bang! The door flew open again. This time it was all of them. "Into the showers with him."

"Not on your life," I shouted. No use.

"As long as I'm under here," I thought, "I might as well get them wet too." I did.

Got out of the shower, took off my

clothes, wiped myself off, and put on some dry things.

Picked up my Zoo book, turned to page 213.

## The Corsican and the House-Painter

DORIS ELEANOR SCOTT

*Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1940-1941*

THE interventionists have argued by analogies from history to prove that the United States should intervene in the present war. Hitler, they have said, is a second Napoleon, and they have said that the eras of Hitler and Napoleon are similar. It seems to me, however, that insofar as any similarity exists, the isolationists can use it to better advantage than the interventionists do.

In a great many important respects Napoleon and Hitler are very different. Napoleon was a Corsican son of the French Revolution, born into the age of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. After conquering Italy, Prussia, and other countries, he introduced to them the spirit of the French Revolution. Though the liberty he bestowed upon these nations was a modified liberty, he allowed them a considerably greater degree of equality and fraternity. Napoleon banished class distinctions, and he purged no race of people. The Jews who had been invited into Prussia by the Fredericks were not banished. Not only did Napoleon champion equality and fraternity, but he also made peace with the Pope and re-established in France the Catholic Church, which had been forsaken during the revolution.

Hitler, however, is destroying all the best that the French Revolution initiated. He does not even carry a "modified

liberty" to the countries he conquers, and there is no equality or fraternity in his policies—except for the "pure Aryans." The Jew is undergoing the worst purge in history, and Hitler has not made peace with the Pope. On the contrary, he has taken the place of the German's God. Even Napoleon was not that egotistical.

It is true that Germany was, as France had been, in desperate need of a capable leader. It is also true that Hitler, like Napoleon, supplied that need, and Hitler too has conquered in the name of his adopted country. However, the odds which Napoleon fought against were greater than those which Hitler has yet had to face. Napoleon fought a Prussia which still enjoyed the power that the Fredericks had given her, and a Spain which was one of the largest European countries. In spite of these terrific odds, Napoleon, who began his foreign campaigns with a handful of ragged French troops, eventually dominated all of Europe. Hitler, on the other hand, has conquered countries which have been weak since the World War. France was beaten before he waged actual war against her. Poland had been partitioned so many times that she had never been able to build a strong national government, and hence was easy prey for a greedy Germany. After Austria was flooded with Nazi sympathizers, it was

not difficult for Hitler to gain control of her. These and the other countries that he has dominated were all doomed before he campaigned against them, because they had not yet found men to lead them out of the chaos brought by the World War. Not only have the countries Hitler conquered been weaker, but where Napoleon began his campaign with an inferior number of half-starved troops, Hitler made his first march with one of the largest and most feared European armies. The military achievements of Napoleon are not similar to the "push-over" successes of Hitler.

Napoleon's Empire, based on militarism, was constantly threatened by uprisings and revolts within the conquered territories. Spain managed to throw off the French yoke, and Prussia leagued herself with Britain against France. Revolts within France herself were constantly fostered by Bourbon aspirants to the throne. Hitler, having introduced bondage rather than a comparative freedom to the conquered countries, is facing disturbances of the same kind as those which confronted the Emperor, or even graver ones. France, a former democracy, will not sit quietly by while Nazi storm-troopers goose-step through the streets of Paris. Since the Czechoslovakian republic was conquered, Hitler has had to keep a large number of troops quartered there so that it will not revolt. These countries will be revolting not

only against a foreign rule, but also against the death of civil and political rights. They will be fighting a desperate battle for the equality and fraternity which Napoleon gave them.

The forces which are troubling Hitler today are the same forces which gave Napoleon trouble during his reign. Napoleon's most fruitless campaign was the one which he led against Russia, and his most disastrous campaign was the one which he waged against Britain. Today, Hitler is apparently waging an unsuccessful Russian campaign. Stalin congratulated the "Boy King," Peter, of Yugoslavia on his defiance of the Nazi dictates. This is one of several "political slaps" that Stalin has given Hitler. Hitler also is facing a determined Britain. He has not yet been able to break through the blockade that has choked so many British enemies. Napoleon failed when he confronted such a combination of forces as internal strife, an unruly Russia, and a determined Britain. Now that Hitler fights these same forces, I cannot believe that he can win. As was Napoleon, Hitler is doomed to ultimate failure. It is therefore unnecessary for the United States to intervene. One of the greatest lessons that can be learned from history is that when the balance of power in the world is broken, the man responsible for its breaking will not be tolerated, and his power cannot last.

#### **F. A. Coburn, R. R. 4**

Mrs. Coburn, small and well starched, will answer the bell, drying her hands on her apron as she talks. She bids you to come in and "set a while." Mr. Coburn, whom you would like to talk to about doing some plowing for you is "most likely out to the pasture but he'll be a comin' right soon I s'pose." You walk in. Mrs. Coburn asks "will you please to excuse her, that Mr. Coburn 'll be in directly." You sit in an old leather chair and look at the shiny new white icebox set against the living room wall and the family reunion picture over it, and the calendar with the little girl and the St. Bernard. "D'rectly" you hear footsteps on the back porch and the noisy disposal of a wad of tobacco. Mr. Coburn steps in.—LARRY ROBINSON



# In Defense of Rhetoric Themes

SHELDON LEAVITT

*Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1940-1941*

I AGREE with Martha Lou Bothwell\* that writing is a God-given gift, and that only those individuals with a talent for self-expression can turn out good themes with any degree of ease. There are friends of mine who are able to knock off *B* themes on two hours' notice, while I must force myself to sit for five or six hours and painfully construct sentences and paragraphs and hope that they sound coherent. Even more distressing is my inability to find suitable subject matter; sometimes I spend half an evening just trying to think of something to write. But no matter how long I have been discarding thoughts and ideas, no matter how many times I have been tempted to give up and play ping-pong instead, I never have thought that freshman rhetoric should not be taught.

Adequate self-expression is not merely "advantageous" as Miss Bothwell states, but necessary. I need not repeat that in the highly complex existence we lead today, clear and correct writing is one of the most important means—sometimes the only means—of transmitting our ideas. This I know is obvious. For how would scientific investigation continue if scientists were unable to express their ideas; how would business be run if secretaries spent hours trying to compose acceptable letters; how would our social obligations be fulfilled if we could not write in proper and understandable English?

But to become proficient in writing, one must write. Rhetorical skill is obtained only through painful practice. Just as the young musician must labor

over the distasteful scales with his violin, or the artist must learn the colorless principles of perspective, so the student must struggle with grammar and themes. While I wrote at the rate of one paragraph every two hours when I first entered Rhetoric I, I am now able to write a better paragraph in an hour. This is not an attainment to be proud of, I admit; but if I had not assumed the tedious job of theme-writing I could not boast even this small achievement.

Most students are agreed, however, that college graduates must know how to use their mother tongue fluently. Rather they argue, as does Miss Bothwell, that instruction in the art of writing should be withheld until the individual has matured and has acquired a broader range of experience so that he might be better able to write intelligently on worthy subjects. But what is to become of the individual in the meanwhile? He must constantly write for both his personal and educational use. Must his correspondents suffer from his misuse of the language? Is he to be thrown at the mercy of examinations, unequipped to fight back with clear-cut and rhetorically correct answers? Are his teachers to struggle day after day through illiterately written assignments? The faculty must give to all freshmen a course in essay-writing, if for no other reason, in self-defense. The purpose of theme-writing is not to extract noble ideas and profound thoughts from freshmen, but rather to teach them to write correctly at the time when it will do them the most good.

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\*Martha Lou Bothwell, "Theme Writing in Rhetoric," *The Green Caldron*, March, 1941.

# "Strange Fruit"

HAROLD SUSSMAN

*Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1940-1941*

Southern trees bear a strange fruit,  
Blood on the leaves, and blood at the root,  
Black bodies swingin' in the southern breeze,  
Strange fruit hangin' from the poplar trees.

THIS is the grotesque ballad of a southern singer. It is indeed a strange fruit that southern trees bear at a lynching. It is also strange that a sadistic mob should ever be permitted to run loose, killing to satiate its blood lust.

We from the North who sentimentally admire the calm, idyllic landscape of the South would do well to listen to the lines:

Pastoral scene of the gallant South;  
The bulging eyes, and the twisted mouth;  
Scent of magnolias, sweet and fresh—  
Then the sudden smell of burning flesh.

For under the calm surface of the South, behind the slow drawls, the courteous manners, and the happy negroes singing, remain the cold, brutal facts. Racial feelings run high in the South, for the whites mean to rule. They mean to rule even if they have to kill, murder, and whip the entire black population into subservience. The negro, they claim, is the white man's inferior. Therefore he should be the white man's servant. And strangely enough these narrow views find many supporters among gallant folk in the North.

Many strongly prejudiced men have told me, "The nigger is O. K. He just has to learn his place." The nigger's place was, it seemed, any level of degradation the white man set for him. A Southern boy living just across the hall from me quotes his grandmother as saying, after a lynching, "You know, a lynching is a good thing. It keeps those niggers in their places." The negro, ac-

cording to people of this sort, should go on living as he does—a social, economic, and political outcast. He should not vote, he should not be educated, he should not be paid a high wage; he should, in other words, be crushed, beaten, and stripped of every rightful chance to live decently. He should be relegated to the position of "an inferior race."

The average negro family in this country today earns about six hundred dollars per year. In the South he is usually a sharecropper, entirely at the mercy of his property owner, or he is an unskilled laborer—a complete wage-slave to any employer who hires him. His usual poorly balanced meal, lacking in green vegetables, fruit, or milk, often results in pellagra. Syphilis is prevalent among the negroes because of their general lack of knowledge concerning it, and because of their poor living conditions. Tuberculosis claims a high toll from them.

In his present condition the negro constitutes a health menace, a problem for slum clearance, and a challenge to our educators. When these conditions are removed it will be found that the negro is a good citizen, an able worker, and an asset to our society. Under his present conditions — discontented, downtrodden, physiologically and psychologically ill—he provides fine material for Communist propaganda, and the nucleus of a force that may some day undermine our standards of living.

We must consider the negro problem with unbiased and unprejudiced minds. The negro must be educated, not ignored.

He must be aided, not crushed; and he must be fed, clothed, sheltered, and given his rightful place in our society. Remember this, or some day the downtrodden will rise up and take their revenge.

Etched against the southern sky, the

gallows—the gallows from which hangs a tortured body. Shall this be the symbol of our tolerance?

Here is a fruit for the crows to pluck,  
For the rains to gather, for the winds to suck,  
For the sun to rot, for the trees to drop;  
Here is a strange and bitter crop.

## The Spanish Sport

WILLIAM PRESTON ALBAUGH

*Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1940-1941*

A BUGLE sounds. The band strikes up the processional march. Señoritas in mantillas and high-backed combs applaud frantically. Thousands of enthusiastic Spaniards in fiesta attire rise and shout themselves hoarse. It is the bullfight, one of the most interesting and colorful sports events in the world.

In order to understand fully what takes place on the bloodstained sands of the bull ring, one must know a little of the history behind this sport. The origin of bullfighting is somewhat obscure. Geologists have recently uncovered inscriptions, however, which indicate that it was practised in a crude form even before the Roman Empire was established. Originally it was a form of human sacrifice; later the Moors, who introduced it to Spain early in the Twelfth Century, used it to encourage proficiency in the use of martial weapons. And gradually it has become a part of the Spanish racial culture. In Spain and the countries that Spain colonized we find it still flourishing today.

Throughout its history, bullfighting has been repeatedly prohibited, only to be resurrected by popular demand. A papal edict in 1560, during the reign of Queen Isabella, threatened with excommunication anyone participating in a bullfight

and even forbade the administration of the last sacrament to anyone killed by a bull. In spite of such opposition and the damaging effects of professionalism and politics, the sport has survived. Today it is a major industry, backed by over seventy million dollars.

The severest criticism of the bullfight arises from those who consider it unsportsmanlike and cruel. Max Eastman sums up their arguments in his torrid criticism of Ernest Hemingway's *Death in the Afternoon*.

To drag in notions of glory and honor here is ungrownup and rather sophomoric. But to pump words over it like "tragedy" and "dramatic conflict" is mere romantic nonsense and self-deception crying to high heaven. It is not tragic to die in a trap because although beautiful you are stupid; it is not tragic to play mean tricks on a beautiful thing and then stab it when its power is gone. It is the exact opposite of tragedy in every high meaning of the word that has ever been given it. It is killing made meaner, death more ignoble, bloodshed more merely shocking than it has need to be.<sup>1</sup>

Against this sort of attack the Spanish writer, Salvador Madariaga, has offered a logical and eloquent defense.

The Spanish crowd looking at the bullfight is not enjoying the goring and killing,

<sup>1</sup>Max Eastman, "Bull in the Afternoon," *New Republic*, 75 (June 7, 1933), 95.



but the grace and beauty of the spectacle; color, movement, and skill on the edge of death, which are precisely what the Anglo-Saxon does not see. The idea of a cruel crowd, gloating in the sight of blood and suffering, is the child of the Anglo-Saxon's morbid and tortured imagination. Just as he does not see the grace and beauty of it, the Spaniard does not see the cruelty of it.<sup>2</sup>

The phase of bullfighting most often attacked is the cruelty to the horses, which until recent times were often pitifully gored and slashed. Even Madariaga does not attempt to justify their inhuman treatment. He admits that there is no doubt whatever that this part of bull-running, though very beautiful in itself from the plastic as well as the dramatic point of view, is sadly spoilt by the pitiful and repulsive sight of horses gored and finally killed. Nothing can be said for it. It is the blot upon bull-running and the stark defect in an otherwise beautiful spectacle.<sup>3</sup>

Efforts to relieve the situation have been made recently in the form of laws forcing bullfight promoters to pad the undercarriage of all horses used in the program. This offers a large measure of protection, but fatal accidents still occur only too frequently. Some efforts to do away entirely with horses have been made, but real followers of the sport feel that these measures detract too much from the excitement.<sup>4</sup>

Bullfights take place in huge amphitheaters, with tiers of seats rising loftily on all sides. Many of these arenas are centuries old, such as the one standing in Southern France originally constructed by the Romans to be flooded for their famous sea-fights. Cortez built a *plaza de toros* in Mexico City long before the cornerstone for the Cathedral of Mexico was laid. Another in Mexico City is among the largest, seating over 20,000 people, and costing \$700,000 to construct. Other famous rings stand at Sevilla, Madrid, Ronda, and Chapultepec.

The fight today retains much pomp and ceremony carried over from medieval days. A selected municipal official, known as the *presidente*, presides over the program, and as soon as he has taken his seat in the central box, the band begins to play, and the festivities begin. Two *acquaciles* (police officers of the ring) ride out and salute the crowd. They retire, then return, followed this time by the entire colorful procession. First in line are the splendidly attired matadors, then the picadors, dressed in gleaming yellow, next the matador's assistants, and finally the ring attendants, vulgarly known as *monos sabios* or "wise monkeys." After a triumphant march around the arena, they retire. As soon as they are gone, the *presidente* hurls the key to the bull pens to an *acquacile*, who releases the first bull. Bugles blare and drums are rolled. As the huge beast hurls itself for the opening, an attendant leans over the side of the cage and plants a ribbon-bedecked dart between his shoulders. Then *el toro* charges into the arena.

It is not to be assumed that *el toro* is an ordinary bull. Bred of cattle and water buffalo, he combines the fiercest qualities of both. The very best fighting bulls are raised on fertile plains of Andalusia and Navarre by wealthy ranchers vying for the distinction of raising the largest and most ferocious ones. Mexico imports thousands of these high-spirited beasts yearly, but the tremendous cost of transportation and care necessitates use of the less-famous Mexican bulls on all but fiesta occasions. It should be noted, however, that none of

<sup>2</sup>Salvador Madariaga, "Why the Spaniards Like Bullfights," *Living Age*, 336 (May, 1929), 180.

<sup>3</sup>*Ibid.*, 181.

<sup>4</sup>The failure of the bullfight in Italy is credited to the fact that Mussolini forbade the use of horses.

the bulls are trained, and they will attack anything in motion.

At the first rush of the bull, everyone in the ring leaps for safety. Then the matador returns, advancing slowly and calling to the bull in sharp, staccato barks. *El toro* pulls up and surveys his enemy, who now holds his cape in both hands directly in front of his body. To snort and charge at the cloak and the man is the work of a split second, but when the angry beast arrives, the matador is no longer there. "Without moving his feet so much as the literal breadth of a hair, he has swung his cloak out to the right with both arms, and the weapons that would transfix a three-inch oak plank have grazed the gold bobbins on his jacket, and the danger is thirty feet away. The bull pulls up, turns, and charges again, and again and again."<sup>5</sup> The merit of the matador's performance is determined both by the gracefulness with which he executes his dance and the nearness of the bull to his body as it thunders by. After the bull has charged fruitlessly six or seven times, the matador suddenly turns his back on him and struts nonchalantly away, leaving the bull to the picadors.

These much-less-publicized fighters are mounted on old and useless horses. They are armed with long blunt-edged spears which they use to keep the bull away from themselves and their mounts. The duty of the picadors is to prepare the bull for further playing and final death by tiring and infuriating him. Only too often the bull succeeds in reaching the man and his mount, and bulls have even been known to throw both completely over the five-foot wall that surrounds the arena.

The picadors are given only a short time in the ring, and then the matador

or his assistants place the *banderillas*. These are metal-tipped darts with brightly colored streamers wound around their two feet of length. Three pairs are placed in all, behind and between the bull's shoulders. The matador keeps his elbows up and stiff, placing the darts over the horns of the bull as he charges. Great skill is required to execute this feat properly, and the matador who does a good job is applauded boisterously by the enthusiastic crowd.

As soon as the *banderillas* have been placed, the matador again leaves the bull to his assistants and struts to the *presidente's* box. There, with the most ceremonious courtesy, he asks the official sanction to make the killing. The permission is signalled down, and the final act begins. This time, the matador uses a much smaller cape, under which the death sword is concealed. The bull is played in much the same manner as at the beginning of the fight, but now the matador is watching for his opportunity to make the kill. "To coax the bull into exactly the proper position requires extreme patience, clever maneuvering, and almost unlimited experience. For a good stroke, the bull must be lunging straight ahead with his front legs evenly balanced. If one be ever so slightly ahead of the other, his body will twist when he begins to move, and the sword will not go home. Failure to take advantage of easy chances brings yells of derision from the important onlookers."<sup>6</sup> When his opportunity arrives, the matador throws himself over the bull's horns as he charges, and with a quick thrust plunges the sword between the bull's shoulders. If this maneuver is properly executed, the bull will die instantly. If not, the scene is

<sup>5</sup>P. Terry, *Terry's Guide to Mexico*, ci.

<sup>6</sup>C. Stratton, "Bullfighting in Southern France," *Travel*, 36 (Dec., 1920), 7.

repeated. An excellent performance brings a shower of hats, flowers, cigarettes, and even top-coats from the wildly cheering crowd, and the matador will be awarded the bull's ear. If the bull has been dispatched with superlative skill, the matador may be awarded the bull's hoof. Few ever acquire this extraordinary honor.

Just as in baseball styles of play vary, so the methods of bullfighting vary. There are, in fact, two very distinct schools of bullfighting, the merits of which one can hear bitterly argued in the market place of almost any Spanish or Mexican town. One school, led by Juan Belmonte, was developed in the little town of Ronda, nestled in the mountains of Northern Spain. The other, whose greatest fighter was Gallito Joselito, came out of Sevilla, home of ninety percent of our modern bull-fighters. "For sheer skill it might have been difficult to decide between them. Belmonte displayed the greater recklessness, Joselito the most cunning. Joselito moved about the ring with lightning rapidity; Belmonte was often stationary."<sup>7</sup> Where Belmonte risked, Joselito calculated. Joselito appealed to the head, Belmonte appealed to the heart. One Spanish writer explains that during the World War, he could always find whether a man was pro-German or pro-Ally. "If he liked Joselito, then he was for efficiency; he was for autocracy, and a pro-German. If he liked Belmonte, then he was for impulse; he was for liberty; he was pro-Ally."<sup>8</sup> The technique of bullfighting is so refined, and so intense is the preoccupation with it, that its more enthusiastic followers would resent our referring to bullfighting as a sport. Rather, they feel, it belongs among the fine arts. So, for instance, runs the

opinion of Lestlie Charteris, who wrote a novel based on the life of Juan Belmonte:

Juan Belmonte is bullfighting, in a way that you never could have said that Jack Dempsey was boxing, or Tilden was tennis, or Babe Ruth was baseball. Bullfighting is not a sport and you can't compare it with one. Bullfighting, whether you like it or not, is an art, like painting or music, and you can only judge it as an art. Its emotion is spiritual, and it touches depths which only can be compared with the depths that are touched in a man who knows and understands and loves music by a symphony orchestra under a great conductor.<sup>9</sup>

The matador's profession, although dangerous, is lucrative and full of glory. If successful, he can earn anywhere from \$300,000 to \$500,000 yearly.<sup>10</sup> One fight often nets as much as \$5,000, even after the salaries of the assistants have been paid. For his exorbitant fee, however, the matador takes wholesale risks. Accidents are common, and some of the greatest bullfighters of all time met their deaths in the bull ring. Luis Freg, one of the better performers of today, carries the scars of seventy-two horn wounds and has been four times *sacramento* (given the last sacrament). In spite of these dangers, it is the dream of every young Spaniard and Mexican some day to become a famous matador, and children play *corrida* (bullfight) in the streets just as young Americans play baseball.

The names of famous bullfighters throughout the long history of the sport are innumerable. Belmonte is generally considered to be the greatest of all time, with Joselito, Bombita, Larita, and

<sup>7</sup>"Bullfighting as an Art," *Literary Digest*, 66 (July 3, 1920), 44.

<sup>8</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>9</sup>Juan Belmonte, "The Making of a Bull-fighter," *Atlantic Monthly*, 159 (Feb. 1937), 129-148.

<sup>10</sup>P. Terry, *Terry's Guide to Mexico*, cx.



Palma following not far behind.<sup>11</sup> Two women, even, have been known to participate in the bloody pastime. One was La Cordebesita, whose feats were hailed by the Spaniards as "astonishing and phenomenal." The other was Cochita Cintron, who toured the Latin-American countries successfully in 1938. Señorita Cintron is unusual in that her art combines two types of performance, that of the Portuguese, on horseback, and that of the Spanish, on foot. The only American ever to become a first-rate matador is the Brooklyn-born Sydney Franklin. He has tried unsuccessfully for many years to introduce bullfighting to the United States. His failure is attributed to the fact that the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has forbidden any bloodshed, and the bullfight can hardly succeed without it.

The bullfight should be regarded by outsiders like ourselves with sympathetic understanding. It is by no means an expression of barbarism or wanton cruelty, but an ancient and dignified

sport—or art. For millions of people it provides necessary emotional release, and is at the same time a thing of beauty. Those who have seen bullfights and known what they were seeing regard them as a vital and interesting part of Spanish civilization.

"Most bullfighters take the name of some animal, implement, or weapon, such as Bombita, little bomb; Cuchillo, knife; and so on.

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## Let's Win Back Latin-America

PAUL YOULE

*Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1940-1941*

THE "Achilles Heel" of the United States is Latin-America. Most military experts agree that we can not be invaded from either the Atlantic or the Pacific Ocean if our rearmament program progresses nearly as fast as scheduled. If, however, a foreign power should establish a military base in Latin-America, parts of which are closer to Europe than to the United States, we might have a rather difficult time in protecting ourselves, especially if Latin-

America didn't sympathize with us or gave aid to our enemy or enemies. The very idea of an attack on the United States sounds fantastic, but in this day of unprecedented military conquest, we must be very careful before declaring anything incredible. Since *defense* of the United States is—rather should be—our first objective, we must begin at once to protect our most vulnerable position.

Today, world conditions are ideal for our attempts to win Latin-America's

friendship. When I say friendship, I do not mean the Nazi type of friendship—domination; we have tried that before. We must have a true friendship based on mutual trust and respect. With Japan, Germany, and Italy fighting desperately, the time is ripe for us to improve our reputation in the eyes of the Latins. We must become not the bullying big brother but the friendly big brother! We must have a "New Deal" in our relations with Latin-America.

One of the main reasons for our failure to cultivate friendship with the Latins is the clannish aloofness of the Americans in Latin-America. Most Americans in Buenos Aires are interested in the natives not as personalities—as human beings with problems as important as ours—but as sources of money for the Americans to exploit as rapidly as possible. In Montevideo and Rio de Janeiro there are a number of exclusive clubs where Americans spend all their spare time. They do not mingle with the people, but they attempt to set up a caste system with themselves as lords and masters. Obviously they do not consider the Latins equal to themselves. As long as this condition persists, there can be no close cooperation between the Americas.

Our understanding of Latin-American problems has always been very poor. By reason of race and heritage, many of their concepts of laws and politics are very different from ours. We forget the reason, whenever they do anything that doesn't suit our fancy, and condemn them too hastily. We make little effort to understand their problems and difficulties. When Brazil, in 1937, made a change in its government, the United States was very unsympathetic. As Sumner Welles put it, "A large portion of our people and our press, instead of

waiting with tolerance and with friendly sympathy the moment when the Brazilian people had been enabled to determine for themselves the proper solution of their own problem, undertook to determine for them how the problem should be solved and to a large degree indulged in vehement recriminations predicated upon false premises and falser conclusions." When Mexico ruled against our oil companies, she was not so much discriminating against America as simply protecting herself. Mexico's object was to secure a better standard of living for more of her people. Nevertheless, our press severely condemned Mexico, and was unwilling to understand or even to listen to her side of the question.

Whatever prestige England had in Latin-America was dashed by her policy when she let Italy invade Ethiopia, when she threw Austria to the wolves, when she mangled the League of Nations. In Latin-America weakness is despised. Only by establishing a firm foreign policy can we assure them that we can be trusted in a crisis. Only when the Latins feel that we will never subject them to diplomatic double-crossing, can they trust us.

Great strides forward in the understanding of their problems have been made by Spanish clubs and inter-American clubs. It is easier to understand your neighbor's troubles if you can speak his language. When the Mexican basketball team played at Illinois, they were undoubtedly pleased at their reception here by a group of students who spoke their own language. This kind of thing, as well as Pan-American conferences, is breaking down the barrier of language, custom, and background.

Our attempts at trading with South America have, until recently, presup-

posed free world trade. When Cordell Hull sponsored the first South-America-favored reciprocal trade treaties, he took the first step in the direction we are going to have to take to combat German trade domination of Latin-America. The days of the free market are gone, and the

sooner we realize this, the better. We are going to have to meet the German sell-at-a-loss trade program by subsidization. It will be expensive, but the cost can be borne in the name of the National Defense Program with fair assurance that this will be for *defense*.

## The Problems of a Customer

RICHARD A. ROBERTS

*Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1940-1941*

THE DOOR OPENS. A class-worn student staggers into the coke-'n-smoke and wearily falls into a booth, the pangs of hunger and thirst gnawing at him simultaneously. It has been a strenuous day—two labs, a lecture, two quiz sections, and a P.E. class in clog dancing. So he has come to this place for food and rest.

Waiters run hastily about, dodging in and out of tables, but they ignore him. Slowly, the hand of the clock moves on. Seven minutes pass, and no one comes near him. The minute hand reaches the ten-minute mark. The customer cusses.

Suddenly the head waiter discovers the customer. Loudly he shouts, "Service in booth seven!" Waiters rush by from all directions, but still they take no heed. Once again the head waiter calls. There is no response. Finally, more by accident, perchance, than by intention, a waiter approaches. In his eagerness the customer fairly shouts his order. "Bring me two hamburgers, a glass of m———" Plop! A wet rag slaps down on the table; the waiter swishes it over the table in three huge strokes, turns and walks away. The customer cusses.

Three minutes pass. He returns. "May I have your order, sir?" The

problem now is to make him listen to the order before he goes away again. "Bringmetwohamburgersandaglassofmilk!" The waiter jots it in his pad.

"I'm sorry, sir, but we're out of milk. I'll bring you buttermilk instead!"

"But I don't like butterm——" This answer does no good. The waiter has left. Buttermilk. Ugh! The customer cusses.

Seventeen and one-half minutes pass. The student feels somewhat faint, but determined to stick it out. The waiter returns. "The cook couldn't find the mustard, sir; so I told him it would be all right to use horseradish." Horseradish! and buttermilk! The student is fairly burning with anger, but his hunger and thirst prevail over his temper. He begins to eat. Horseradish and buttermilk! The customer cusses.

As you see, the customer's life in these local coke-joints can be hell. But it is a valuable part of our higher education. By the time the average individual has attended college coke-joints for four years, he has become duly hardened to the hardships of public eating places. The local waiters, I am told, have a common motto: "Your mother waited on you till now. Don't expect me to do the same!"



# Senseless Art

BUELL DWIGHT HUGGINS

*Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1940-1941*

SURREALISM has been in existence now for about a quarter of a century. During this time it has invaded several fields of endeavor—poetry and prose, plastic art and sculpture, and painting. By some it has been welcomed with outstretched hands as the savior of the people; by others it has been blamed as the destroyer of reason and talent.

Surrealism had its beginning in the Old World, and is really the climax of a series of radical movements which we have imported. In 1908 a theory of art known as cubism was created. Its creator was Pablo Picasso, who believed in the theory of postimpressionism and thought that abstract form should be stressed, even at the expense of other pictorial elements. He based his art upon the use of intersecting cubes, cones, and other geometric solids. Then in 1916 Dadaism was born. Its parent was a Rumanian Jew, Tristan Tzara by name. The term *Dada* was selected at random from the dictionary and means, ordinarily, a childish variant of father.<sup>1</sup> Said the creator of Dadaism: "We want works straightforward, strong, accurate, and forever not understood. Logic is a complication."<sup>2</sup> Dadaism is nothing more than simple distortion in art, but it is significant in that it was the immediate ancestor of surrealism. Then, finally, came surrealism, with Andre Breton and Francis Aragon, Frenchmen, publishing their so-called "Manifesto," in which they attempted to explain the new art they had initiated.<sup>3</sup> Many public meetings were now held in Europe in favor of or in opposition to the new art. As the movement spread, as it crossed the ocean to

America twelve years later, it was still like the ebb and flow of ocean waves: by some it was received with rapture, by others it was hotly criticized. In 1936, however, as if to "explain all," Breton himself published a book entitled *What Is Surrealism?* "What does it matter to me," he inquires, "whether trees are green, . . . whether a ball is cylindrical or round?" "The eye," he continues, "exists in the primitive state" and the "secret of surrealism lies in the fact that we are persuaded that something is hidden." Surrealists are actually of this mind, that if a child is asked to draw a picture of a cow on a blackboard and the picture looks like an automobile, it is quite all right, since the child received that impression of a cow. In all its fields, surrealism employs the same principles, harking back always to Sigmund Freud, founder of psychoanalysis.<sup>4</sup> The subconscious mind comes fully into play and drives out all voluntary thoughts, all logic and reason, all coherence.

Practisers of surrealistic art, with whom we have here to deal, are, among others, Salvador Dali, Joan Miro, Paul Klee, Jean Lurcat, Giorgio Chirico, and Max Ernst. On page 28 of the April 3, 1939, issue of *Newsweek*, are printed some examples of Dali's art. One of them is a painting of a dish with a telephone in it (receiver removed) and

<sup>1</sup>Thomas J. Fitzmorris, "Mindless Marxism," *The Catholic World*, 150 (January, 1940), 420.

<sup>2</sup>Charles W. Ferguson, "Art for Our Sake," *Harper's Magazine*, 175 (July, 1937), 218.

<sup>3</sup>Thomas J. Fitzmorris, *op. cit.*, 420-430.

<sup>4</sup>Matthew Josephson, "The Superrealists," *The New Republic*, 69 (February 3, 1932), 321-322.

beside it three grilled sardines. That is all. One might suppose that the telephone rang while the housewife was having lunch and that in her haste to answer it, she took the sardines with her. While she was at the telephone, someone rang the doorbell. Going to answer the doorbell, she left both the sardines and the telephone in the dish. She never returned to them. So, if one liked, one might suppose. Dali, a small, dark, darting Spaniard of thirty-six, had twenty-one paintings like this on exhibition at the Julien Levy Gallery in New York City last April. This was not the first time, however, that the surrealists had been in New York City with their paintings: they had exhibited in January, 1932, and in the summer of 1937. After their show there in 1937, they made a tour of the entire United States, their paintings apparently captivating the imagination of many people. Their entrance was like a circus come to town.<sup>5</sup>

Although Dali is considered by some critics as the world's most spectacular surrealist artist, in the minds of others he is surpassed by Joan Miro. Miro, aged forty-seven, is also a Spaniard; but, unlike Dali, he is primarily a folk-painter. His works are said to have a genuine "quality of spontaneity and freedom."<sup>6</sup> Another surrealist painter is Jean Lurcat, a Frenchman, who delights in painting boats that have been sunk halfway below the waves.<sup>7</sup> Giorgio Chirico, an Italian, creates absolute chaos, representing in his paintings pieces of wood, bedsprings, hats, buckets, and shoes, all piled into a disordered heap.<sup>8</sup> Max Ernst likes to cut up an illustrated catalogue and then paste the pieces together. The result, of course, lacks symmetry, but symmetry is hated by surrealists.<sup>9</sup> There is also Tchelitchev, who makes a tennis player wave a racquet

into the foreground of the picture, while the body lengthens for miles down a very long court. The picture reminds one of a skyscraper.<sup>10</sup>

During the last two or three years surrealism has been used in advertising. Its effectiveness for this purpose is quite apparent when one remembers the incongruity and grotesqueness of surrealist paintings. They are certain to catch the eye. Large concerns like the Abbott Laboratories have recognized their worth and have employed surrealist painters. Furs, watches, shoes, dresses, wines, perfumes, and soaps have been advertised by surrealist ingenuity. As fond as Americans are of change of design, it is not unlikely that surrealism will be used—in fact, it has been used to some extent—in styling such articles as hats, shoes, and furniture. Salvador Dali has already designed a sofa in the shape of a pair of lips. So far, however, surrealism has been used in advertising or in styling only by the larger concerns that sell to the luxury class.<sup>11</sup>

It is noteworthy that surrealism appeared in Europe during the World War, a product of the cultural unrest of that time. It came to America a decade ago during the depression. Important to remember also is the fact that although it now operates only through the media of literature and art, it claims the political and social fields as fields of action.<sup>12</sup> Surrealists would adopt a Communistic form

<sup>5</sup>Barry Byrne, "Surrealism Passes," *The Commonwealth*, 26 (July 2, 1937), 262-63.

<sup>6</sup>James J. Sweeney, "Miro and Dali," *The New Republic*, 81 (February 6, 1935), 360.

<sup>7</sup>Alex McGavick, "Weird Worlds," *The Commonwealth*, 27 (April 1, 1938), 630-31.

<sup>8</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>9</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>10</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>11</sup>Frank Caspers, "Surrealism in Overalls," *Scribner's Magazine*, 104 (August, 1938), 17-21.

<sup>12</sup>Thomas J. Fitzmorris, "Mindless Marxism," *The Catholic World*, 150 (January, 1940), 420-430.

of government. The central principle of all their theory is destructive. They wish to break down all existing standards and values. The reason for their exaggerated simplicity is to provide an art-form simple enough for the proletariat to imitate. They are not interested in developing geniuses or men of true talent. They would make every man an artist, but they would produce no Corot, no Stuart, no Whistler. In subject-matter and theme, moreover, they would produce nothing beautiful. The world is mad. All is mystery and chaos. Why not paint it that way?

Surrealistic art has not been widely popularized. It is the belief of some that if it had been, it would have died long ago. Surrealistic art is no art at all, but sheer nonsense.

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#### It's All in Knowing How

Do you enjoy a football game? You probably do. You do if you understand the rules. If you have ever played yourself, you enjoy it even more. The more familiar you become with its intricacies the more intense your enjoyment of the game will become. To me, the nicest thing about football is the chrysanthemum I occasionally get the opportunity to wear. To me, football means cold feet and blue noses. To you, who probably understand it, it means thrills and excitement. You will stand to cheer because of a well-made play. You won't even realize that your nose is cold. I will stand to cheer because everyone else does and it means a good chance to warm myself by a little movement.

You may not like horse racing. Perhaps you only see people sweltering at the races in the summer time. You may picture these people winning and losing and all because they are carried away by a vice called gambling. I love horse racing. I love it because I know the feel and the look and the smell of a horse.

It's all the same with language. Know it, and you'll be able to do things with it—and get places with it. Understand it, and it will become beautiful, exciting, a living interest.—ANITA BONDY



# The Green Pastures by Marc Connelly

EDWARD HOLMGREN

*Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1940-1941*

IN THE preface to *The Green Pastures* Connelly tells us that his adaptation of Roark Bradford's stories is an attempt to present the living religion of thousands of Negroes in the deep South. "With terrific spiritual hunger and the greatest humility, these untutored blacks—most of whom cannot even read the book which is the treasure house of their religion—have adapted the contents of the Bible to the consistencies of their everyday lives. Unburdened by the differences of more educated theologians, they accept the Old Testament as a chronicle of wonders which happened to people like themselves in vague but actual places. . . . In Heaven, if one has been born in a district where fish fries are popular, the angels do have magnificent fish fries through an eternity somewhat resembling a series of earthly holidays. The Lord Jehovah will be the promised comforter, a just but compassionate patriarch, the summation of all the virtues His follower has observed in the human beings about him. The Lord may look like the Reverend Mr. Dubois, as our Sunday School teacher speculates in the play, or he may resemble another believer's own grandfather. In any event, His face will be familiar to the one who has come for his reward."

In *Green Pastures*, Connelly has reverted to a very old dramatic type, for dramatized Biblical narratives go back as far as the medieval beginnings of the English drama, when such plays, presented by the craftsmen's guilds, were known as mystery plays. But *Green*

*Pastures* differs from its prototype in important particulars. The gross anachronisms of the medieval mystery were of no importance to the medieval audience, for historical inaccuracy went unnoticed. For that reason the mystery was accepted as a valid representation of the past, and everyone focused his interest upon character and story. Connelly, however, has consciously recreated the past in terms of a simple people who have no more historical sense than medieval authors. The theme is not so much the Biblical narrative, but rather the mental processes of the imagined dramatist, in this instance the Southern Negro. Thus our interest becomes twofold: in the story itself and in the terms of its telling.

The concept of a God who smokes ten-cent seegars and who must ask men their names may be remote from our own; but few people are able to spiritualize their God completely. And the God of Mr. Deshee is not at all remote from the God of Genesis, who went "walking in the garden in the cool of the day," who had to ask Adam, "Where art thou?", who made coats for Adam and Eve, who shut the door of the Ark after Noah, and who ate a dinner of veal with Abraham. It has long been said that man makes God in his own image, or better, in the image of the most noble man he can conceive. In such terms, the God of *Green Pastures*, who is a far nobler deity than the God of King David, is a credit to his creators. Even the language of *Green Pastures* is often closer in spirit to the language of the Bible than that

of most of our ecclesiastical writings. What is "Gangway for de Lawd God Jehovah" but an apt American paraphrase of "Prepare ye the way of the Lord"?

With a deep sense of these values

Connelly approaches his subject with reverence. True, he sometimes treats it with humor, but he also treats it with tenderness and pathos and with a sense of the dignity of man and his aspirations which is present in all great literature.

# Rhet as Writ

*(Material written in Rhetoric I and II)*

All in all, the selling of beer and the hearing of uncultural music is, in my opinion a step to delowerate the Illini Building. If this idea of beer and "juke box" exist in the tavern, the real meaning of the word "Tavern" will have its full meaning, not a fiction one like it has today.

. . . . .

I and four other fellows decided to go to the Gem theatre on State street and see the passing beauties of clothless women.

. . . . .

Mr. Richard Wyatt, a successful breeder of Hereford cattle, informed me that he gained most of his knowledge of animals merely by watching his grandfather in the show-ring.

Out in front were all kinds of photos of naked women either with their backs to us or laying on the ground. These photos, I believe, were just a come on to the people, as the pictures in front were pictures of beautiful women, not of the cronies that were inside.

. . . . .

The purpose of the author is to give a good histerical description of the time, place, and type of characters in the story.

. . . . .

Picking up a newspaper you hurriedly scan through the pages and immediately your attention is attracted to a bright colored picture of a semi-nude female. You pause for a moment, take in her features at a glance and move on.

## Honorable Mention

RICHARD BARNES—Will o' the Wisp  
GEORGE RAYMOND CLARK—Time of His Life  
EDWARD CORNO—Schubert and the Unfinished Symphony  
ROBERT COTE—Cryptography and War  
ROBERT DONOVAN—The Movies Move on  
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ROBERT LLOYD—The Aftermath  
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CORRINE MERSE—Intellectual Religion  
JOHN OSTREM—On Time  
HARLAN REUSCH—The Geological History of Northwestern Illinois  
M. M. RIEGER—Aureolus Theophrastus Paracelsus  
ERNEST RITTENHOUSE—The Development of the Combine  
LAURENCE ROBINSON—The Gourd Farm  
CHARLOTTE ROE—Prejudices Existing in Bases for Acceptance into  
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ROSEMARY SCHUBERT—Hi Ya, Norma!  
JANICE SILVERBERG—Rebirth of a Nation  
WILLIAM SKELTON—The Baton and the Score  
LOIS SLYDER—A Dispatch from Reilly's  
CAROLYN SLYDER—Mary Todd Lincoln  
FRANCES WHEELER—The Federal Theatre  
HELEN YATES—Station WSA calling U.S.S. Constitution  
BLOSSOM ZEIDMAN—Meet Mildred





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Illinois Collection

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A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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# Top Hat Grill

ANGELO ADAMS

*Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1940-1941*

“WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS A GOOD FIVE-CENT HAMBURGER.”

These are the words that sent the firm of Adams, Roehm, and Benson into a hamburger revolution that was designed to make Wimpy, Inc. tremble with fear; Berlin forget sauerkraut; London, tea and crumpets; Coney Island, hot dogs; and China, chop suey.

Here's how the beginning of this international movement took shape. The place: the rear of my mother's grocery store, which had a door opening on the street. The time: November 15, 1937. The capital: forty-eight dollars and eight cents. The material: some old second-hand lumber, a discarded grill, and four gallons of paint, all donated by my father.

With hammer, nails, and saw, we started working. Since the rear of the store was partitioned, we needed no extra walls. The counter was quickly erected—a product of hard work—not beautiful but serviceable. We shined the grill until our reflections were clearly visible in it. We purchased stools and screwed them into place.

Top Hat Grill No. I was the name we chose for this great enterprise. A top hat and a cane were to be the trade mark; the catch phrase, “Top hat quality—at straw hat prices.”

I was elected to do the painting. The walls were to be blue, the ceiling, cream, and the counter, black. Mr. Benson, the artist of the firm, was to make a six-by-eight foot sign for the outer wall, and numerous other signs for the interior. Mr. Roehm? He supervised.

In spite of Mr. Roehm, Top Hat Grill No. I was soon ready for its formal opening. Programs were printed and distributed. We arranged with an ice cream company for ice-cream bars, which were to be given to our customers. We borrowed tuxedos, rented top hats, gave the counter a hurried wiping, and swung open the doors for the expected onrush of customers.

On that wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten day, our fondest dreams seemed to be completely realized. The customers came. Mr. Roehm, decked out in top hat and tails, met them at the door and directed them to their seats. (Our establishment had a grand total of eight stools.) I was the grill man, and Mr. Benson had the doubtful honor of being the waiter and dish-washer. At the end of the day, our cash receipts totaled thirty-eight dollars and twenty cents, a figure far beyond our fondest hopes. That night we

stayed awake until daybreak planning Top Hat No. II. Poor, innocent, day-dreaming fools that we were!

On the second day, which, too, was destined to be never forgotten, our fondest dreams were considerably dampened. In the morning, with broad smiles on our faces, we opened the door. That evening, dour and disgusted, we slammed it shut. The total "take" for the day had reached the tremendous sum of four dollars and ten cents. "It seems we'll have to give away free ice-cream bars everyday to get any business," said Mr. Roehm, who had been reading magazines all day long.

In spite of our best efforts, business grew steadily worse. Our hamburgers were of the finest grade meat, and of very exceptional size. We advertised in the local paper. In despair, we dressed Mr. Benson in a tuxedo and top hat, placed a sandwich sign on him, and paraded him on the main street. Even this did not improve business conditions. Why? What was the matter?

As usual, when in trouble, I went to Dad for help. "My boy," he said, "the only help I can give you is some advice. The reason people are not patronizing your place is that they are afraid you are too young for such a great responsibility. People are funny that way. They will risk anything else, but they never take chances with their stomachs. I'm advising you to close the store and never open it again."

That night there was a board of directors' meeting. After considerable subtracting and very little adding, the board came to the conclusion that the firm was in debt twenty-two dollars and twelve cents. "I move that we borrow the money from Mr. Adams, Senior, pay our bills, and go out of business," said Mr. Roehm. This motion was seconded by Mr. Benson, and made unanimous by me.

"What this country needs is a good five-cent hamburger!" Maybe. But the firm of Adams, Roehm, and Benson was determined that night to allow somebody else the distinction of introducing it.

. . . .

Shortly after the disastrous failure of Top Hat No. I, the directors of the firm of Adams, Roehm, and Benson met again. Mr. Benson grunted, rose, hooked one thumb in his vest pocket, and pounded the table to attract attention. "Brace up, gentlemen! We're not going to die! Of course Top Hat No. I is all washed up, but that does not mean that the firm of Adams, Roehm, and Benson has to follow suit. I know that it is going to be a tough job to start from the bottom again, but we can do it—we still have our health, our brains, and our youth. Come on, let's cheer up. Let's start our brain cells working. There must be some way to make our pile."

From that moment on, of course, our nimble minds would never rest

until we made that "pile," and we were constantly planning ways and means of achieving success. Our first project consisted of a new method of selling advertising matches, but we gave this up because it was "impracticable." Then came a series of "practicable" and "infallible" money-makers, including plans for a restaurant protective agency and the invention of a new type of mousetrap. Then, finally, a scheme to end all schemes. With our bare faces hanging out where everybody could see them, we actually made plans to collect one million dollars for the assassination of Adolf Hitler!

Unfortunately the scheme got out of hand. Parental authority was shocked; and it expressed itself, stormily and certainly, through most of an evening.

That put an end to our day-dreaming. The next morning we met in front of the school doors (Lake View High, Chicago). I looked at Benny (he no longer carried his thumb in his vest pocket); he looked at me; and Bud (Mr. Roehm) looked at a passing girl. Benny grinned; I laughed. Bud became hysterical.

"Silly, wasn't it?"

"Yeh, it sure was."

"Oh, well, put all our ideas together, and I betcha it was the only one that would have benefited humanity."

After this little episode, Benny, Bud, and Angelo settled down and led the dull but safe lives of average uninspired high school students. Time passed quickly, and by grace of long service and sympathetic teachers, we were finally handed our diplomas. Benny won a scholarship at the Art Institute; Bud decided to become a politician; and I, in spite of my father's objections, decided to work for a year before I went to college.

Nothing exciting or eventful happened to any of us during the next six or seven months. Let me proceed at once to the story of *that* day—January 17, 1940. I had just come home from work and had settled down in the easy chair to relax, when Bud burst into the house. He was so excited he almost choked to death trying to talk before he caught his breath. I should have known. I should have caught him by the seat of his pants and thrown him out of the house. Every time he gets excited, I get into trouble. "Ang . . . Ang . . . I've got . . . wonderful news . . . wonderful! You know that store next to L.V.? Well, it's for rent. Isn't that great?"

I will never admit that I am stupid, but I'll be darned if I could get it. "Now take it easy, Buddy Boy," I said, "and try to calm yourself. I've always known that you're a little nuts, but I never figured that I'd live to see the day that you'd chuckle over other people's misfortunes. Now, what the heck is so wonderful? Are you happy because poor old Pop Jones lost his store—his livelihood?"

"Ang, me boy, some day you'll be sorry for those insulting words. Here



I am opportunity itself, knocking on your door, and what do you do? You try to chase me away. I will not be daunted. I am determined to make you a millionaire."

"Buddy," I said, "you're drunk! If you're not, get out of here before I murder you! I remember one other time you acted like this, and that time we wound up with Top Hat. That is not going to happen to me again. Now, go on home and sleep it off!"

But there was no stopping him. "That was just kid stuff," he protested. "This time I really have a good idea. Listen, the rent on that store is only forty bucks a month, and you can get a five-year lease. It's a chance in a million—you'll never get another like it in a million years. Come on, grab a couple of bucks, and let's rush over there and give them a deposit before someone beats us to it. Hurry!"

"Whoa, boy! Take it easy, son. Let me get this straight. Are you suggesting that we go back into the hamburger business?"

Am I suggesting that we go back into the hamburger business! What in the name of heaven do you think I've been raving about for the last ten minutes? Wake up, boy. Opportunity knocks but once, and she is breaking your door down today. Don't pass up this chance. You'll never have another like it."

I should have thrown him out. I didn't. "Okay, okay! Supposing that I do want to do it—just supposing, mind you, because I very definitely do not—where do you think I'm going to get the money for it? You can't open up a place like that with forty-eight dollars and eight cents. It would cost at least fifteen hundred dollars. Do you think I print my own money?"

"That's the least of our worries—you can borrow from your Dad."

"Listen, pig head, the only money my Dad has is my college money. My folks have been saving for years to get that together, and if you think for one moment that I'm going to . . ."

"College? What do you want to go to college for? You take that money, and in a month we'll have Top Hat No. II open for business. And that'll only be the start. In another four months we'll be ready for Top Hat No. III. Two more months and No. IV will be open. Then, well, we can start opening them two at a time. In no time at all, we'll have . . ."

"SHUT UP!"

". . . dozens . . . hundreds of them. Just think, Ang! Just think! We'll be standing there looking up at a huge neon sign, and you'll throw out your chest and proudly read it out loud—TOP HAT GRILL NO. 1000. You sure will be one proud and happy man. Why . . . Why, I'll bet that the . . ."

"SHUT UP! It isn't going to do you any good. I'm not going to do it."

". . . President of the United States will be there to push the button that opens the door. And wouldn't that be something?"

"NO! NO! NO! NO! I will not do it!"

The door banged open, and Benny rushed in. "Hey, Ang, have you heard the news? You know that place next door to . . . ."

I threw a book at him. "NO! NO! NO! NO! I will not do it!"

. . . .

"You done it, Ang. You done it! I knew you wouldn't fail us."

The time: the night before the opening. The place: inside Top Hat No. II. The characters: President Angelo Adams, Honorary Presidents Roehm and Benson, and the financial backer—my Dad.

DAD. Well, son, you know how I feel about this, but it's too late now to do anything about it, so we might as well forget it.

PRESIDENT ADAMS. I know that you and Mother were planning a college education for me, Dad, and I'm sorry I've disappointed you. I just feel that I'm doing the right thing by not going. Don't worry about me. I'll really make this place pay big dividends.

PRESIDENT ROEHM. Sure, Mr. Adams, don't worry about a thing. In no time at all, we'll be riding around in Dusenbergs.

DAD (*laughs*). Oh, I'm not worried. I know that you'll make good—perhaps that is what bothers me. If you failed, then, perhaps, Angelo might . . . . (*sighs*). Oh well, I'll tell you what, son. I'll not mention school to you again for six months. That will give you plenty of time to think it over. At the end of that period, I'll ask you once more. Which ever way you decide, I'll not bring up the subject again. Okay?

PRESIDENT ADAMS. That's okay with me, Dad.

DAD. That's fine! Well, son, I want to wish you the best of luck, and may Top Hat No. II prove to be a gold mine.

. . . .

A gold mine? Well, not exactly, but it did prove to be the best thing I had ever found. Since I was an alumnus of the high school, the teachers were glad to help me in every way possible. Most of them ate their lunches in Top Hat No. II, and all of them were nice enough to recommend me to their students. Many of my former classmates were enrolled in the night school, so that I enjoyed a very good evening trade. To all this, we must add the natural advantages effected by the location, near the intersection of two busy streets. We were open twenty-four hours a day, and we were kept going practically continuously.

Business was good, and the money kept rolling into the cash register in a steady stream. I was the sole owner of a beautiful and prosperous store. I was no longer treated as if I were a child; I was at least a real honest-to-goodness business man. I had everything I had ever hoped for, and I

should have been a very happy and contented young man. I was—for a couple of months.

Then things started happening. First of all, I had a physical breakdown; then I lost my girl friend; then my best friend became my worst enemy; then—then—then I finally gave up.

As I've said before, we were open twenty-four hours a day, and naturally someone had to be there at all times, and I was it. I could afford only one helper, Mr. Roehm. He started at six p. m. and stayed until three a. m. At three I relieved him of his duties and took over the "dawn patrol." I worked the clock half-way around once, and then, usually, worked until the night-school rush was over at eight p. m.—seventeen hours a day. Is it any wonder that, three months later, I was forced to take a week's vacation in the hospital?

This would have been enough to teach anybody else a lesson, but it did not teach me. The day I was released from the hospital, I went back to work the full seventeen hours. Another three months and many more "things" were to pass before the unconquerable spirit of A. Adams was to be finally and completely downed. The months passed slowly, but the "things" happened one right after another.

In my freshman year, I had met my one-and-only, and for four years we had been going steady. But after a couple of months of Top Hat No. 11, she started dating other fellows. This was all done, of course, with the blessing of big-hearted me. "Sure, honey," I agreed, "go out and have a good time. I'm too busy right now to take you out, but as soon as I get things straightened out, and I have a little more free time—" Well, that was the end of a beautiful romance. ". . . and I've come to the conclusion that all you think of is your darling Top Hat. I refuse to play second fiddle to a hamburger joint. Anyway, I have met somebody else. He is going to college and is going to be an engineer; at least he will never be a fat, dull, greasy restaurant owner, as you will probably turn out to be, and . . ."

More was to come—lots more. One afternoon, Steve, one of my best "friends," relieved me for a couple of hours so that I could go home. I hadn't gone five blocks before I realized that I had forgotten something. I turned around and went back. I rushed in the door. "Hyah, Steve, I . . . ?" The cash drawer was wide open: Steve was shoving money into his pocket, and there were five torn sales slips lying on the counter. I invited him to take a short walk out to the alley, and—well, that was the end of a long friendship.

This was a lot to happen to one man in just six short months, but I think I could have weathered even those terrible calamities, if it hadn't been for the picture. On the opening day, Benny had presented me with a drawing. It was entitled "Angelo Adams in 1950." I was standing at the back



of a hamburger grill, frying hamburgers. On the wall there was a sign, "TOP HAT GRILL NO. 1000." I was dressed in a white shirt, and I had a white apron tied around my waist—a waist of about sixty inches. Wow! There I was, a short, stumpy figure, bulging all the way around. And the face—that was the masterpiece! A big red nose. Under it a great big handlebar mustache, drooping over a huge cigar stuck in the side of a big-lipped mouth. Underneath all this, six chins rolled gently towards the shirt collar.

When he gave me the picture, I thought it was very clever, and I hung it up on the wall. It was not until much later that the drawing began to bother me—not, in fact, until the night that I got that last letter from my girl friend. "A fat, dull, greasy restaurant owner," she said; and that night I looked at the drawing, and I did not laugh this time. Would I actually look like that in ten years? I walked over to the scale and weighed myself. I had gained eleven pounds in two months.

From that moment on, I became worse than a chorus girl. I weighed myself every two minutes, and I started dieting. No use—the pounds kept piling on. I would sit and stare at that damned picture, and then stare into a mirror. I let my hand slide down to my stomach—it was growing bigger and bigger. I fingered my chin—it was no longer one chin—the second had sprouted. "Just four more to go," I thought. "Dear God, isn't there anything I can do to save myself?"

As usual, it was Dad who saved me. As usual, again, he came walking in when I needed him the most. I treated him and his companion to coffee and doughnuts. Dad rose from his seat and motioned me to follow him into the back room. "Well, son, the six months are up, and as I promised I'm going to ask you once more to go to college. How about it?"

"How about it? My God, Dad, there is nothing I would rather do. But what am I going to do with this place?"

He smiled happily. "Are you sure that you really want to go to college?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"Good! That man that came with me is interested in buying this place." He slapped me on the back. "Okay, Mr. Business Man, go out there and jack up his price. Good luck, son!"

I kissed him—hard, and I am not ashamed of myself!

. . . . .

The other night, I had a dream. Mr. Harding—owner of the Harding restaurants—came to my room and offered to sell to me all of his restaurants for one dollar. I picked him up and threw him out of the window. "NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! I will not do it!"

# Two Three O'clocks on Monday

SHELDON LEAVITT

*Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1940-1941*

I DREAD THE BEGINNING OF EACH NEW SEMESTER. I don't mind the school work that lies in store for me; it is the process of enrollment that gets me down. Oh, things go smoothly enough if one has a regular program, and is among the first to register; but not every one can have a regular program, and every one can't be among the first to register. That is where I come in. I'm one of those misfits who went to a junior college for a while and came here with all sorts of odd credits and peculiar deficiencies. I'm legally in the freshman class, yet most of my courses are sophomore; the registrar wrote "junior" on my transcript. When registration comes around each semester, I'm in a sorry mess. Invariably, I have conflicts in my program. And anyone who has been to the dean's office to thrash such things out can understand what I mean when I say that enrollment gets me down.

Last semester I must have waited in the dean's office for five hours on the first day of registration, and I didn't even get to see his secretary. When I complained about it to the fellow waiting next to me, he said I was lucky even to get in the office.

"But I have two three o'clocks on Monday," I insisted. "I must see him." The fellow placidly took a sandwich out of his lunchbox. "That's nothing," he said. "I have enrolled in C. E. 60 on Tuesdays."

"Well?" I replied.

"There is no C. E. 60 on Tuesdays," he remarked, simply, and bit away half of a chicken salad sandwich. I gave up hope of seeing the dean that day, and headed for the door. The room was so filled with students that I took three steps before I even touched the floor.

The next morning I fared no better. The office was again stuffed beyond capacity—a full hour before the dean arrived. When he came, he was forced to enter by a side door as movie celebrities do in order to avoid their over-amorous fans. I, coming at eight o'clock, couldn't get near the place. Two semesters ago, the crowds continued for a week, but last semester the attendance dropped to a believable figure in just three days.

When I came on Thursday only a few dozen students were waiting. Some of them were seated on one long bench near the door; the rest stood in various awkward positions in a sort of line which began where the bench left off. I took my place at the end of that line. Every few minutes some happy individual would walk briskly out of the adjoining private office; the first in line would then take his place. Then the entire row of seated stu-

dents would rise, shift one unit to the left, then resume their sitting. The first person in the standing line then occupied the seat left vacant at the end of the bench. An hour of this process found me among the privileged sedentary. Eleven shifts later I entered the sacred inner office.

I presented my conflicting program to the fatigued man behind the desk. He gave me half a dozen papers to fill out, then handed me a little blue card and directed me to one of his assistants. This gentleman took the six papers I had completed, filled in the little blue card with undecipherable markings, and bade me sign four canary-yellow cards, six emerald-green cards with purple diagonal stripes, three navy-blue cards with beige polka dots, and three beige cards with navy-blue polka dots. Then he gave me a salmon-colored card and told me to take it to the next booth. When I handed that card to the registration clerk there, she gave me an attractive two-tone maroon and chartreuse card in return. My program change was now completed, she told me; the maroon and chartreuse card was my receipt. "Next!"

Stuffing the card into my shirt pocket, I waded back through the outer office. My face wore a broad smile of relief. The entire row of seated students arose, shifted one unit to the left, and then resumed their sitting. As I walked home I shuddered to think that this same thing would happen next time—the same waiting, the same writing, the same walking. You can complain about your lectures, about your examinations; but I'd rather attend dozens of the driest lectures, or take hundreds of the toughest examinations, than go through one day of registration.

## Geology One

For the first week I managed to comprehend a good portion of what the professor said about minerals. If he had discussed only minerals the rest of the semester I should have been greatly pleased. They were nice minerals. I began to feel an affection towards them. And there were so few to identify. But evidently the professor wasn't on such friendly terms with them as I was, for, without so much as a word of farewell, he suddenly took leave of minerals, and I found myself lost in a maze of igneous and sedimentary rocks, consequent and subsequent streams, glaciers, landslides, and other equally distasteful elements.

—MARILYN ROSENTHAL

## A Knack for It

The old barber was proud of the way he removed the large apron that was supposed to keep hair off my clothes and out of my neck. He would step to the right side of the chair, cross his left arm under my chin, and give the cloth a wide swing and a sharp snap, which always awoke the dog and two or three loafers. "Say, I've got that down pat, ain't I?" he would ask. "Sure have," agreed the loafers, for the sixteenth time that day.—WILSON HALL



# Raising the Genevieve

ROGER BULLARD

*Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1940-1941*

PRESSURE POUNDED ON MY EARDRUMS AND AN ICY current of water swirled suddenly about my legs as I sank ankle-deep into the soft mud of the lake bottom. The homemade diving helmet, resting securely upon my shoulders, was now very light in comparison to its weight on the surface. The monotonous and steady "whuff, whuff" of the compressed air entering the helmet reminded me of the small two-cylinder hand pump and of my friends twenty feet above me on the surface. Darkness enveloped me; I thought of the dazzling brilliance of the June sun shining on the smooth water above—of the world that I had departed from only a few minutes before. It was my first experience in diving, and I didn't know whether to enjoy it or not.

To say that diving, especially in a homemade helmet, is an uncommon thrill is to put it mildly indeed. The diver is completely alone—there is no means of communication with other persons except the thin signal cord tied to his wrist. The water of a lake bottom is usually so dark and muddy that it is impossible for the diver to see more than six inches in front of his small glass window. Currents of cold water curl sinuously around his legs. Rocks and sunken logs trip him and bark his shins. And always there is the diver's dire fear that his air supply will fail. Iron nerves and a certain amount of bravery are certainly needed before one can make his first dive.

It was in the summer of 1939 that our little party of four rowed out to the middle of Lake Springfield and began practice. Lake Springfield, a body of water about twelve miles long and two miles wide, had the summer before been the scene of a catastrophe. The *Genevieve*, a flashy motor boat belonging to a friend of mine, had struck a floating log and sunk, a jagged hole yawning from the underside of the bow. Jim, the owner of the boat, and George and Rupe and I began immediately to plan for her recovery. We first determined the depth of the water by dropping a rope over the side of the rowboat. We found it to be twenty feet deep—too deep for ordinary diving. After plotting the exact scene of the wreck by trees and cottages on the shore, we began plans for building a diving helmet.

Having obtained several diving manuals from the library, we soon decided upon a pattern for our helmet and began construction in George's basement. The helmet was simple in appearance but required much hard and tedious work to make. It consisted mainly of the end section of an old twelve-inch boiler, with two inverted U's cut in the open side and padded in order to fit over the shoulders of the wearer. A hole about three by six

inches was cut in the front of the helmet, and an extra-thick piece of windshield glass was soldered into place there. Next a small hole was bored in the top, and an ordinary straight garden hose faucet, complete with valve, was welded securely into place. Lastly, two twenty-five pound weights from an exercising bar were bolted to each side of the helmet, to give it weight. When finished, the helmet weighed one hundred and fifty pounds, enough to keep any man on the bottom.

We were at last ready to go after the *Genevieve*. It was difficult for us to wait the necessary few months until summer, so anxious were we to inaugurate our new creation. When at last the water was warm enough to permit swimming, we loaded our helmet, complete with fifty feet of garden hose and an over-sized tire pump, into a rowboat and proceeded to the spot that we had determined to be directly over the wreck. We anchored our two rowboats securely by lowering two large cement anchors over the sides of the boats. By tying the sterns of the boats together, we formed a reasonably secure diving platform, one boat containing the pump and pumper, and the other the remaining "crew," who were to lower and raise the diver. We tossed a coin to see who would go down first. I won.

Clad in swimming trunks and a pair of gym shoes, I entered the water and received the helmet upon my shoulders. Holding the sides of the helmet so that I would not drop out of it before reaching the bottom, I was lowered to a depth of five feet in order to see that the helmet and valves were functioning properly. The water rose to my armpits and stopped, as the pressure of the air in my helmet equalized the pressure of the water. There I dangled, with my feet treading aimlessly and the air bubbling lazily from under my armpits. The water at that depth was a murky yellow, and by tipping my head back I could faintly discern the outline of the two boats, like black clouds against an overcast sky. Realizing that I was all right, I gave two jerks on my signal cord; immediately I felt myself being lowered. After what seemed an eternity, my feet sunk into the mud and I fell to my knees. I was on the bottom at last! I jerked my cord three times, meaning that I was O.K. and on the bottom. The pressure here was much greater, and the water had risen in the helmet to my neck. The helmet was functioning properly, though, so I began looking, or rather feeling, for the *Genevieve*. Slightly bewildered by the strangeness of the environment, I began walking in a small circle, which was gradually supposed to become wider until I found the boat. Soon I was brought to a sudden halt by a pull on my helmet, and I realized that I had used up all my hose. One's conception of direction in utter darkness is very confused, and I had walked in a straight line and not in a circle as I had planned. I therefore altered my direction and began a sweeping arc—but no *Genevieve*. It seemed as if I had been down but a minute or two when I received four quick jerks on my cord, and felt myself being lifted from the bottom of the lake. We had

decided that each one of us would stay down only fifteen minutes, thus to avoid any possible ill effects from the pressure. My time was up, and I was being pulled to the surface. My first venture in diving was ending too soon.

During that day three of us—George, Jim, and I—made two dives each before we finally found the *Genevieve*. It had been washed fifty feet away by an underwater current. Rupe, who had a weak heart and felt that he shouldn't dive, stayed above and manned the pump.

Early the next morning we again took up our position and began work. As it was my turn to go down, I jumped into the water, and after the helmet had been lowered onto my shoulders, I slid down the guide rope which Jim had fastened to the wreck the day before. Fastened to my belt was a chain which I was to attach to the bow of the *Genevieve*. I had become accustomed to diving now and had overcome some of the awkwardness of my first dive. It was only a matter of minutes before I had found the mooring ring on the bow of the boat and snapped the chain into place. Four pulls on the signal cord and I was on my way up.

George went down next to fasten a chain to the stern. Up above, we were watching George's exhaust bubbles lazily breaking the surface of the placid water. Suddenly they stopped, and then suddenly they erupted—in one huge bubble! All was still. We knew that only one thing could have happened—the air had left George's helmet! Anxiously we looked for signs of him. Seconds later two frantically waving hands broke the surface, and up came George, looking as if he had seen a ghost. We pulled him aboard and learned, between his gasps for breath, that he had leaned over too far in attaching the chain and his helmet had fallen off. Aside from a severe headache for a few hours, George suffered no ill effects. Needless to say he didn't dive again for the rest of that day.

During its year's rest on the bottom of the lake, the *Genevieve* had become almost completely covered with mud and silt. Our next job, therefore, was to dig the boat out. Armed with a spade, we took turns shoveling away the loose mud. This proved to be a very slow and tiring task, for working under pressure and in water slows one considerably. But finally after a day and a half of hard digging, we succeeded in making the boat ready for raising. The *Genevieve* was at last ready to be pulled ashore.

After a day of rain and bad weather had delayed us, we again assumed our positions, and by tugging and pulling on the chains, finally raised the *Genevieve* to approximately half the distance from the bottom. One boat following the other, we rowed toward shore. About fifty feet from land the *Genevieve* touched the bottom, and we again pulled on the chains until we could make out the shape of the wreck about four feet beneath the surface. From here it was a simple task. We dragged the boat ashore, loaded it onto a truck, and took it home.

Our job was done. We were a world richer in experience.



# Is It Constitutional?

JOHN M. HUNTER

*Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1940-1941*

IN 1935, THIS COUNTRY WITNESSED A GREAT BATTLE between the Supreme Court and the Chief Executive, President Roosevelt. The Court, dubbed "the nine old men" by administration sympathizers, declared eight major acts "unconstitutional" and upheld only two. Whenever the President affixed his signature to an important bill, people asked: "Is it constitutional?" Today, now that the Court is "packed," we hear little talk of constitutionality. Although it is not now a matter of immediate importance as it was then, the expansion of the term *constitutional* is of considerable interest.

Let me offer a word of warning. Far be it from me to be able to explain this term fully. Students of politics have written volumes in attempts to do so. At best, I can offer only a few suggestions about the bases of constitutional interpretation.

There is one school of thought, however small it may be, that advocates the determination of *constitutionality* according to the thoughts that guided the framers of the Constitution. That is, they feel that we should decide such matters by determining how Washington, Madison, Jefferson, and Hamilton would have reacted. Such a method is pure folly. Who among us, for example, is qualified to say what George Washington would have thought about social security legislation? Furthermore, which one of these men would we use as the basis for our decision? Thomas Jefferson said: "That government is best that governs least"; Alexander Hamilton was a strict federalist, advocating a strong central government. Obviously, these two men would not agree on the solutions of our problems today any more than they agreed in 1800. Thus, it becomes apparent that we must find another standard or standards for determining constitutionality.

One of these standards, until very recent years, was the exception rather than the rule. The American system is notorious for expanding the limits of constitutionality in times of emergency. For example, under the clause, "The President shall be Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States,"<sup>1</sup> Abraham Lincoln assumed powers that far exceeded any previous executive's powers. He asserted that because the nation was at war, as Commander-in-Chief he had the power to enforce any law which aided the prosecution of the war. During our participation

<sup>1</sup>Article II, Section 2.

in the World War I, the people of the United States lived in a virtual dictatorship under the same clause. In 1933, shortly after his inauguration, President Roosevelt declared a national bank holiday. He probably would have had difficulty pointing to a specific clause in the Constitution granting him the power for such an act, but it was accepted by the people and the courts as an emergency measure. Perhaps the reason for the antagonism of the Court in 1935 was its fear that the "emergency" legislation would become permanent.

Besides the compulsion of emergency, there are two definite clauses under which constitutionality has grown rapidly. The first of these is the so-called "elastic clause": "Congress shall have the power . . . to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into Execution the foregoing Powers, and all other Powers vested by this Constitution in the Government of the United States, or in any Officer or Department thereof."<sup>2</sup> Early in the history of constitutional law in this country the Supreme Court interpreted "necessary and proper" in a liberal sense. "Let the end be legitimate, let it be within the scope of the Constitution, and all means which are appropriate which are clearly adapted to that end, which are not prohibited but consist with the letter and spirit of the Constitution, are constitutional."<sup>3</sup> Thus we see that by this interpretation, the federal government may assume a broad legislative program and still be within the limits of constitutionality.

The clause which gives the Congress power "to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several states . . ."<sup>4</sup> is another source of great potential power. The clause has been, simple as it may seem, the center of considerable controversy. Several years ago Congress passed a law forbidding the use of child labor in producing goods to be shipped across state lines. The true motive, of course, was to regulate child labor, not interstate commerce. The Supreme Court, however, declared the act unconstitutional on the grounds that its real purpose was the prohibition of child labor, a usurpation of the states' police powers. At the same time, the Mann Act (the white slave act) and the Lindbergh law were not molested by the courts. By using this clause as a basis, Congress has been able to expand its sphere of authority a great deal.

A prominent lecturer in economics begins the first lecture of his course with the statement: "I hope you will be less sure of the solutions to our economic problems when you have finished this course than you are right now." I hope, too, that the reader will be less sure what constitutionality means when he has read this. *Constitutionality* is not a simple term, but a combination of circumstance, document, tradition, and opinion.

<sup>2</sup>Article I, Section 8, Clause 18.

<sup>3</sup>Chief Justice John Marshall, majority opinion, *MARBURY v. MARYLAND*.

<sup>4</sup>Article I, Section 8, Clause 3.

# Eddy May

RICHARD SHOTLIFF

*Rhetoric I, Theme 15, 1940-1941*

“**C**'MON, EDDY!” THE CHEERING OF THE CROWD which was packed into Beloit College's little old Smith Gymnasium grew louder and louder. I thought that at any moment the balcony rail might give way under the pressure of those seeking a better view; but no one seemed to notice this—all eyes were fastened on Eddy May, Beloit's flashy sophomore, who was putting on a one-man stall.

Eddy is a colored boy who twice made the Wisconsin all-state quintet while playing at Beloit high school. He starred not only in basketball, but also in football and in track, where his mark in the one hundred yard dash still stands as a Big Eight Conference record. In his high school basketball he stood out as a good “floor-general,” a rugged guard on defense, and, above all, a brilliant ball-handler and “feeder” on offense.

As a freshman at Beloit College, May was a member of both the football and basketball teams, but a pulled leg muscle kept him from competing in track. He was expected, because of his high school record and because of his part in freshman sports, to be a valuable man in varsity athletics. Football season came, and Eddy was no disappointment. Perhaps the climax of his season came when he scored the touchdown which beat the University of Chicago. This defeat was one of those which led the Maroons to give up football as an intercollegiate sport. As the curtain came down on the 1939 football season, Beloit's leading scorer was Eddy May.

The basketball season approached. With only one letterman having graduated, Beloit was naturally optimistic over the coming season, but many of the crowd which collected in the scant audience-space of the gym for the season's opener did not come to see the returning lettermen; they came to see how Eddy May would look against varsity competition. The team trotted out onto the floor. May stood out from the rest, not only because of his brown skin, but also because of his superior build.

He played a good, smooth game the first half, handling the ball well, keeping his man under control, and getting his share of defensive rebounds; but this was not what the crowd wanted. Soon after the second half started, Eddy cut loose his first flashy pass of the evening. After dribbling slowly across the court, beyond the free-throw circle, he stopped short suddenly and, without glancing in the direction of the basket, shot the ball with bullet-like speed to a teammate who scored on an easy “lay up” shot. This play brought the crowd to attention, and during the remainder of the game the crowd was entertained by several more flashy passes, always straight to their mark.



As the season progressed, Eddy gained confidence and quickly won a reputation as a "hocus-pocus" passer. He never looked at his target but seemed to rely on some sort of sixth sense to tell him where his teammate was and whether he was open. He began to pass the ball behind his back and to hook it over his shoulder. Thus, his opponents often had trouble not only in determining where the ball would go, but also in determining from where it would come. His flashiest play, however, was reserved for the "stall" near the end of the games in which Beloit held a slight lead. Then Eddy would dribble down in one corner, return to the back court, cross the court, go into the other corner, and back again, using his superior speed and clever dribbling to keep the ball from his opponents. Soon the entire team would be on his trail, leaving someone open under the basket. Eddy would spot this teammate, and Beloit would increase its lead by two points. Against a team of Big Ten calibre this stall would probably be broken up, but against the schools which Beloit played it was effective, and it always excited the spectators.

Eddy's biggest weakness was that he was not a scoring threat. An occasional long shot or free throw accounted for his total of points. This year Beloit feels the loss of many of its best players through graduation, and has had a hard time getting started. But there has been one bright spot in its games. Eddy May has discovered how to break loose under the basket, how to play a scoring game. If his scoring continues to improve, he will probably develop into the best basketball player in Beloit College history.

## Shooting an Oil Well

DAIL BUNCH

*Rhetoric I, Theme 9, 1940-1941*

IN THE AFTERNOON OF A DULL FEBRUARY DAY I STOOD with my uncle in the center of a level space of farm land in south-eastern Illinois. A heavy mist, hesitating on the line between fog and rain, subdued the landscape to a gray monotone, its only bright spot the ruddy flare of a natural-gas flame in a distant farm-yard. From a shadowy group of low buildings across a field the measured beat of a giant heart punctuated the stillness, its sound reproduced in diminished emphasis from points farther and farther away through the dusk. Here and there in the fields about the common center, some near, some distant, stood a company of strange beings, their curious outlines magnified into threatening mysteries by the fog. A hundred yards before us rose a tall mast, flanked by a small shanty, a wheeled boiler, and an engine with a simplified steambox walking

beam. At the foot of the mast four men stood idly about watching another who seemed engaged in mysterious rites. The center of their interest and of ours was a new oil well. The well had been sunk until the "pay sand" was reached, and the busy little man was completing his preparations to "shoot" it.

Oil occurs in the crevices of certain kinds of porous rock from three hundred to fifteen thousand feet below the surface. An oil well is a hole in the ground, a foot in diameter at the top, six inches at the bottom, tapping the rock containing the oil and affording an outlet through which the oil may flow, or, more usually, be pumped, to the surface. The well is drilled with a steel drill, measuring with its fittings thirty feet in length, and weighing from a ton to a ton and a half. This drill is continually lifted and dropped in the hole, the force of its impact pulverizing the rock into sand. At intervals the debris is removed by a sand pump, which is not a pump at all, but a tube with a valve at the bottom; it is lowered into the hole and drawn out, bringing the sand with it. When the oil rock is reached, sometimes the pressure is sufficient to bring the oil to the surface with a rush and keep it flowing indefinitely. Generally, however, the oil either does not flow at all or flows only in small quantity. In either case, the well is "shot." By the explosion of a charge of nitroglycerine at the bottom of the hole, the surrounding rock is broken up and the flow of the oil is stimulated.

The busy little man was the "shooter." He was engaged in lowering into the well two hundred quarts of "glycerine" contained in ten cylindrical shells. The premature explosion of only a small fraction of the thick yellow fluid which he was pouring so calmly into the shells would have sufficed to eliminate not only him but most of the surrounding apparatus. By mutual consent, then, my uncle and I viewed the proceedings from a remote point of vantage. My uncle had worked in the oil fields for twenty years; I took his word for what was a safe distance.

After a couple of hours of steady work the ten shells were safely in position and the well was filled for a couple of hundred feet above them with water to "tamp" the charge. The shooter, ready with his "jack squib"—a long slender shell supplied with a small charge of nitroglycerine, a fulminating cap, and a slow-burning fuse—lighted the fuse and started the squib on its downward course toward those two hundred quarts of explosive. Then even the shooter dropped his air of nonchalance. He joined us without delay. In a moment the heavy shock stirred the earth beneath us. There was a dull, muffled report. From the well, a jet of muddy fluid leaped a hundred feet in the air, was swept away by the wind, and fell in a scattered shower.

Rapidly the jet died down, and the drillers went to work lining the well with iron piping and connecting it to a receiving tank. In a few hours, if it proved in any degree a flowing well, oil from it would be accumulating,

and the well would have begun to pay for its drilling. In another day its pump would be installed and an iron rod would lead three or four hundred yards to the low buildings across the field, connecting the "jack" of the pump with the gas engine there. The beat of the engine strokes revealed the heart of the system of wells of which this was number twenty-one. If the well produced gas in addition to oil, it would be piped to the engine, and the well would be pumped by its own power.

## Crew-Cut—Phooey!

CHARLES B. McVEY

*Rhetoric II, Theme 13, 1940-1941*

Spring is here for sure,  
And the weather's gettin' hot.  
A fella should be happy,  
But jiminy—I'm not!

And how can I be blue  
When spring is in the air?  
The fault is simply this—  
My head of crew-cut hair.

A CREW-CUT (LET ME EXPLAIN TO THE UNEDUCATED) is nothing but an exaggerated haircut. It is not a complicated method of "hair do"—in fact, it is very simple. It is merely the result of getting too close to the barber.

I don't know why I got a crew-cut. I guess it must be that I always like to have whatever is new and different. If I buy a suit, I'm always sure to pick the one with stripes. If I buy underwear, it's got to be checkered. I'm just that way. But I went a step too far when I walked into that barber shop.

I can't blame the barber, though, because I told him to do it. I even had to persuade him. I thought the barber would be glad at a chance to close his eyes and whack away for fifty cents, but he wasn't at all. I dropped into the chair and said, "Give me a crew-cut."

"A what!" exclaimed the barber.

"A crew-cut!"

"Oh my! I wouldn't have it cut off if I were you. You'll regret it when it starts coming back in—stubborn as the dickens. Your hair is pretty too."

My girl too had always told me that my hair was pretty. But no, I had made up my mind.

I walked out of the shop with a light head and entered into an adjacent store to buy a candy bar.



"Hello, sonny. What can I do for you?" the clerk said.

That rubbed my dandruff the wrong way. I thought that when I came to college I had become a man.

I hurried out of the store and down the street in an attempt to make my math class on time. As I entered the door, one of the "bright boys" yelled out, "Well, will you look what we've got here! Hello, Curly." That was only the beginning.

It happened that we were discussing symmetric figures that day, and the instructor said in explanation, "Your own body is ordinarily an example of symmetry, with the exception of the hair."

"But McVey is perfectly symmetric!" my classmates said in unison.

"Well, I'm talking about the average individual, not McVey."

"Anyway," I thought, consoling myself, "I can brag about one thing—I'm symmetric with respect to the y-axis."

I pulled through my classes in fairly good shape, but the worst was yet to come. I made a terrible mistake—I went home over the week-end. No, my parents didn't mind, but the certain girl I went to call on certainly did. When I had written to her that I was coming, I somehow "forgot" to mention my crew-cut. I almost never wear a hat, but when I went to call on her this time, I decided I should wear one. A fellow in college ought to look dignified once in a while.

Everything went well when she met me at the door. I won't repeat the conversation because it's rather sentimental, and to most people a matter of no importance. Then we went inside.

"Take your hat off and stay a while, Honey," she said affectionately.

"Don't you like my hat?" I said.

"Yes, I like your hat, but if you won't take it off I guess I'll have to."

If I had had any hair, my hat would have risen of its own accord, but it remained firmly on my head until she grasped it.

I didn't wait—I stuffed my ears quickly. It came—and how it came! I won't repeat what she said then either. It wasn't sentimental at all.

After I came back to the campus, I received a letter. "I don't see why you got that haircut," she said. "I loved your hair, but now that it's gone—well—what's left?"

"I went to a show yesterday, and Barbara Stanwyck ran her hands through Henry Fonda's hair. How romantic to run my hands over a shaved head!"

I am like Samson—my strength is in my hair. I lose my hair; I lose my girl. So now I have two consolations. I am like Samson, and I am symmetric with respect to the y-axis.

Spring is here for sure,  
And the grass has surely ris'.  
I wish my hair would do the same;  
I hate it like it is.

# Eight Months on Oakley Boulevard

GEORGE COFFARO

*Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1940-1941*

WHEN WE FIRST MOVED TO OAKLEY BOULEVARD, WE were attracted by a large red and white billboard advertisement which called upon the people of the neighborhood to elect Tom Courtney "gang buster" for the city of Chicago. The Hoover administration was just drawing to a close, and though there was a great deal of excited speculation brewing with the coming of the presidential election, the people of our neighborhood seemed to be just as much concerned with the election of the man who pledged himself to rid Chicago of crime.

In the course of time, we have learned that Oakley is not a boulevard at all. The sense of exclusiveness we generally associate with a boulevard is as insignificant to the underfed relievers who live here as Emily Post's *Blue Book of Social Usage* is to a Chicago Surface Lines streetcar conductor.

From where we live, I can scarcely hear the chimes of St. Charles, whose steeple casts a shadow, like the spire of a sun dial in the course of a day, over the expanse of the region about it. The majority of the houses in the neighborhood are of red brick, and few lack the black iron picket fences which are so typical of many neighborhoods in Chicago. Wide concrete steps lead up to the second floor or descend to the cellar, which is the first floor. Cellars mean homes to a great number of people on Oakley Boulevard. Furnished according to pattern, they are typically provided with a coal stove, a table, three or four repaired chairs, a shellacked cupboard, a bed, faded drapes here and there to partition the space into three rooms, and some worn curtains to cover the windows. Few rays of sunlight trickle into the bedimmed rooms.

The majority of the people have flower boxes outside their windows, and many of them plant flowers in the little patches of dirt in front of their houses. They get the seeds from their congressman, free. They are not too fussy about where they plant their flowers, or how many, or what kind; as a result, the most original, if peculiar, designs are created when the flowers bloom.

Almost everybody in the neighborhood has a nickname: "Doto," "Roro," "Sugie," "Jan," "Bloody Mike," and "Fat Mary." I have one too, "Punk." Roro and a younger brother are the two stepchildren of Fat Mary. The boy, Frankie, is frail and in some respects quite feminine, perhaps because he is made to do much of the housework. Roro does not live at home because she objects to her stepmother's living with a man to whom she is not married.

Bloody Mike is Frankie's grandfather. We called him Bloody Mike

because the word "bloody" seemed to be his favorite adjective. He speaks of the "bloody" gasman, the "bloody" dog, the "bloody" president and the "bloody" priest.

Jan lives next door with her brothers, Doto and Sugie. Roro lives here too, and sleeps with Jan. She is like a member of the family. Sometimes she irons clothes for people or minds their babies. She gets paid for this, of course, and brings the money home to Jan's father. Jan does not work, but occasionally she brings money home too. Nobody asks questions because the family needs the money, and Jan gets very stormy when any one asks questions.

And Doto brings money home. When I was first told that he was a mechanic, I did not suspect. Indeed, not until I actually saw him drain the gasoline out of a yellow touring car did I realize that technically Doto is not a mechanic, but a car stripper. He was seventeen, but he kept company with a girl four years his senior. Her name was Harriet, and she was very masculine.

I often invite him to attend a movie with me, but he seems reluctant to accept, perhaps because he feels he is not able to reciprocate. Doto has less contempt for me, I think, than for the rest of humanity. I first realized this when he returned some small change which he had taken from me without my knowing it. I knew that it was his policy never to return anything he had taken, and the fact that he had made an exception with me surprised me no little.

When Jan graduated from high school, we were all proud of her because, besides the lawyer, she was the only one in the neighborhood who had accomplished this. She was filled with high hopes of obtaining a job, but she could never find one. She wanted very much to aid the family. But now people say things about her. They say that she neglects the housework and her brothers, and that she spends most of her time away from the house. Jan is the kind of girl who likes to read the better writers and the better magazines. She seems to dislike men in general, but she is occasionally seen with them. When she is alone she is quiet and meditative. She has high ideals; yet people talk about her.

We are taking leave of Oakley Boulevard tomorrow. We are moving to Karlov Avenue, a quieter and roomier residential district. There is a lawn in front of each house—and trees and shrubs and tulips. People mow their lawns, and here and there sprinklers turn, whisking out clear pellets of dew. Parks and swimming pools are within walking distance. The sun shines, and the air is clear. Squad cars are rarely seen.

I like Oakley. I suppose our neighbors will hate to see us leave, but I am certain that none of them envies us. They know no other life than that on Oakley Boulevard, and perhaps no other people could live here and be as satisfied as they. Each man to his environment then, and let us not be concerned with cellars, and crowded alleys, and relief bills, and prostitution, and



car stripping. Tom Courtney will do away with crime. If this is the era when one man can accomplish so great a feat, we shall see the abolishment of class hatred, racial prejudice, class distinction: we shall see the abolishment of crime, the dissolution of Oakley Boulevard.

## Saturday Night

GENE VOORHEES

*Rhetoric I, Theme 9, 1940-1941*

IT IS LATE SATURDAY AFTERNOON. I HAVE JUST FINISHED doing the evening chores, but it isn't dark yet. The twelve cows have been milked and turned out to pasture for the night, and the hogs have had their nightly five bushels of corn. The chickens have been given their generous rations, and consumed them, and gone to bed. I have just finished pumping the stock-tank full of water. The routine is completed.

Saturday afternoon always means doing the chores about an hour earlier. It means that I can take a bath in the washtub in the washhouse. A bath indicates that I'm probably going somewhere, and going somewhere on Saturday evening always means going to town.

Immediately after supper, I am allowed to give the Model-A Ford a checking over. The water has nearly all drained out of the radiator, and occasionally a tire is flat. After all, much can happen to the old car during the seven days that it has remained in the lean-to shed.

With the dishes done and the grocery list removed from its usual place on the nail at one side of the kitchen cabinet, every one puts on his clean clothes, and we start to town in the Model-A. Pop and Mom sit in the front, and I sit alone behind them. Even though alone in the back seat, I am crowded and uncomfortable there, for taking up the largest portion of the seat is a crate of eggs, which must be guarded against excessive bumping. On the floor are two five-gallon cans of pure cream and a large blue crock of home-made butter.

Our first stop is at Aunt Julia's house on the edge of town. We always leave her a pint of cream and a dozen eggs, and Mother usually stays there while we go on into town. Tonight and almost every other Saturday night that we stop in at Aunt Julia's, we find her sitting in a straight chair near the old-fashioned wall-telephone. She has the receiver up to her ear and is greedily listening for the party line gossip.

"They just took Mrs. Gillenwater to the hospital," she tells us. "George Archdale's got a new baby boy. Charlie Parcel got sixty-four cents for his corn, and he said it wasn't very good. Andy Stone's goin' to have the

Stover family for dinner tomorrow." These bits of information she offers us as she hangs up the receiver and rises to receive us. Mom takes off her coat and prepares to spend the evening, but I gently and unnoticeably tug on Dad's coat sleeve in an effort to get to the business district sooner.

Dad drives the car to the back of the general store. Here we unload the produce that we brought to town and exchange it for the long list of items on the grocery list.

Dad stays here at the general store to visit with some of the other farmers. He tells me to be back at the car at nine o'clock, gives me twenty-five cents for my haircut and fifteen cents for candy.

The barber shop is crowded with people. The eight rickety chairs along the wall once belonged in somebody's kitchen suite. Now they are painted white and show signs of hard usage. The two barbers are kept busy cutting hair and adding comment to the rural conversation.

The price of corn, the lack of rainfall, and Jim Giberson's new carload of white-faced cattle each receives its portion of the barbershop attention. After a seemingly long wait it is my turn to get into the barber's chair. A few minutes of clipping greatly changes my appearance, for four weeks of growth has made my hair quite long.

When I get out of the barber shop, I have a little less than an hour to spend as I please. I immediately head for the pool hall, to see some of the rest of the boys of my own age. This place is also crowded with people. Some of them are gathered around the small radio. They sit with chin in hand and listen and laugh at Uncle Ezra telling jokes on Lulu Belle at the WLS Barn Dance. A few of the older men are just resting after a long day's work, and some of them are watching the games of pool. Pool is most popular with teen-age boys, for this is about the only recreation they have which involves competition. I produce a dime from my allowance, give it to the owner of the pool hall, and start hunting for a suitable pool-cue just as if a worn tip or an ounce too much of weight would greatly hinder my poor game. I enjoy a half-hour of pool with some of the other boys of my age, and we talk about sports, 4-H work, and crops, while we play.

When it is time for me to go back to the car, I spend my remaining nickel for a candy bar and say goodbye to my chums until next Saturday night. Dad drives, and I again fill most of the back seat—this time with groceries—and we start for Aunt Julia's and then for home. In our minds are the memories of a hard week of work, and an enjoyable Saturday night in town.

. . . .

My father looked mad enough to eat a blood relation, and I was the only real blood relation around at the moment.—JACK W. WARNER

# The House on Green Street

SHELDON LEAVITT

*Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1940-1941*

"I'D BETTER HURRY WITH MY WASHING IF I'M GOING TO be on time for the show," Dan thought as he scrubbed behind his ears. "This is one girl I don't want to keep waiting. Da, da, hummm, hmmm, blub, blub." With his eyes squinting to keep out the soap, he reached for the faucet and turned on the water. As he held his hand there expectantly, three drops of water came; then nothing more. The soap was now filtering between his eyelids; his eyes smarted. "Where in the hell's the water?" he cried out in desperation.

. . . .

Morry typed another word, then got up and paced across the room. "Aw, what's the use, I can't go on."

"What's the matter?" his roommate asked.

"It's the noise in this house! First the radio downstairs was playing, then the guys across the hall were talking, and now the radio is on again. This damn house carries noise like a sounding board!"

. . . .

It stands in what is now the middle of a busy town, but it is an old farmhouse still. Every day, hundreds of automobiles stream past it, but none of their modern fleetness or efficiency has affected the old frame house on Green Street. Its tall grey walls stand much the same as they stood seventy years ago, when the wounds of the Confederacy were still healing, when the University first advertised for students. A two-story porch goes half way around the house, a porch that has no place in the city. Even today, as one stands and looks at the building, he might still expect to see the farmer's wife come out and, leaning against the railing, call to her husband in the field to come home for supper. On a hot summer day, years ago, awnings might have been hung from the upper deck so that the farmer could come from the dust and sun to rest, to talk, and to sip cool apple cider in the shade. Or on warm evenings, the entire family might relax on the porch in hammocks and easy-chairs, and gaze at the surrounding country-side and discuss the weather and crops.

Originally the building must have been square in shape, but because of several additions it now follows the form of an L. It is about as tall as it is wide—taller than most of the new masonry residences around it. The roof does not slope, but is almost flat; and the cornice is elaborately carved,



as one might expect of a well-to-do city home of the time. In fact, all of the building gives the impression of the wealth and pride of another generation, a generation whose only means of displaying wealth was pride in their homes. Since then, people have lost interest in the old house. The walls are now unpainted, and the porch stairs need repair. Still, the house on Green Street stands straight and proud—the patriarch of the neighborhood.

There are two front doors to the building, both leading from the porch; but whichever door one chooses to enter, he is greeted by the same roominess of the interior. The living room, for instance, is not only actually big, but a tall bay window and a high ceiling give an illusion of even greater size; so that any amount or any arrangement of furniture looks scanty. A double sliding door separates the living room from the dining room, but these doors are always kept open so that the two rooms appear as one. This gives the combined rooms the semblance of a dining hall; and at a time in history when the social life of the family was centered in the home, that is probably the purpose for which they were used. Throughout the years there must have been chestnut roastings and corn poppings, song-fests and dances, and even bashful country courtships and joyous weddings here.

In the old days, too, there were ever the chores to be done, and the kitchen reminds us of these. The floor there still shows evidences of the lift pump that drew water for the wooden sink, and a plaster-filled hole in the wall marks the former position of the wood-burning stove. But the many years have absorbed the kindling wood box along with the hand coffee-grinder and kerosene lamps. Still, when one looks at the room, or at the back door and steps, it takes only a little imagination to see a rural housewife working over the table, or tiredly descending the rear steps carrying feed to the chickens or a bucket to the cow barn.

In the front hallway, the curved stair leading to the second floor has not been changed. It still has the same wide treads and stout mahogany newel post of seventy years ago. The entire second floor has been altered and partitioned for the accommodation of students, so that the original shape of the rooms has been largely hidden. But even the partitions, covered with Petty Girls, movie stars, and college pennants, cannot hide all of it. The disproportion of the rooms and windows, the inside shutters with louvred openings, and the wide flooring belittle all attempts at modernization; and the final impression is one of dignity and antiquity.

But nowhere in the house is the full evidence of its sturdiness and age more visible than in the basement. As one passes through the maze of stone-walled rooms, dark and dank, he cannot help feeling as if he were traversing the vaulted cellars of some ancient monastery, or even the dungeon level of a medieval castle. The brick floor rises and falls in uneven ridges and depressions as though no care had been taken in laying it. The basement walls are made of large, irregularly laid field stones. These

walls are ponderous, over two feet thick at most places, and are not only used to support the building but also to subdivide the basement into rooms and passages. For all this thickness, the building is much stronger and sturdier than necessary. Even the frame walls are twice as thick as those we build now.

The ambitious young farmer that built this home must have had unusual foresight and faith in the land he owned to build so sturdy, so lasting a home. The owners have changed since, a town has grown around it, and a large university has built itself nearby; but this house still stands quietly in its own atmosphere of ruralism.

. . . .

Thoroughly disgusted, Dave sat down on the couch. He laid the broom and dust cloth on the floor. "Darn this place," he complained, "I could sweep it for weeks and it never *would* get cleaned. The dirt that's caught in the cracks between the flooring couldn't be blasted out with T. N. T.—tickling it with a broom won't do any good. And if the cracks weren't enough, they had to put all sorts of carvings in the wood work, just to make more place for the dust to hide in."

## **I Go South**

I didn't eat much dinner, and when the time came to leave, I kissed Mother several times, but I didn't tell her a thing. As I walked down the front steps I had visions of myself returning in twenty years. By that time I would at least be a first mate on some clipper ship or be as famous as Frank Buck.

When I arrived at the meeting place Bud was talking to several of our schoolmates, telling them about our journey. He had four sandwiches wrapped in a red bandana handkerchief. I asked him how we would keep from getting hungry when we reached the South. He replied that nobody ever went hungry in Panama or Manila. The natives, he said, just pull fruit off the trees to eat. We took the south road out of town.—JACK W. WARNER

## **Small Town Barber**

Pop had been cutting my hair since the time I had to sit on his hard oak board and have my hair cut Buster Brown style to please Mother and two distantly related aunts, and he still thought he could cut first and then ask me how I wanted it. I always had to tell him three times that I didn't want him to use the clippers on the sides—once while I was crossing the floor to the chair, once while he was choking me with the neck strip and the large polka-dot napkin, and once after he had started using the clippers.

Before submitting myself to Pop's scissors, I always made a point of finding out how the baseball game was going. If things were bad for the Cards, things would go bad with the customer. I remember the day the Cards got beat in the last inning by a home run with two men on bases. Pop's wrath and indignation so vented themselves on my head that I had to go to the Junior Prom with a crew hair cut.—WILSON HALL

# The American Negro and the World War

LEWIS W. GILES

*Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1940-1941*

DURING THE YEARS IMMEDIATELY PRECEDING THE World War, the Negro had reached an extremely low political and social status in America, and he was seeking to rise from this state of debasement. He wanted to gain recognition. He wanted to be acknowledged as a valuable and serviceable element in twentieth century civilization. The World War offered the chance which the Negro needed. It offered a test of his worth to his country.<sup>1</sup>

America's entrance into the war brought up the problem of whether the United States should conscript Negroes into the Army. Certain factions, especially among Southerners, were opposed to Negro conscription. Those who were accustomed to dominating the Negro through fear realized that they could not easily do this after the Negro had faced death at the battle-front. It was generally expected that the induction of the Negro into the Army would necessitate a complete change in racial relationships. Many whites feared that, if the Negro were treated as an equal in war time, logic would demand that he be treated as an equal in peace time. This necessity they wished to avoid.<sup>2</sup>

The boom of industry caused by the war had raised a demand for labor—a demand so great that there weren't enough white men to fulfill it. Therefore, the employers sought Negro labor. Northern industrialists sent agents through the South to hire Negroes, drawing large numbers of them to the North. Thus was the South deprived of much of its cheap labor. To conscript the Negro was to put a further drain upon this source of cheap labor and to handicap the South considerably.

Other ideas, besides the economic, were advanced. Some reactionaries urged the government not to conscript Negroes, on the grounds that Negroes constituted an inferior class which should not participate in this struggle of white men. Some doubted that the Negro would remain loyal to the country that had treated him unjustly. These objections were futile, however, for Negroes were drawn into the army in large numbers.<sup>3</sup>

The reactionaries did succeed, though, in restricting the Negro in service, for most of the Negro draftees were placed in Service of Supply regiments.

<sup>1</sup>Kelly Miller, *History of the World War for Human Rights*, pp. 507-21.

<sup>2</sup>"Negro Conscription," *New Republic*, 12 (Oct. 20, 1917), pp. 317-18.

<sup>3</sup>Carter G. Woodson, *The Negro in Our History*, p. 519.



At least three-fourths of the Negroes sent to France as soldiers were reduced to common laborers. They were commanded largely by illiterate, prejudiced white men, the majority of whom were Southerners. They were all but enslaved, and they constantly received abusive language and injurious blows. And because they had no method of contact with the outside world they could not complain.<sup>4</sup>

Even though the United States was drafting Negroes to fill the ranks of the Army, it at first made no provision for training Negroes as officers. The students and a few members of the faculty at Howard University in Washington, D. C., undertook to correct this deficiency, instituting a nation-wide campaign for a training camp to qualify Negroes as officers. They placed the issue before the Secretary of War, who referred it to General Pershing. The heroism displayed by Henry Johnson and Needham Roberts, members of the 15th New York Regiment, which was already fighting in France, probably influenced General Pershing's decision. These two men had won wide recognition, and had been cited for the Croix de Guerre for routing a German raiding party of about twenty men on May 15, 1917. In June, 1917, the War Department created a training camp for educated Negroes at Des Moines, Ia.<sup>5</sup>

Twelve hundred Negroes were accepted in the camp. At first the townspeople of Des Moines protested the presence of the Negroes, but after the opening of the camp, the deportment of the men was so commendable, the "officer and gentlemen" tradition of the Army was so splendidly upheld, that the camp no longer aroused any spirit of opposition. The men were of the highest type, nearly all having had college educations. All were splendid physical specimens, and several in the camp were distinguished as "physically perfect." In October, 1917, six hundred and seventy-five of these men were commissioned as captains and lieutenants in the Regular Army.<sup>6</sup>

The Negro officer, while in this country, generally received the full honor due him, but, in certain sections, he experienced difficulty. Major-General Ballou, a white man commanding the 22d Division, issued an order to the effect that the Negro officers and men should avoid any acts that would raise the "color question," even if the Negroes were within their legal rights. He cited the case of a colored sergeant who protested the discrimination he received in a theatre. Ballou admitted that the theatre was legally wrong, but he said that the sergeant was wrong because he protested. Intervention by the War Department prevented much of the worst discrimination while the troops were in the United States.<sup>7</sup>

The Negro officers in France suffered greatly. Wherever they were stationed, systematic efforts were made to replace them by bringing them

<sup>4</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 520.

<sup>5</sup>Miller, *op. cit.*, pp. 529-33.

<sup>6</sup>"Training Negroes for Officers," *Literary Digest*, 55 (July 21, 1917), p. 50.

<sup>7</sup>Miller, *op. cit.*, pp. 537-38.

before efficiency boards to find excuse for their retirement or for their assignment to labor battalions. Colonel Hayword of the New York 15th Regiment retired a few of his Negro officers for inefficiency and secured the transfer of all the rest; then, there being no more Negro officers available, he replaced them all by whites.<sup>8</sup>

Many Negro officers were unjustly charged with cowardice. In one notable instance, four Negro officers of the 368th Regiment followed their orders to advance and then to withdraw, in spite of the fact that they were without maps, grenades, and artillery support. Major Merrill, a white officer who was supposed to be leading them, was nowhere to be found during the engagement, and Major Elser, the battalion commander, having gone to the rear as soon as the firing became intense, was not near enough to the front to be communicated with. The high command had no intention of sending those troops over the top. Major Elser made charges of inefficiency against the four Negro officers; but after an investigation showed that they were not to be blamed, Newton Baker, the Secretary of War, exonerated them and commended them.<sup>9</sup>

Every attempt was made to separate the Negro soldier from the French people. General Erwin issued an order that Negroes should not associate with French women. To spread racial prejudice throughout France, the Americans issued certain *Secret Information Concerning American Troops*. In this pamphlet they warned the French that "Negroes were a menace of degeneracy which could be escaped only by an impassable gulf between the two races." They pointed out that, though the Negro was a citizen of the United States, he was regarded as inferior. The French Army was advised to allow no intimacy between French and Negro officers, and not to eat with, shake hands with, nor talk to Negroes outside of the requirements of military service. The French Army was urged to restrain the French people from spoiling the Negroes, "as white Americans become incensed at any expression of intimacy between white women and black men."<sup>10</sup>

Even though elements in this country were working against him, the Negro soldier fought loyally and valiantly for his country. The verdict of the white men who trained and instructed the colored troops is that the American Negro makes as efficient and brave a soldier as any nation could demand.<sup>11</sup> General Bell, the second-ranking general in the Army, had this to say to the colored "Buffaloes" Regiment: "This is the best disciplined, best drilled, and best spirited regiment that has ever been under my command at this cantonment. I would lead you in battle against any army in the world with every confidence of the outcome. I know you would

<sup>8</sup>Woodson, *op. cit.*, p. 523.

<sup>9</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 524.

<sup>10</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 528-30.

<sup>11</sup>"The American Negro as a Fighting Man," *Review of Reviews*, 58 (Aug., 1918), pp. 210-11.

acquit yourselves with the same bravery and loyalty that has attracted the world to the Negro Regiments in the Regular Army." All of the officers in the regiment were colored except the field and staff officers and the commanding officers of the Headquarters Company and the Supply Company.<sup>12</sup> The Negro soldiers were constantly praised by the unbiassed French. General Goyloet, a French General, was among those who complimented the American Negro troops.<sup>13</sup>

The 8th Illinois, a regiment officered throughout by Negroes, received more citations for bravery than any other American regiment in France. Twenty-two men received the American Distinguished Service Cross, and sixty-eight men received the French Croix de Guerre.<sup>14</sup>

The American whites must realize that the deeds done by the Negroes in the war were deeds of men. They must acknowledge that the Negroes who fought and died for America were valuable and loyal citizens. Despite the traducers and the reactionaries, the American Negro gained international recognition in the World War. He passed his test with flying colors.

<sup>12</sup>"The Buffaloes, A First Class Colored Fighting Regiment," *Outlook*, 19 (May 22, 1918), pp. 144-7.

<sup>13</sup>Woodson, *op. cit.*, p. 526.

<sup>14</sup>Miller, *op. cit.*, p. 706.

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#### First Lesson

When I figured we were up about ten thousand feet he said, "We're up about eleven hundred feet. You take her." I didn't know just where he wanted me to take her, but I grabbed hold of the stick and put my feet on the rudder controls. Nothing happened, and so I pulled back on the stick. The horizon suddenly dropped away below me—nothing but blue sky ahead. Frantically I pushed the stick forward. The horizon came zooming up again, and past—nothing but plowed fields ahead. Slowly I realized that gentleness got you further with the plane. That's one reason a plane is known as "she," I guess. I found that swinging the stick sideways made my wing tips meander all over the ground and sky. A combination of rudder and stick, I found, produced even more weird results. They got so weird once that the stick flew out of my hands.—L. H. KORNMAN



# Richard Wright's *Native Son*

PEARL E. PASTHOFF

*Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1940-1941*

**S**ELDOM HAS A NOVEL EVOKED SUCH A VARIETY OF interpretations as *Native Son*. I intend in this paper to indicate the main lines of the criticism of the novel rather than to evaluate the novel itself. All critics agree that the novel is powerful. Beyond this point divergent social philosophies give rise to divergent interpretations. The "bourgeois" critics ignore or attempt to talk down the social milieu which gave the novel birth. Some of them assert that Richard Wright's success is disproof of the novel's thesis that all avenues of opportunities are closed to the Negro youth. Others claim that the values depicted are American values in the best traditions of our democracy, and that to surrender these ideals to Communists is to surrender a good honest American cause. Democratic values are profaned, they suggest, if Communists are allowed to become the agents of their realization. Such criticism is obviously designed to soften the hammer blows which Wright strikes at the very foundations of the present American society. The nature of this bourgeois criticism and the line that it must take is conditioned by the critics' role as apologists for the present social order, for by the very nature of their position they cannot call for any drastic social changes. They must ignore the fifteen million American Negroes living under lynch rule. They must gloss over the gross denial of civil rights and economic opportunities which have been the Negroes' lot in the North as well as in the South. For to take cognizance of these facts would be to bring them to the position of the progressive critics who see in this novel a clarion call for social change.

To the radical critics, Bigger Thomas expresses the helpless rage which consumes millions of young Negroes as they look upon an America where few but unskilled or menial jobs are open to them. Theirs is an America in which they are doomed to clean slops, to wash dirty clothes, to bow and scrape, to walk on the other side of the street. Theirs is an America where they are bombarded with all the insidious propaganda for war and yet in which they are either herded like pariahs into Jim Crow regiments or condemned to body service as servants to Navy officers. Schools, theatres, tables in restaurants, decent homes, health, life itself are denied to them. Complete freedom can come to the Negro only through a complete reshuffling of the economic relationships of our present society. Wright concludes that emancipation of the Negro and destruction of the system which breeds Bigger Thomas can come about only through the union of Negro and white workers.

The objection is put forward that the book treats in a highly melodramatic fashion an incident which is not typical of normal Negro-white relationships. But if melodrama exists in the scenes Wright delineates for us, it is merely that which is seen when "the mirror is held up to nature." There is melodrama and a sense of unreality about the atmosphere which falls over a campus restaurant when a young Negro walks in for a coke. There is melodrama in the burning of young Charles Williams, twenty-two year old Negro, whose kerosene-doused body swung from a cypress tree in a Florida swamp.

*Native Son* is a powerful instrument for exposure of the nation's greatest evil. It is more—it is an appeal to the hundreds of thousands who have read this book to put down that evil.

"Listen to me," Richard Wright asks of them. "Listen to me. . . ."

## Still No Answer

GEORGE CLARK

*Rhetoric II, Theme 14, 1940-1941*

"WHAT YOU REPORT IS ENOUGH TO MAKE A COMPLETE picture of the system, but you seem not to see it. Don't you see it? Don't you see what you are showing?" asked Upton Sinclair of Lincoln Steffens after the famous muckraker had completed his investigations of the political organization of America's largest cities. Steffens had just completed his *The Shame of the Cities*, in which he merely sets down the almost unbelievable facts of municipal corruption just as he saw them. He makes no attempt in this writing to answer the many questions which his investigations raised. The reason, however, was not that he didn't see what he was showing, but, as he said himself, "What Sinclair did not realize was that I could hardly believe what I was seeing, and that I could not, in so short a time, change my mind to fit the new picture." And so after a year or more of trying to digest and understand the mass of observations he had made, Steffens formulated his conclusions and opinions in another book, *The Struggle for Self-Government*.

The seven chapters of the first book were written as magazine articles for *McClure's*, the periodical of which Steffens was the managing editor. The titles all have a rather melodramatic sound—"Pittsburgh: Hell with the Lid Lifted," "The Shamelessness of St. Louis," "Philadelphia: Corrupt and Contented." When he first started his muckraking, Steffens didn't realize what he was letting himself in for. True, he was rather well acquainted with the general aspects of what he was to find, having worked as a page in the Legislature of California and seen from below the machinery and

bribery of politics. As a New York police reporter he had seen police, political, legislative, and judicial corruption. But at first he found it hard to believe that such shocking misgovernment was so widespread; that boodling and graft and crime were all connected with municipal government throughout the country. Every city had its boss, its "legalized" protected gangsters. Everywhere big business men, supposedly the best citizens, were entangled in the maze of political mismanagement. No wonder Mr. Steffens was not able to formulate his opinions immediately. He had, strangely enough, too much, rather than too little information and evidence. But his final observations, as explained in his second book, can be used as a yardstick for discussing political corruption today, as well as a first-hand picture of the distressing situation that existed at the turn of the century.

In *The Shame of the Cities*, Steffens points out that each city seems more or less to specialize in one form of corruption, although all types are usually present. For example, St. Louis exemplified the "boodler," Minneapolis the police graft, and Philadelphia administrative corruption. But since everybody seems to be reasonably well acquainted with the facts of political corruption, let us look at the "why's" of municipal misgovernment. First, however, we must not be too quick to jump on the politician. He is in his profession mainly to make a living, and is paid by the citizens. Naturally, the wealthy citizen has a better chance of influencing the politician's mind because he can appeal to the politician's pocket. Steffens concludes that "the typical business man is a bad citizen; he is busy. If he is a 'big business man' and very busy, he does not neglect, he is busy with politics, oh, very busy and very businesslike." Steffens found him buying boodlers in St. Louis, defending grafters in Minneapolis, originating corruption in Pittsburgh, sharing with bosses in Philadelphia, deploring reform in Chicago, and beating good government with corruption funds in New York. "He is a self-righteous fraud and the chief source of corruption, and it were a boon if he would neglect politics." But unfortunately, it is not the business man that neglects politics; it is the good citizen. He is too busy, he is the one who has no use and therefore no time, for politics. Yes, the politician is nothing more than a business man with a specialty. "When a business man of some other line learns the business of politics, he is a politician, and there is not much reform left in him."

But it seems that the people don't care. Maybe, thinks Steffens, our only real hope lies in the politician himself. "Ask him for good politics, punish him when he gives bad, and reward him when he gives good; make politics pay." The politician's attitude at the present time is one in which he says to the people that "elected" him: "You don't know and you don't care; therefore you must be flattered and fooled." But maybe the people don't wish to be flattered and fooled any longer. Steffens says that after "The Shame of St. Louis" and "The Shame of Minneapolis" appeared, not only



did citizens of these cities approve, but citizens of other cities—individuals, groups, and organizations—sent in invitations “to come and show us up; we’re worse than they are.” Still we have no answer to this problem, though forty years have passed since Steffens’ muckraking days.

## The New Republic

ERNEST RITTENHOUSE

*Rhetoric II, Theme 13, 1940-1941*

THE *NEW REPUBLIC*, IN THE WORDS OF ITS EDITORS, IS a “journal of opinion, less intended to inform or entertain than to stimulate thought.” From the first, the editors have preferred to deal with ideas rather than with facts. They consider it their task to help their readers understand what is going on by presenting their opinions upon issues of American life and government. The *New Republic’s* policies are liberal. The magazine is not attached to any political party. In a recent statement of policy the editors said, “We hope to participate within the ranks of those who believe as we do, that capitalism has far outlived its usefulness.”<sup>1</sup>

The *New Republic* was founded in pre-World War days by Herbert Croly, and it was financed by Mr. and Mrs. William Straight. Since Mr. Straight was a banker for J. P. Morgan, his financial support, in view of the anti-capitalistic policies of the magazine, is a striking paradox. The first staff consisted of such famous persons as Walter Lippmann, Francis Hackett, Walter Weyl, Phillip Tetell, and Alvin Johnson. This able staff started the *New Republic* on the high intellectual road which it still follows.

In the beginning the editors strongly favored Theodore Roosevelt’s progressive movement. Later, until the Versailles Treaty, their sympathy was with Woodrow Wilson. Prior to America’s entrance into the World War, Lippmann has since revealed, the policies of the magazine were so gratifying to the British Foreign Office that a propaganda official offered to buy and distribute 50,000 copies a week as long as it continued its anti-Germanism.<sup>2</sup> But the *New Republic* rejected the offer.

A contemporary English publication has classified the contents of the *New Republic* into five general classes: (1) articles dealing with matters immediately before the government, (2) articles of general economic nature, (3) articles on general social questions, (4) articles on foreign politics, and (5) articles on the sciences, arts, and philosophy.

<sup>1</sup>William N. Chenery, “A Journal of Opinion,” *Saturday Review of Literature*, 15 (1936), p. 18.

<sup>2</sup>Harold Lord Varney, “Our ‘Liberal’ Weeklies,” *American Mercury*, 42 (1937), p. 453.

Since the *New Republic* has a limited circulation, the articles are written in an attempt to form opinions for a select educated group. The magazine is not content merely to present facts and news, but tries to analyze them for its readers. From its first issue it enjoyed great editorial freedom, and today Bruce Bliven and George Soule shape its attitudes and policies with a liberty and authority which few hired editors have ever possessed.

Although its circulation hardly exceeds 30,000, The *New Republic* plays an important part in the formulation of American public opinion. Its readers are college professors, teachers, students, and others who are in a position to pass on to the minds of people who may never have heard of the *New Republic* the ideas and opinions, beneficial or detrimental, which that journal presents.

In contrast to the dignified vein of the editorials and news-clarifying articles are the spirited and amusing movie reviews by Otis Ferguson. Behind the mask of lightness in which he writes, however, there lies the serious belief that a movie must conform to high artistic and intellectual standards. Whether we agree with Ferguson's opinions or not, we are always attracted to them because of his amusing style.

Whether or not we believe in the pro-labor, anti-capitalistic views of the *New Republic*, we must recognize that it has performed a useful service. We can say of the *New Republic* what President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University once wrote about the *Nation*: "This does not mean that your [the *Nation's*] readers have always adopted your opinions; but if you have not convinced them, you have forced them to find some good reasons for holding opinions different from yours; and that is a great intellectual service. Then you have pricked any numbers of bubbles and windbags, and have given us keen enjoyment in the process."

### I Know What I Like

This morning I paid a visit to the music shop at the Arcade building. As usual, the shop was well crowded by the Saturday morning boys, who are of two groups—those who are fond of the contortion of tunes invented by modernity, and those who enjoy good music. Those of the first group are characteristically attired in "swing slacks," bow ties, checkered top coats, and wide-brimmed hats. They ostentatiously carry pipes, which some smoke upside down (perhaps for appearance, perhaps to hide the fact that there is no tobacco in the bowl). Those who enjoy good music usually display open collars, protruding Adam's apples, short hair, horned rimmed glasses, bushy eyebrows, and round shoulders. They too have their pipes, but they palm the bowls and use the stems as batons with which to beat the tempos of their favorite symphonies. When I visit the music shop, I never remain long because I feel out of place with either group. I like my Tchaikowsky and my Strauss, which are appreciated by neither of these two groups. I will not feel at home with them until I become bored by the beautiful strains of my simple favorites, or perhaps until I learn to smoke an empty pipe.—GEORGE COFFARO

# The Hula

ETHEL McDONALD

*Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1940-1941*

THE NIGHT WAS ONE OF THOSE SOFT HAWAIIAN nights, with a moon of deep amber slowly rising over a dull silver sea. After dinner, and after we had danced a while to Harry Owens' slow, throbbing, native music, someone suggested that we go to see some Hawaiian hula dancers. At about eleven, we piled into cars and drove out past Waikiki Beach towards Diamond Head, on a beautiful, wide boulevard bordered by stately royal palms and waving cocoanut trees. Soon we turned into a narrow street of little bungalows where the Hawaiians lived. There were flowers everywhere, and the night was filled with the intoxicating perfume of gardenias, plumerias, hibiscus, and pikakis. It was an enchanted place, and every flower was glorified by the radiance of that wonderful moon.

We drove up to a charming house. At the doorway stood our hostess, a lovely Hawaiian woman of perhaps forty years, with the shining eyes and soft smile that make the true native of Hawaii so lovable. She was dressed in a long, princess-like, red, yellow, and black-flowered silk gown called a "holoku." This traditional robe of the hostess had a generous train which added greatly to her picturesqueness.<sup>1</sup> In her hair she wore a large red hibiscus, while around her neck were about twelve strands of tiny white shells from Samoa, twisted into an exquisite lei.

A lot of things happened before we actually saw any of the hula dancers, but I enjoyed every minute of it. First, she showed us her pretty little home, which, although it was not one of the much publicized, original grass huts (which are, incidentally, obsolete), was typically Hawaiian throughout. It was a small, comparatively simple bungalow with a screened-in "lanai," or porch all the way around it. Inside, there were hand-woven "lauhala" rugs on the floor, and much of her furniture was bamboo. There were many bowls and urns made of beautifully polished koa and monkey-pod wood. She also showed us two charming quilts, intricately made and evidently the pride of her heart, some ingenious carvings on cocoanuts, some large glass balls which her two boys had found while out swimming (they had evidently come loose from some Japanese fishing nets), and lastly, some floral prints in slender bamboo frames on the walls.<sup>2</sup>

After we had examined everything carefully, our hostess, whose name was Madame Keamoku, led us out into the garden. There we found a

<sup>1</sup>Kepelino, *Traditions of Hawaii*, p. 200.

<sup>2</sup>Abraham Fornander, *Collection of Hawaiian Antiquities*, pp. 120-121.



lovely veranda with a polished floor, and lattice-work ceiling and walls which were covered by great bunches of flame-colored bougainvillea. As we seated ourselves in a sort of semi-circle, we heard the strumming of a steel-stringed guitar—then Madame Keamoku appeared in the center of the room. She talked to us for a while, for she wished to give us a little of the background of the hula, and to prepare us as best she could for the dance.

She explained that the dance was in no way immoral, and that behind the sensuous posturings and the emotional language of the songs are revealed the sentiments, feelings, and true heart of the people. It seems that the hula was originally a religious service in which poetry, music, pantomime, and dance were combined to inspire in men's minds the memory of mythical times when gods and goddesses were on the earth in human form.

Apparently, the early Hawaiians were extremely superstitious and were hedged about with tabu. The whole hula is based on mythology, tradition, proverbial wisdom, or famous deeds. The natives guarded the hula carefully against profanation by observing all kinds of tabus and by performing priestly rites. They performed special rites of prayer and sacrifice for the ancestral goddess of the hula, Laka. All the flowers which they used in decoration were emblems of Laka's beauty and glory: they were a pledge to her bodily presence.<sup>3</sup> The rites were attended by physical ecstasy and worship of nature and pleasure.

Next, Madame Keamoku told us a little about the particular troupe that was to perform for us, and also a little of the history of hula troupes in general. Originally, the Hawaiians didn't indulge in the hula personally or informally, but instead left it to be done by a body of trained and paid performers—not because the art and practice were in disrepute, but because it required special education and arduous training in song and dance to do the hula well. The hula was supported by royalty, for everything belonged to the king. The dancers were chosen from the king's court for beauty, grace of form, wit, and imagination. The hula groups would first present themselves to the king, and if he thought they were good enough, he showered them with gifts, and gave them permission to perform anywhere.

The fundamental organization of a hula company is largely democratic. The leader, the "Kumu," is responsible for their training, and for disciplining the whole company. He is also the business manager. The other officials are a priest, a sergeant of arms, a special agent to act as mouthpiece, and also a multitude of stewards, cooks, fishermen, etc., to take care of the needs of the dancers.<sup>4</sup>

The dancers were divided into two groups, the "Olapa" or agile ones,

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<sup>3</sup>Lorrin Andrews, *Grammar of the Hawaiian Language*, p. 156.

<sup>4</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 153.

and the "Ho'o paa" or steadfast ones.<sup>5</sup> The first group was limited to young men and women with graceful and beautiful bodies. They moved, posed, gestured, and sang. They also played the lighter musical instruments. The latter group was made up of people of greater experience and maturity, and theirs were heavier, more exacting duties. They played the larger instruments—such as the big gourds—while they were in a sitting or kneeling position. They also led the singing and gave the calls which signified to the dancers the sequence of verse and movement they were to follow.

Our hostess described the hula as a kind of voiceless speech in which the hands, body, feet, and face play a very important part. There are no manuals of instruction. Instead, the dancer does the movement which best interprets his reaction to a song. The hula is taught by word of mouth and by memory; hence there is no uniformity of instruction. The students are first taught the words and melody of the song; then while one of them sings the song, they all concentrate on how the instructor is interpreting the music. Then they endeavor to imitate him. It must be remembered that each gesture of the hula translates into dance the group of words and the phrase of music which it accompanies.

When an Hawaiian tries to translate his ideas into physical signs, he is aided by an excellent imagination and by his own philosophy. He regards all things as physical realities: when he speaks of a spirit, or of any inanimate thing, he has in mind a form of matter; even his gods are merely glorified human beings.

Madame Keamoku next explained some of the rules of conduct which must be adhered to in the hula troupes. In order to keep the hot-blooded individuals of both sexes in check, she said, and in order to maintain order and keep up the business, it was necessary to have rather strict rules of conduct. "It is doubtful that the Thespian organizations of the United States would have as high a moral standing as these hula troupes did, if they were under similar circumstances of temptation."<sup>6</sup> The tabus which were imposed on them were a mixture of shrewd common sense and whimsical superstition. They acted as a repressive force, denying pleasure and shutting off many innocent indulgences; but such strictness was necessary, for the dancers had to devote their whole power to their art. Also, complete personal cleanliness was indispensable.

After our hostess had given us this background of the hula, she gracefully introduced each one of the performers to us. There were four hula girls, pretty, slender, with thick black hair hanging below their waists. They wore tops made of green woven grasses, but instead of the rather common grass skirts, they wore the more graceful ti-leaf skirts. The long, broad, green leaves used in making these knee-length skirts came from the

<sup>5</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 150-152.

<sup>6</sup>Nathaniel B. Emerson, *Unwritten Literature of Hawaii*, p. 254.

grassy mountain slopes of the Pali. The skirts could not be made more than a very few hours before the dance was to take place, lest the green fibers start to turn brown and to stiffen. The leaves were shredded so that they would have more beauty of line when the dancer moved.<sup>7</sup> The girls all wore red carnation leis about their necks and hair. Around the right wrist and left ankle of each was a bracelet of the same red flower.

Then out came the musicians, one a very old, but very lively and spirited white-haired fellow, and the other a very young, slender boy, evidently his apprentice or assistant.

The old man was a character—a whole evening's entertainment in himself. He entered into the story of these dances with such zeal that he seemed transported—his eyes shone or glared, he thumped, banged, and whanged on his little tom-tom with a furious strength, or he strummed the guitar "so gently and soothingly, that it sounded like aeolian harps."<sup>8</sup>

The little boy musician sometimes danced with the girls, and he was just as graceful as they. They acted out in dance the story told in each song, and it was astonishingly easy to follow. The dancers seemed to enjoy themselves, for they had sweet expressions and happy smiles, and their eyes had that strange luminous light so often seen in the eyes of deer.

Then our hostess asked the old man to do *his* dance. It was a war song and a positive whirlwind of swift motion and contortions. Such intensity of action, such wildness of gesture, such ferocity of expression, I have rarely seen. He was breathless when it was over, and so were we. The little boy, who had been the whole orchestra, was about finished too. The old man did some slower hulas similar to those the girls had done, but the result seemed pathetically grotesque.

The music had a curious monotony about it, although the rhythms changed constantly. It could rise to a hilarious pitch of gaiety, yet, inevitably, it would come back to a soft sighing wail—a tender and simple folk melody, repeated often with slight variations. It is as if they were saying "dance, be merry, fight, be adventurous, yet you must come back to home and love."<sup>9</sup>

With a final soft love song, the performance was over. After thanking Madame Keamoku profusely, we headed back toward the hotel. Strange the impression that sojourn had made on me. A living knowledge can be gained of these people through a knowledge of their dance. You learn of their gentle but compelling dignity, of their complete self-possession which they retain throughout their romantic dances, and you learn to admire them.

<sup>7</sup>Theodora Sturkov Ryder, "A Real Hula Hula," *The Drama Magazine*, 18 (May 28, 1928), p. 268.

<sup>8</sup>Emerson, *op. cit.*, p. 255.

<sup>9</sup>Ryder, *op. cit.*, p. 268.



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## Rhet as Writ

(Material written in *Rhetoric I and II*)

A girl does not like to be fed a line which, in past history, has been repeated to God knows how many other girls. I think that a lot of this falsity in the pin-hanging affair, can be traced to these artificial speeches that the female sex is forced to contend with. When a girl meets a boy who has a strong line, she is bound to give him enough rope, and sooner or later he will hang his own neck.

. . . .

She was a short stout woman with twenty years of teaching behind her.

. . . .

The greatest reward to us was his telling us we were gems, or a manly slap on the back.

. . . .

The army need brains as well as bran.

. . . .

I imagine things can be found good and bad in almost any library, but for one whose standards have flopped as ours, it does not stand out as a shining example.

. . . .

Socrates' method of thinking was deductive, and soundproof.

. . . .

Illinois, whose faculty stand as batteries supplying electrical charges to its students so they may relieve the aged and retired lamps of all communities, commands loyalty.

## Honorable Mention

- William Albaugh: *On Not Pronouncing My Name Right*  
Lawrence Berbaum: *Hygienic Aspects of Air Conditioning*  
Paul Borgeson: *The Maintenance of Electric Distribution Systems*  
Robert Buhai: *How Democratic Are We?*  
Clarence Dunn: *Radburn—A Town for the Motor Age*  
Arthur Faner: *Music if You Want It*  
Joe Harrington: *Angkor, Cambodia*  
Loren Kabbes: *Polarized Light and Its Uses*  
Donald Knodle: *Slum Clearance*  
Victor Kuizin: *In Defense of the Middleman*  
Marian Mabee: *Free Speech—Is It a Threat to National Unity?*  
Marjorie McCarty: *So Be It*  
Patricia McNeil: *I'm Proud of My School*  
George Pohn: *Of Mouse and Man*  
Ruth E. Porterfield: *The American Loyalists*  
Marilyn Rosenthal: *Thomas Hardy and Fatalism*  
Lynden Ruester: *They Strive to Scare*  
Barbara Skelton: *Sleep*  
Lois Slyder: *Advertising Mirror of America*  
Carolyn Smith: *Mary Todd Lincoln*  
Wayne Thode: *Draft Exemptions*  
Ruth Wakeley: *The Effect of Looking on Vitamins*  
Elizabeth Wolfe: *Orchids*  
Paul Youle: *Home Town*  
Blossom Zeidman: *Garibaldi and the Thousand Red-Shirts*





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THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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# First Days in a New World

ARNOLD OSTWALD

*Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1941-1942*

IT WAS GOOD TO GET SOME SLEEP. THE PAST WEEKS had really been too much of a rush for my easy-going nature. First, having to leave Liverpool, just to get into a couple of air raids in Manchester, then out to a quiet farm in Lancashire, whose stables probably could not have been cleaned without my valuable assistance. Then a mad dash to London to get all my papers together and back to Liverpool to catch that diminutive freighter which should carry me in its cargo to that land, America.

Well, I am here now. But the only thing I know about this mysterious country is that its railroads—or at least the trains from Montreal to New York—have wonderful reclining seats. And I have never felt more tired and worn out in my sixteen years and ten months of life. I am also somewhat afraid of this new land, where everything is so overwhelmingly big and all people are educated and superior. Of course I know better, but I remember now too that old-world picture of a mixture of cowboys, millionaires, skyscrapers, gangsters, and Indians, that is America. Maybe I'd better get some sleep, before it is too late.

Somebody wakes me up rather violently. It is the fellow with whom I had to share my cabin on the boat—I remember distinctly that he never changed his socks. He says: "This is where we get out," and gets out. So I get out too.

Outside of the fact that people seem to be in a particular hurry—apparently they have to catch a train or something—this railway station—it is Pennsylvania Station, which has recently been glorified by a popular song—looks just like any station in the old country. I walk up and down the platform, and a medium-sized man with a straw hat—I have never seen quite normal people wear straw hats, and I think it looks rather funny—a man with a straw hat approaches me and says he is looking for a certain Arnold Ostwald. That must be Uncle Joseph, to whom I sent a telegram to meet me at the station. I don't recognize him, however. The last time I saw him, I was three years old, and my memory does not reach that far back. So I tell him that I am Arnold Ostwald, and he says, "I am your Uncle Joseph." He gives me a big kiss, which embarrasses me, because I am not used to being kissed by men. I must have inherited that trait from Father, who always seemed to be embarrassed when he had to kiss me once a year on my birthday, because Mother insisted on it.



So the first thing I hear from this uncle is that I look like a Heini, which does not bother me much, because I don't know what a Heini is. He also tells me that I have changed since he saw me last. Then a very attractive and well-proportioned girl comes running down the platform and says, "I am your cousin Ruth," and gives me a kiss too. I am rather perplexed, because this girl really is not my idea of a cousin, and if I hadn't been so very tired, I would have wished she weren't my cousin. But at the moment I don't really care.

Uncle Joe asks me: "Did you have a good crossing?" and I say, "Yes." He wants to know if I am sleepy, and I say, "Yes." He asks me: "Are you hungry?" and I say, "Yes." So he takes me to some place and gets me something to eat. But I can eat only half of what he gets me, and then I vomit. Uncle Joe expresses the opinion that that is very un-American, and he ought to know, because he has been in this country for nearly thirty years and speaks with only a very slight accent.

Then he takes me through the city and points out all the skyscrapers to me. I am really not interested, because I am so very tired, and when I get to see the Empire State Building, I simply say, "So what?" And Uncle Joe gets very mad, as if he had built it all by himself. But I don't understand, and he explains to me that from now on I will have to admire everything, because that's what Americans like, and that's the right attitude for a refugee to have.

I would like to complain about the unbearable heat now, but that is probably impolite, so I keep quiet.

By this time the uncle has found out that I am really no good, and he takes me out to his house on Long Island. When we arrive, he tells me to put my handbag on the porch, but I don't know what a porch is, because I have never seen a house with one. So Uncle Joseph thinks I'm ignorant. Then some more people come and kiss me, and they introduce themselves as Aunt Mabel and Aunt Erna. Aunt Mabel is Uncle Joseph's wife.

Now I think it's time for me to go to sleep, but they think I should tell them about my interesting experiences and everything. But I tell them I want to go to bed, and they finally let me. When I am just walking up the stairs, a young fellow comes in. He has his hands in his pockets and wears a queer-looking shirt with short tails, which are outside instead of inside his pants. He is my cousin Malcolm, and he goes to college. He yawns and says, "Take it easy, kid." I don't know what he means.

The next morning they make me drink tomato juice. I am not used to that kind of a drink, and they don't like my un-American grimace, which is caused by the juice. Malcolm shows me his car, one of the models that were the last cry toward the end of the twenties. Remembering what the uncle told me, I admire it duly, and Malcolm gives me a dirty look, because he

thinks I am being ironical. He can't understand why I don't know the song "Blueberry Hill," but he is impressed by my ability to handle a slide rule, although I am no engineer. He then takes me to the house of another uncle, whose name is Hugo, and who collects all sorts of alcoholic beverages in his basement. The basement is all fixed up for drinking parties. But when I try to sample some of the drinks, they are all very shocked, because "none of our boys and girls here drink or smoke." I don't really care what kind of an impression I make, but I am sorry for Mother, who will no longer be respected by all the aunts, because she did not manage to educate her son. Only Uncle Hugo, the wine collector, seems to take a liking to me. He takes me into his study, where he writes poetry. He reads some of his verse to me, and I say it's grand, whereupon he presents me with an autographed copy of a volume of his poetry.

This day, too, Uncle Joseph, who has been in this country for nearly thirty years, begins to teach me how to become Americanized. He does not like my dignified stoop, and calls it "poor posture." He makes also fun of my strong British accent, which is really nothing but the King's English, and advises me to acquire a certain amount of slang as soon as possible.

I also get to meet dozens of other relatives, some of whom I knew in Germany. And they are all glad to see me again; but one of them says I am looking funny now. That makes me very self-conscious.

They make me stay with them for two weeks, and I really have a good time as long as the uncles and aunts are not around. Only the terrific heat bothers me, so that I can't eat anything. My cousins are all right; they take me swimming to Jones Beach and show me the World's Fair, which is really something. They also fix me up with a couple of dates—I used to call them appointments, but I am catching on quick now.

Finally the day comes when I have to leave them. Suddenly everybody is very friendly toward me. They all see me off at the station. I am being put on the "Silver Meteor," a train which is even more luxurious than the one on which I came down to New York. It, too, has reclining seats, but I don't want to sleep now. The people on the train are all very nice to each other. Apparently they are looking for traveling company.

By the time we have arrived in Philadelphia, an austere-looking elderly lady has started a serious, religious conversation with a girl who says she goes to the University of Georgia, and with me. She has all sorts of pamphlets and literature, which she begins to read to us now. But I can't understand her, because it is a sort of old-fashioned English, and my command of the English language is still quite inadequate. She also mentions always the exact line, chapter, and book from which she is quoting, so that I am altogether confused. I finally tell her that it is no use, because I am a

Jew, but she says, "That makes no difference," and starts quoting from the Old Testament. I am getting sick of her, so I mention that I am probably going to be an atheist soon, and the lady goes to sit somewhere else.

Then I start to talk with the man that sits behind me. He asks me if I know how to play cards, and I say, "Yes." But I don't know any of the games he knows, and he doesn't know any of the games I know. So he says he wants to teach me a game. He calls it gin rommee or something like that. He wants to play for a drink a game. When I ask him how much a drink is, he says, "A half a buck." But I don't know what a buck is. We play for some time, although I do not understand what it is all about, until he says, "Let's call it quits," and pays me three dollars. Thereupon I go to eat in the dining car.

I am really very happy when I finally arrive in St. Petersburg in the state of Florida. You see, I haven't seen my parents for much more than a year, and they are meeting me at the station. They have been through plenty of trouble, and look older than I remember them. Mother's hair is white. My little sister is there too. She has grown a lot and speaks much better English than I. We are all very happy together. We all walk together down to the house, where we are all going to live from now on. Father notices that I have not grown at all, and I am sorry about that. The house is very nice, though small. It has a beautiful, large garden around itself. That garden, all ours, has trees which I have never seen before. Palms and many sorts of citrus trees. I am very much impressed, but early enough I remember that it is not necessary to admire the garden, because the folks are not yet Americans. So I just say, "So what?" And they all laugh.

The next day, I have to go out to the senior high school, because the term is going to start now, and I have to find out where I will be placed. I go to see the principal and have a long and deep conversation with him, at the end of which I ask him about the class into which he is going to put me. Of course, I don't tell him that I only went through the ninth grade in Germany. He tells me I could take examinations to graduate right away. But I don't want that. So he makes me a senior.

School is a lot of fun here. I am the only refugee in the whole school, so they don't do anything in class but ask me silly questions about Germany and England. They want to know what schools are like over there, what people do, and what people eat. One day a very cute little girl asks me whether they neck in Germany. I don't know what necking means, so she demonstrates it right away. That embarrasses me immensely, because I am not used to doing such things in public and in front of strangers.

Now that I am catching on to everything here in America, I begin to like it. America seems to be all right. I think I'll stay here for good.



# Taken From Life

CARL HARTMAN

*Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1941-1942*

I MET HIM A LONG TIME AGO. IT WAS IN 1935, TO BE exact, in a little fast-failing music school hidden away deep down in the decaying shambles that is Baltimore's east side. As I said, it was a long time ago, and I can't recall now either what I was doing over in Baltimore's east side or how I happened into old man Kaspar's school of music, but there I was and there he was, and right away we noticed each other. He looked about the same then as he does now, only perhaps a little less baggy under the eyes and not quite so disgusted with life in general. He didn't impress me much then, and I couldn't have impressed him at all—he just remarked wasn't I kind of a young kid to be wandering around that part of town at that hour of the night. It wasn't just a man getting ready to ignore a boy, though. There was a difference. You could tell.

The next week I started taking guitar lessons from him. I'd had several years of piano, and it was easy to talk me into taking up guitar because I was heartily tired of the piano. There was something about him I liked at once; something you can't quite put into words, but it was there, nevertheless. It certainly wasn't his personal appearance. He's slightly less than average height, his hair is never properly cut, and his clothes always give one the impression that he sleeps in them. He looks the sloppiest of anyone I ever saw, with the exception of Carl Sandburg. He has the worst sense of business, even for a musician, this side of the Rocky Mountains. He never has collected and never will collect any appreciable sum of money at one time, for the simple reason that his heart is much too big. The strangest stranger could have the shirt off Harvey's back merely for the asking. He has been married twice and divorced twice because no one could live with his eccentricities for long. Still, he is the best friend I ever had or ever expect to have, male or female, old or young.

We made a strange pair, wandering around town the last few years; a rather ordinary-looking boy in his teens and a beaten-looking man of thirty-eight or so. People have objected to my going around with Harvey on the grounds that he looks like a tramp. People don't, as a rule, like Harvey. The local musicians don't like him because most of them are jealous of him, and other people don't like him because of his extreme individuality. He has very definite ideas about life and art. He plays and writes music for music's sake alone and not for what other people think of it. He has stopped caring what people think of him or what he does. He has almost no close friends except me and an old colored man who is

now arranging for Les Brown's orchestra. He is a member of a vanishing race of true artists, except that he doesn't starve at it because he can get work with almost any band in the East that he wishes. It's just that he can't seem to stick with anybody or stay in one place for long. He left Baltimore one day last spring to play with Paul Whiteman's new band, and in a week he was back in town. People couldn't understand why he quit such a good job to come back to "gigging" around; I didn't even ask him. I knew he couldn't stick anywhere for long where he would be forced to conform with another man's way of doing things. He never could and he never will.

The night last winter after his second wife left him I went down to see him. He wasn't home, and nobody knew where he had gone. I finally found him in a little place uptown where he had met her. It was the only thing smattering of nostalgia I ever saw him indulge in. He wasn't very drunk, just all broken up. I don't think he even knew who I was at first.

"Hey, Harvey," I said.

He didn't look up.

"Time to go home," I said.

"Something wrong with me," he muttered to the tablecloth. "Can't hold on to anything. Something wrong. Queer."

"Let's get out of here. Let's go home and sleep a while," I said.

"Too far to walk. Much too far."

"I got a car. Remember?" I said. "Come on, boy. Time to close up."

"Too far, too long," he muttered. He looked up and smiled. "Know what? Gotta go up to York sometime. Never been there, you know."

He meant York, Pennsylvania. We had been there a dozen times to hear big bands.

"Gotta see York," he mumbled.

I got him home and stuck him under the shower. He came out, dripping and grinning. "Go home now, fella," he said. "Got work to do."

He sat down and worked on arrangements until morning. He always works on arrangements at night. He doesn't do it because it's queer or to be different, but because it's quiet then. He turns out one after another and then won't sell many of them because he's afraid they won't be treated correctly. He's right too. Harvey's music is just like Harvey—all music. Very few people understand either one. Some day his music will be noticed and remembered; it's already being talked about.

But that isn't what Harvey wants. He is always looking about him, searching for something he can't find or can't quite reach; something some people find in religion and others find in family life. Don't think I'm trying to make a second *Young Man With a Horn* out of him as Dorothy Baker did with Bix Beiderbeck. I only want to show that he is one out of many, a person who sincerely believes in and points his life at some one single

thing; a marked man who will love that one thing for better or for worse from the day he is born until the day he dies, world without end.

Most people are composed of two parts: the outside and the inside. Harvey has no outside, no show, no false front. He is all Harvey—sincere, full of earnest belief in the purpose of his life.

I haven't, I guess, actually said a whole lot about his character. If I were his boss and I were asked to fill out his civil service blank and I came to the part that says "Character—good, bad, indifferent," I should check "good" because he is honest in every respect. That is not, however, what I would consider character in this case. He is far more complex than that.

The night this summer before I left the East for good we went downtown to hear Benny Goodman. The man at the door let us in free because we played there often during the winter and he knew us. It looked funny to see Goodman on the same bandstand we knew so well. I wondered dimly how they got the floor plug to work that would never work for us. We sat down and Harvey said, "Lordy, it's cold in here with that frozen air they blow around," and we sat a long time without saying anything. Finally a waiter came and told us we would have to go because it was closing time, and we drove uptown. Harvey said, "Why did we leave so early?" and I said, "It's not early. They closed up," and he said, "Oh." Then we were standing in front of his house, and it was raining like everything. We stood under the street lamp that shines in Harvey's window and looked at each other. He wasn't wearing a hat, and the rain plastered his hair down tight on his head and dripped off the end of his nose. The rain came down, cold and wet, and beat into the mud-soaked grass and made little splashes on the sidewalk and ran down the gutter. Harvey held his guitar case close against him so the water wouldn't get in under the cover. "If this were the movies," he said, "I'd settle down and stay that way." He smiled, tightly. "Seems I just can't hold on to anything at all for long." I said, "Don't be silly," and we stood and looked at each other some more. Then, because it had been quiet too long, he said, "So long, boy. Be good."

I said, "See you someday," and he said, "Sure," and turned and walked up the front steps, slowly, as if he were very tired. He paused on the top step and turned around, one foot a step higher than the other one. "Well," he said, squinting through the rain, "life isn't like the movies, is it?" He went inside and shut the door after him, and I stood in the rain and wondered what everything was all about.

### Six Delicious Flavors

You, too, have probably heard the soothing voice of an announcer painting a word-picture of a dessert in such expressive adjectives that your mouth begins watering, and you are just about ready to dash to the store for some of it before you realize it's the awful mess you had for dinner that night.—GILBERT STEIN



# Meet the Consul

ROY CASPER

*Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1941-1942*

MY SHOES DUG INTO THE THICKLY CUSHIONED RUG as I faltered into the German consul's Michigan Avenue office. I found it difficult to stand erect and yet to appear poised. It is not an easy job to interview a person of one's own social rank; it is even more difficult to interview a public dignitary. As I closed the heavy oak door, Dr. Georg Krause-Wichmann rose with stiff elegance from behind his mirror-polished desk, extending a hand that was especially trained and accustomed to the welcoming of friends and enemies alike. The handshake was firm; it gave one a feeling that he was meeting an old acquaintance after a lapse of several years; it was a warm, deliberate handshake. As he moved around the desk toward me he seemed to sink inches into the luxuriant maroon nap of the rug. Indicating a bright red leather couch he motioned me to sit down. The couch was well placed; it enabled one to look across the entire room. The consul graciously helped me with my coat; then, at the sound of a short staccato buzz, he excused himself from the room.

If I remember rightly, he said that he would be back in a minute. The minute lapsed into five. Why should some business take him from the room even before we actually started the interview? The diplomatic world is incongruous and strange. When it appears casual and indifferent it is merely camouflaging. I could not help wondering what was going on "behind the scenes." Nervously, as if I were being watched, I began to jot down brief descriptive notes of the room. To the left of the preposterously large desk and directly above the mantel was an oversize picture of the Führer; it seemed to dwarf the huge desk. The photographer had given the leader a somewhat forlorn and mystic gaze—the kind of picture of Herr Hitler that you rarely see. I was still trying to decide whether I liked the picture when the consul re-entered the room. His apology was flavored with a strong twang tasting of both a German and an acquired American accent. He might have been thirty years old or sixty years old—I couldn't tell. The severe lines of his dark Oxford grey suit emphasized the severity of his parched and drawn features; he was short, dark-haired, and stumpy. (I had been so sure that he was going to be a husky, well-built blond!) Although he was immaculate in his attire, his desk, that beautifully polished desk, was crowded with letters, magazines, jagged newspaper clippings, and cablegrams. One prominent corner of the desk was given to what appeared to be a family portrait.

Dr. Wichmann passed a gleaming, stainless-steel cigarette case toward

me and began chatting easily about a fire that had occurred in the Loop an hour or so earlier. His hand was steady as he lit my cigarette; he could hardly have been sixty. One of the several French telephones on his crowded desk pierced the silence of the room with its ringing. The conversation was short and hurried; the language shaded with rich German tonality. Almost before the consul sat down in his chair again a tall, rather handsome blond gentleman entered the office and nonchalantly took a chair directly across from the large red couch on which I was sitting. The coppery yellow of the intruder's hair blended with the rich tones of his British Tan sport coat. The leonine features of his face were strengthened by a deep saber gash on the left cheek. His long, slender, well-knit fingers were clasped and fixed in his lap. Neither the consul nor the gentleman seemed to be aware of the presence of the other. The consul failed to introduce us.

. . . .

"Yes, Hitler dissolved the old German Reichstag and held new elections because of the abundant corruption in the German government." Stressing the word "corruption," he passed me another cigarette. Throughout the last hour of conversation the blond gentleman sat unmoved in his chair with unseeing eyes. An embarrassed pause, and I began to resume my questioning.

Dr. Wichmann, with what great leader in history would you compare Hitler?

Pinching his lips together and matting down his shiny black hair, he answered with all the gusto of a pre-election speaker: "Why, with Abraham Lincoln, of course. Hitler is the German Lincoln. He has even surpassed the glory of Bismark in his appeal to the German people. Hitler is all that Lincoln was. Even these two men's theories of government are the same. Didn't Lincoln once say that democracy is what the majority of the people want? Germany of today is in a sense a democracy, for Hitler and his government are what the majority in Germany want." Our blond friend nodded his approval. "You see, Mr. Casper, democracy is too often confused with parliamentarianism. Hitler is performing the will of the people; hence, he is being democratic. You must understand that the Nazi belief is that common interest goes before private interest. The well-being of the majority must always be considered before anything else. Yes, Herr Hitler's principles and Lincoln's are one and the same."

My mind became confused; my thoughts disarranged. Lincoln—democracy—Hitler—will of the majority—common interest before private interest. But didn't Lincoln say that democracy was also the protection of the minority? The ashes from my cigarette fell on the rug; quickly I rubbed the ashes into the rug with my foot. But the blond gentleman noticed the mishap. It was most uncomfortable to know that I was being

constantly watched and that my smallest action was being scrutinized by the gentleman with the unseeing eyes. For a moment I wanted to blurt out some sort of apology, but the gentleman's wary aloofness was too much for a mere apology. And, besides, did the incident warrant an apology? Dr. Wichmann inhaled his cigarette too deeply—then a short choking cough.

"Mr. Casper, you asked me a while ago whether or not race hatred is taught in Germany. You must excuse me if I should sound too impetuous when replying to this charge. It is a charge, you know. It is most difficult to reason with one who differs in opinion with you. That is the trouble with the world. It is constantly misquoting, misjudging, and otherwise maligning every action and word of our great Leader. There is no race hatred in Germany."

But, Dr. Wichmann, what about the Aryan race theory that—

"Aryan race theory! Aryan race theory! Mr. Casper, it is my belief that if you and others like you would not be prejudiced against everything and anything related to the great German Reich you would be able to understand the theory which you question. I would rather have you believe that the Aryan race includes all peoples except Jews."

Chinese, Russian, Indian, Slav—all peoples except Jews—Negro, Czech, and German, too—a strange race, indeed!

"I hope my explanation is sufficiently clear; it is, isn't it? You have a wonderful country here, Mr. Casper. I have just finished a tour through the West and was impressed by the enormous riches of the country. Your country is so situated that it would be impossible for it to be attacked. It shouldn't be impossible for Germany and the United States to come to a complete understanding with each other. Hitler is more than willing to come to an understanding with this bountiful country of yours. It is a wonderfully located country and has most ideal conditions in regard to climate and natural resources. Why, America is practically self-sufficient. It is the regret of the leaders of the Reich that America is so alienated from the new Germany in thought and in principle."

The consul gave a quick glance at his wristwatch. It was getting late and we had already passed nearly two hours in conversation. He passed his cigarette case again; we both offered to light each other's cigarette; too much kindness can become most embarrassing. He began to walk away from his desk and toward the couch where I was sitting. I could see that he was maneuvering toward me to make me understand that he was becoming impatient with my incessant questions. But I was determined to ask one more. He was now standing directly before me; I moved over slightly and motioned for him to sit down. He was a gentleman; he sat down.

Dr. Wichmann, if your country is so willing to come to a complete understanding with America, what is the purpose of the German Bund organization, which has drawn so much attention during the last year through its



subversive activities? I was looking sideways at the consul; he glanced across the room toward the blond gentleman and moved slightly over toward the end of the couch; the proximity was making me uneasy; maybe I shouldn't have asked that one.

"Hitler disowns the Nazi Bund; Germany disowns the Nazi Bund. Its members are neither American nor German when they raise the swastika above the American flag. We have nothing but contempt for the organization and for Fritz Kuhn. Herr Hess about two years ago gave strict orders to the Bund organization to disperse. It is British propaganda that links the Bund to Germany."

There was a sharp meaningful tone in the voice. The answer was startling; the speaker more startling; it was the blond gentleman and not the consul who had answered my last question. Now more than ever I wanted to know who he was. But suddenly, and without another word, he rose and left the room. The consul rose now, too, and crossed to the window to stare at the traffic below. There was an unpleasant lull in the conversation that implied that all that would be said had been said. I walked toward him, thanked him for the interview, and left the office. As the secretary opened the large, swastika-adorned door that led to the elevators, I turned around for a last look at the office. The blinds had been drawn; it was six o'clock, a half hour past office hours for the consulate.

. . . .

The streets were crowded with people returning home from the thousand-and-one offices that line Michigan Avenue. Busses and automobiles crept along the pedestrian-choked streets. The traffic lights blinked their red and green eyes as if they resented the crowds. I walked down the three hundred block, entirely absorbed in what the consul had said during the interview. Perhaps I was prejudiced against Germany. Didn't the consul say that Hitler didn't want the war and that it was entirely England's fault and that not Germany but England was the aggressor? Nearing the corner newsstand, I fumbled in my pockets to find some change. I placed the three cents in the slot and took the paper from behind its stone weight. In a second I was startled back to reality by the tabloid's three-inch headline—GERMANY INVADES GREECE.

## Loan Desk

By this time the room was filling up with students, and the loan desk looked like a brass rail bar on Saturday night. I couldn't help thinking that here was a real opportunity for a student who was looking for a way to defray his college expenses. Yes, without doubt, a coffee and doughnut stand would do a land-office business in front of the loan desk, serving pick-me-up's to students who were weakening under the strain of waiting for their books.

—GEORGE R. CLARK

# Growing Pains

HELEN DEAN MILLER

*Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1941-1942*

I GUESS I FIRST BEGAN TO FEEL THAT THINGS WERE DIFFERENT after Kelly had left that Saturday night. He was still the same broad-shouldered, easy-going, likeable Kelly with whom I had graduated from high school; Kelly, who had taken me to my Junior and Senior Proms; Kelly, who had sent me my first orchid and who, consequently, had become first man in my heart. He was still the same boy; but—was I still the same girl?

Two months of college had changed me in many little ways. My greatest ambition had changed from the acquisition of a letter-sweater (Kelly's) to the annexation of a fraternity pin (anybody's). And my conversation, which had once been sprinkled with references to Ed Silvers, who had shown such promise at Evanston High School, was now filled with comments about Bruce Smith, Moser of the Aggies, Juzwik, or Jack Crain, about whom Kelly knew almost nothing. I no longer drank milk to keep my complexion clear but drank beer to save face in another way. Kelly had made new acquaintances and learned new things in the office where he was working, but I had gone ahead of him in too many ways. I was growing away from him, I could see that.

I could see that I had grown away from him, and as I looked about me I realized that I had grown away from so much else that had been, unquestioned, a part of my life. My friends—the girls with whom I had always associated—were no longer so close to me. They had made new friends and had new diversions. They were only mildly interested in what I had been doing, and—fair enough—I didn't care much about their petty difficulties and triumphs.

My older relatives, the neighbors, and my parents' friends all looked at me with more searching eyes. Aunt Anna, who had never gone to college and who had never particularly liked me anyway, now began to wait for some word or action on my part which she could pounce upon as a sign of intellectual snobbery. The man next door, who had always seemed to leer, more or less, now called me "Betty Co-ed" and positively drooled. Mrs. Doe, with her characteristic lack of tact, asked me cheerfully, "Don't your home and friends seem a little dull and crude now that you've been gaining so much culture at school?" I must have flushed, but I took a deep breath and answered so sweetly that she never got the point. "Yes, some people around here *do* seem crude."

Brainless as she is, the woman had really shaken me with that remark.

I was ashamed to admit to myself that my family did not seem quite so polished as it had before. I wished with all my heart that my father would wear his coat to the dinner table and that my mother would stop discussing finances in front of the neighbors. My little brother began to resemble a dirty little pig, and even my college-bred sister said "he don't."

I began to think about the hundred little annoying things which the family had always done but which had never bothered me before. I was surprised that I could ever have been so uncultivated as not to have noticed them. How utterly crude! I was angry and bored and dissatisfied. Monday could not come too soon.

When I was once again a part of the high life and witty conversation of the crowd with which I associated at the University, I felt that I was in my element. I felt that life was good and that there was a place in the world for me. I was cocksure and happy. People looked at me and laughed at my acid comments, for, I like Pooh-Bah, they said, was born with a permanent sneer.

But that sneer became an expression of agony when I was again sickened with another sharp attack of pain from my appendix. And though the girls in my corridor were sympathetic enough for a while, they had other things to do. When I complained that I was not feeling well, Tom was just a little too willing to bring me home early. "You're no fun tonight," he said. "Something seems to have taken the edge off your wit."

And as I lay between the cool sheets, waiting for the ice-bag to draw enough blood away from my side to ease the pain, I began to cry uncontrollably. I cried from the pain; I cried from injured pride to think that my own particular little world could still go around without me. And I thought of the care and attention I always received when I was ill at home.

I thought of how, the last time I was ill, my mother bathed my forehead with cool towels. I remembered the tall glasses of fruit juice and the flowers she brought me. I remembered my sister's buying me the newest copies of *Vogue* and *Mademoiselle*; and my little brother's taking a dime from his bank and bringing me a bag of peanuts, which I could never eat but which seemed to him the greatest gift for any occasion.

In the oppressive darkness of that night I visioned all the family and the many things they had always done for me. My face grew hot beneath the fever as I blushed with shame. I remembered my supercilious attitude of only a few days before, and I was ashamed of my about-face, which no one could possibly notice but which seemed so painfully obvious to me.

"The minute things go wrong I go bleating back to the fold," I argued with myself. "I'm grown up now. I'm cultured. I have no further need for the care that was maybe good enough for me before I was old enough to steer my own course—."

This effort at self-justification fell short, and I cried as I realized that



I had, actually, been a snob. But as I drifted off to a restless sleep, I glimpsed vaguely the base on which I could safely anchor my thoughts. Yes, two months at the University had changed me, but it had not educated me. One can only become educated when he gets over being a snob.

## “ . . . and the livin’ is easy.”

JAMES COLLINS

*Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1941-1942*

BABY DODDS WAS RECOGNIZED AT ONE TIME AS THE best drummer in the country. The best jazz drummer, I mean, of course: very few negro musicians turn to the classics. I happen to know Baby because I spent almost every summer evening of 1941 in a tavern where he played. I wanted to learn his drumming technique. Before the summer was over, I had learned a great deal about the man himself.

In the first place, Baby plays with abandon—he just doesn’t care. If he wants to take a solo, he simply nods to the piano player and starts playing his fine rhythms. He never makes ugly faces or chews gum wildly: all that belongs to his past. His “I’ve-got-a-lot-of-living-to-do” days are over. He taps his drums quietly, subtly, more in a teasing way than any other. He starts the rhythms for a great climax, begins to build toward it, and then never reaches it, but sits back in his chair and laughs. He laughs at the people on bar stools who don’t know whether they like him or not but clap because of his reputation. And he laughs with his piano player at the irony of playing such fine music for Philistines. But he laughs good-naturedly; he’s over being hurt. He doesn’t want justice; he just wants to be left alone to play and laugh.

In his youth Baby always played exciting music—jungle tom-toms or thundering, crashing cymbals. He was fighting then—he hated and loved vehemently, and it all showed in his drumming.

That’s all over now. Baby has relaxed and settled down to his laughing, because he had to give up. His feelings lost their strength.

When he plays the blues, as he does most of the time, he has trouble being gay and carefree. He has to drink fast and plenty, and then play, and then drink more. The blues remind him too much of his early life—of New Orleans, of the street kids fighting, playing, and never worrying, of Johnny, his equally great brother, whom he watched die a slow and cancerous death: of his days with Ellington, Hines, and the Harlem Hamfats. He thinks of how old he is getting; of that pain from too much bad liquor, and of that damned left hand that is beginning to stiffen up.

All these things he sees too clearly when he has no gin in him. They must all be there to keep him going, but not seen so vividly as he sees them when he's sober. They're all too real and painful, and they must be kept in a mist—must be there to inspire but never to hinder.

Baby is pretty far gone. He has even forgotten the reason for his drinking. Now he just grabs the small shot glass in his trembling fingers, downs the soothing liquid, inhales deeply from his cigarette, and laughs at the death that he knows will soon take him. He laughs at the drums which he lightly and subtly teases. They are his only means and reason for existence.

## Doc Porter's Office

KENNETH SELLERS

*Rhetoric I, Theme 4, 1941-1942*

WITH RELUCTANT STEPS I TURNED INTO THE DOOR-way between Doolen's Barber Shop and Gossard's Self Help Grocery on East Athens Street and began the ascent of the dingy stairs to Doc Porter's office. I stopped once to read a particularly interesting bit of obscenity penciled on the wall, then continued, with hand to aching cheek, and foreboding, heavy as lead, in my vitals.

When I reached the top I turned left into the little hall that smelled of anaesthetics and alcohol, blood and pain, and entered the door lettered, "Dr. Porter—9:00 to 4:00 weekdays—Sat. by appt."

Odors like those in the hall enveloped me and brought back the sensations of needles being pushed into my gums, and Doc's old foot-power grinder boring, like a finger from hell, deep into my brain.

I stepped across the worn linoleum where previous visitors had left their tracks in the dust and greeted the sole occupant of the room. It was Percy Bady, the town's leading elbow-bender and touch artist.

"Hello, Perc," I gorgled, through my swelled jaw.

"Hi, kid," he said, grinning, making the purpose of his visit obvious by exposing his half-dozen yellow snags. The conversation was terminated by this exchange of hellos, and I seated myself in the chair just north of the one occupied by my fellow condemned, and attempted to forget my fears in a 1924 *Saturday Evening Post* I found among the welter of old *Tribunes*, *Readers' Digests*, and *Colliers'*, which lay covered with dust on the corner table. I then minutely examined everything in the room except the magazine.

Percy's flabby body spilled over the chair like foam on a stein. His left hand ran over and over his brushy chin; his right hand was busy removing a hang-nail from the thumb with the nail of the index finger. He seemed to

be listening intently to Doc's quavering voice murmuring encouragement into his patient's ear as he ground and pedaled and pedaled and ground. While he waited, Perc made two trips to the outer hall, and returned each time loosening the neck of his blue cambric shirt, so that I could tell he was using something more than fortitude to steel himself for the oncoming ordeal.

In a few minutes, which I spent in trimming my finger nails with my teeth, the door on the other side of the partition closed noisily. Perc rose to his feet, spread his legs apart, and with one hand and a peculiar bending of the legs known only to the male, adjusted himself in the crotch. Thus prepared, he lurched forward and rounded the end of the partition. I could hear him explaining: "This damn snag been hurtin', and this here 'un been raisin' hell, and I jist decided to have all the sonsabitches out. You can jerk three today I guess."

To keep my mind off such things I began counting the bearded men in the faded old photograph of the Doc's graduating class, which hung on the east wall. I soon tired of this and began speculation on the possible contents of the huge roll-top desk that faced me. The idea was pregnant with possibilities, and I must have spent at least thirty seconds on it before letting my mind wander back to the reason for my visit to the office. I next tried guessing the number of fly specks on the office windows, and how long it had been since they were washed. But it was no use. I found myself picturing the needle entering Percy's gums. By the thin thread of sounds I imagined the Doc was asking Perc how long his teeth had been hurting him while the anaesthetic took effect. That's one good thing about the Doc. I told myself, and it's probably what's responsible for the trickle of business he gets; he never delivers dissertations on politics, or his family, or the merits of the Dodgers, or the reason for Joe Louis' supremacy in the ring.

A couple of choking groans and, a moment later, the sound of someone spitting made it plain that one tooth had come out. I thought I heard Doc say, "Here she is, Perc. You oughtta be glad to get that outta yer head." A couple of grunts announced that Percy was in complete agreement. The removal of another tooth, and still another, was accompanied by the same sounds. Finally the squeak of the instrument rack's being pushed back against the wall and the click of the forceps on the marble-topped instrument table indicated that the job was through. In my mind's eye I could see the three teeth lying on a crimson-spotted cloth on the top of the cabinet.

I heard Doc take a few steps, and then the clank of a metal door opening and the sound of a lusty expectoration made it clear that he had deposited his cud of tobacco in the huge coal stove. The steps continued, and the opening of a door was followed by the splashing of water. That meant that the dentist must have gone to the sink in the back room and filled the yellow-stained glass with water to rinse the blood from Percy's mouth.



The spittoon on the side of the red-plush chair would now smell of whiskey as well as of Doc's tobacco.

A little later. "Oh hell, Doc, I ain't got six bucks. You'll just have to take this five and put the rest on yer books."

"All right, Perc," came the answer over the partition

The door snapped shut. I rose from my chair, tossed my magazine on the table, raising a minor dust storm, and fearfully entered the next room.

## Newsboy's Saturday Night

HERSHEL HERZOG

*Rhetoric I, Theme 6, 1941-1942*

THE WIND SWEEPS AROUND THE CORNER IN GUSTS. IT is very cold. Three forlorn-looking figures stand there, beating their arms against their sides to keep warm. The *News* truck is late tonight. It's eight-thirty already, and Maxie's headlights haven't nosed around the corner down at the other end of the block yet. We wonder what's keeping him.

At last we spy the welcome gleam working its way up the block. Harry runs into the candy store to tell the rest of the boys that the truck is coming. They had gone in to keep warm and to watch the "hangers" play the pin-ball machines. They swarm out of the store as the truck pulls up. A mad rush ensues as each tries to get his papers first. We three who braved the cold are already getting our orders filled. Maxie curses as I delay in getting my papers off the truck platform.

"God damn it! I'm late enough as it is without you dopes keeping me waiting! Get your damn papers off my truck!"

"Shut your trap," is my only retort.

I swing the load off the truck and into my wagon. Off I trot, pushing the wagon in front of me. My breath comes in gasps as I pound up Rogers Avenue. The cold air cuts my lungs. I run because the sooner I can get my papers on the street and sold, the sooner I can go home. I meet my partner, Lennie, at our corner. He has already put the *Mirrors* and *Americans* together. We start on the *Newsies*, quickly and expertly sliding the sections together. We have been working with each other for three years, and hence we operate very efficiently. By a quarter to nine Lennie has gone off to cover the route and I am "working" the cars on the street.

Saturday night is our big night. We sell the early editions of the Sunday papers, making two cents per five-cent paper and two and one-half cents per ten-cent paper. The turnover of papers is very large. We sell as many as one hundred and fifty papers on the street as well as those we deliver on the route. The newsboy lives, so to say, for Saturday night.

Our corner is the intersection of Bedford Avenue and Eastern Parkway. Whenever the traffic light is red for Bedford Avenue, I run up and down the aisles formed by the waiting cars, shouting, "He-e-ey-yo! Whad'ya read! *Sunday News*, *Mirror*, *American*? Get your Sunday pape'!" When the light turns green on Bedford, I run over to Eastern Parkway and repeat the process. From nine till twelve I shuttle back and forth, selling papers here, there, and everywhere.

As I take up my position at a quarter to nine, the big flow of traffic is toward the residential district. My shouts bring a flurry of demands from the car windows at first. I am hard pressed to keep up the pace. I fling change about with abandon. Soon, however, the homeward traffic slows down, and with it, my business. I take time out and sit down on the curbstone with a sigh. My money apron bulges a little in the nickel compartment. I don't feel the cold much now.

Soon the flow of cars reverses. The headlights come roaring out of the darkness from the Flatlands. I cross over to the opposite corner and take up my stand there. Up and back, up and back, up and back I walk. . . . My head begins to hurt. The gasoline fumes are taking effect. My ears and toes get numb. I shout my cry hoarsely. "Hey! Whad'ya read!" Business slows down to practically nothing. Time hangs heavily. I clutch my papers closer to me and jingle my change a little. My gloves afford me no more protection. The cold has worked into my fingers. The eleven o'clock chimes sound in the distance.

Then I see Lennie trudging slowly up Bedford Avenue. He has finished the route. We talk quietly as we move about to keep warm. Suddenly the lights blink out on the marquee of the Lincoln Theater down the street. That is our signal to run over and cover the out-going patrons. We shout our wares and make a few sales. Then we retire into the darkness of the street with our remaining papers.

"I think we're going to pass 'em all tonight, Len," I murmur.

"Yeah," he retorts. "Mebbe."

Slowly the lights from the store windows and movie houses blink out. All is quiet. We loiter about, approaching the few passers-by in attempts to sell our last sheets. By twelve-thirty they are all gone. We walk slowly homeward, parting ways at Rogers Avenue.

"G'night, Len."

"G'night, Hesh."

A light snow begins to fall. I finally reach home, climb the stairs, and insert my key noiselessly into the door lock. All is dark as I enter. I grope my way to my room, undress wearily, and fall into bed.

"Is that you, Hesh?" I hear a voice saying.

"Yes, ma."

I drop off to sleep.

# Spare the Club . . . .

HELEN D. MILLER

*Rhetoric I, Theme 8, 1941-1942*

THE SCHOOL SYSTEM OF TODAY EXPECTS OF ITS pupils far less rapid advancement than they are capable of making. No less than six years are spent learning to read, write, do sums, paint pictures, recognize a brown thrush in the springtime, and play Musical Chairs without losing tempers. I can recall at least five times in art class when I handed in identical portraits of a copper-colored Indian with peculiarly shaped jawbones. I made A on each and every drawing. Slight variations of this procedure carried me through grammar school with flying colors. I skipped two grades and never missed them; I added three-digit problems from left to right for over six weeks before my father—never my teacher—realized the mistake my extreme left-handedness had caused; I once drew a map of Oklahoma with the panhandle pointing toward New York and then placed California in the tip of the panhandle. Believe this if you can—there were other students who were more confused than I was.

In junior high school, the teachers began to expect a little more of me. They began to object to my wrong-ended panhandles, and I began to get failure slips when my algebra failed to come out right. They seemed to care whether I was a moron or not, and began to think up soothing things to say to me if I should turn out to be one. I was to be passed along with the rest if I proved to be normal.

Somehow I *was* classified as normal, although I think hypnotism did the trick, and the following September I was routed around to high school. I can still remember all the beautiful good intentions I had when I went to classes the first day. I'll study real hard, I will, I will, I will . . . . But then what was the use of doing the whole Spanish lesson when one could figure out just which question he would be called on to answer as soon as he got to class? And English—was there any sense in learning all those irritating rules when they would be repeated word for word in your sophomore, junior, and senior texts? And tests—tests were a cinch. Some grind around you was sure to have studied and it was easy enough to make him tell. I had enough scandal on Mary Grimes to get me clear through plane geometry. What was a little blackmail for a grade?

In spite of the breeze of the first twelve years, however, I came to college scared to death and prepared to study. Study?—I don't know how. There are those who say it is not too late to learn. I hope that it is not. The mercenary turn of my character tells me that since I am actually paying



for this phase of my education I should get as much as I can from it. I wish I could have realized earlier the value of schooling. I wish, in fact, that someone had stood over me with a twenty-pound club and forced me to work. But this is a democracy. Our schools are governed by complacent adults, supported by tender-hearted taxpayers, who shudder at the thought of a willow switch. Simple human nature breeds in pupils the attitude to "do as little as I can do and still get by." And yet the instinct of fear is strong. If it proves impossible to teach first-graders to take the long view of education, dare I advocate the club?

## Blades

A. L. POTTS

*Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1940-1941*

STAMP COLLECTORS SAY THEIR STAMPS INTEREST THEM because each stamp tells the story of some person or event. I doubt, though, whether the stories told by stamps are half so vivid as the stories my collection would tell, if it could talk. Those told by my collection would certainly be more personal than the stamp stories, and mine would be eye-witness accounts. I collect knives and swords.

My hobby started several years ago, when I was on a camping trip. We had hiked all day and were making camp on the site of an old battlefield of the American Revolution. Here Clark's frontiersmen, invading the Northwest Territory, met and defeated a strong band of Delawares, who had been selling American scalps to the "Scalp-Buyer" in Detroit. All the fellows in camp knew the story of this battle. We often camped here, because we liked to build our fires where the founders of our nation had built theirs. Many tales of the early battles our forefathers fought were told around our campfires. Every one of us had a favorite battle which he had studied, had described over and over, and had become more fascinated with in each retelling. The battle which had occurred at this particular place was my own favorite; I had studied it in many different books, and I had read Clark's personal account of it.

On this day, I was camp cook. As I sank my entrenching spade to dig a fire-pit, I struck metal. A moment's feverish digging uncovered the object. It was an old Revolutionary sword, rusted and nicked, the grooves along its side filled with dirt. Its handle had long since rotted away, as had its wielder, and its hilt was nearly rusted through. A junk-dealer might give ten dollars for several hundred such weapons, but it was, and is, invaluable to me.

Think of it! This sword had seen action in my favorite battle. What a

story it could tell! What would it say of long hikes through frozen timber and across drifted plains? I wondered how many scalps of frontier women and children it had avenged, how many skulls it had laid open, how many red or red-coated stomachs it had stabbed before its owner fell, here on an icy battlefield. How had the hardy frontiersman who swung the weapon fallen? Had he simply met a better man than he, or was he shot from ambush, or was he tomahawked from behind? Of these things I wondered, and still wonder, as the old veteran sword lies silent in my hands.

Thus began my somewhat unusual hobby. Since then I have obtained many different kinds of knives and swords; and I have even branched into collecting arrowheads, axes of both stone and steel, war clubs, and many other weapons. Some of my prizes are a Sioux tomahawk, given to me by a friend who spent several winters among the Sioux; French, English, and American bayonets, all of which saw action in France; a bowie knife; and a knife ground from the handle of a spoon by a Union soldier in a Confederate prison.

My grandfather has promised me that when he dies I may have his Civil War weapons—a musket, a bayonet, a knife, and a short sword. A Confederate veteran I know has said I may have his weapons too. But sometimes I think I would rather not inherit the treasures of these two men. Something about them would set them off from the rest of my collection. I know too poignantly well the biographies of these weapons, because I know the men who owned them.

In my room are relics from battles all over the world, relics which could tell of hot lead and cold steel; of bloody, cursing men; of victory and defeat. I don't see how anyone can waste time over little pieces of paper with glue on the back.

## Gull Flight

Lonely gull,  
Odd angle against the sky;  
Wheeling, crying strong,  
Partner to the waters sighing,  
Coming near.

Lonely gull,  
Soft, gray, lost in the sky,  
Soaring, fading fast;  
Searcher,  
Drifting far.

—TRYGUE JOHN MASENG

## Snake in the Grass

GILBERT McCONNELL

*Rhetoric II, Theme 10, 1941-1942*

IT WAS THE DAY AFTER SCHOOL WAS OUT FOR THE YEAR and everyone should have been happy, but Tom Rogers was wearing a sour expression. He came up to where I was mowing grass and sat down in the shade and watched me. He didn't say a word, and I didn't stop to talk because I wanted to get done in time to go swimming. In a couple of minutes Wally Huchel was sitting beside Tom. I knew there was going to be an argument, so I tried to think of something to break down their resistance. After a dozen furious rounds across the lawn, I still hadn't thought of anything, so I went over to the shade and joined them.

Wally said: "We're dissolving the company. If you want to play nursemaid to a flock of rattlesnakes, that's your business. I never heard of a snake farm till you mentioned it. Besides it's going to cost a lot more than we thought."

"Yeah," said Tom. "My twenty-five bucks would buy a lot of sodas. I'm afraid of snakes, anyway."

I tried to look relieved. "Okay, fellows, that's swell. I mean—well, after all, if you don't think it's worth it—" I started to move away.

Wally glanced at Tom. "We didn't say definitely that we were going out of it."

This time I was relieved. They went home and I went swimming. It was a swell afternoon.

A couple of evenings later, as I was dressing for a date, Tom and Wally came in. They were carrying half a dozen large books and some magazines.

"You were right," Wally admitted. "Rattlesnake farms have a future. Take a look at this stuff."

"I'll look at them tomorrow," I promised. "I've got a date in half an hour."

Wally opened a book. "We'll leave 'em for you, but glance over this page now and see what you think of it."

They had found everything that anyone would want to know about snakes. From those books we learned that the diamond-back rattler, which we knew to be quite common in our area, is one of the largest and most poisonous of all rattlesnakes; yet it is also the laziest and least aggressive. A rattler ordinarily will not strike unless it is molested, and unless it is suddenly surprised, its rattles give the intruder a fair warning. Contrary to superstition, the snake does not leap from the ground and strike. It cannot possibly strike more than its full length, and rarely more than half its



length. When the snake is disturbed, it throws itself into a coil for protection, with its tail in the air and its rattles buzzing, but before it strikes, its body forms a lazy "S." We found several references to the use of snakeskin in the leather industry, and mention of snake farms, but these passages gave no direct information that would help us in our work. From one pamphlet, however, we learned definitely that the meat of rattlesnakes is canned and sold. From the best available material we inferred that this industry was still somewhat of an experiment, but that did not shake our faith in our enterprise. It looked pretty good to Wally and me. Tom was still against it.

Around ten o'clock I remembered my date. It was pretty late even to call her and apologize. For a few minutes I mutilated the King's English with various brands of profanity, directed, of course, at Tom and Wally, who had been the cause of my forgetting.

"Aw, calm down," said Wally, who had been reading peacefully during my verbal tornado. "Who cares about women, anyway? There'll always be snakes."

"Yeah," echoed Tom, "there'll always be snakes." He was looking at me when he said it, so I asked him for the five bucks he owed me.

Together Wally and I got Tom at least mildly interested in our plan. We spent the next morning looking for a place to keep our "pets." All along our parents had made serious objections to the whole idea, and they absolutely refused to let us keep them near home.

When I came home for lunch I learned that Marge had called me three times during the morning. She called again while I was there, and excused herself for breaking our date. Her car had overturned somewhere and she didn't get home until the next morning.

That afternoon Tom came through with the only help he had given thus far. He had obtained permission for us to use an old pasture field on his uncle's farm. Since it was just outside of town, the location suited us perfectly. We began work immediately by staking off a plot fifty feet square and digging a trench around it. Since the place was outside of town, we had to find some way of transporting materials to it. After a great deal of bargaining, we paid ten dollars for a dilapidated Model-T truck, which Wally, with some inherent spark of mechanical genius, finally induced to run. We spent the next day hauling old bricks, which we laid in the trench in the same manner that the foundation is laid for a building. At regular intervals we set strong posts, and between them erected a framework of boards. Upon the brick foundation we built a smooth wall of metal roofing about four feet high. It didn't look bad when we had finished, and we thought it should keep a snake in his place.

The first afternoon that we set out to scour the rocks of Rattlesnake Bluff was blistering hot. All of us wore heavy hip boots that seemed to

burn the skin where they touched our bodies. Wally was sweating under the weight of a heavy cage, and Tom carried a .22 calibre rifle. Since I had been unanimously elected snake-catcher, I didn't have to carry any of the equipment. I was also permitted to take a good lead through all particularly dense growths of weeds and brush. We were almost worn out with climbing over the rocks when we found our first rattler, a big fellow, sleeping comfortably on a large flat rock. The problem of getting the snake into the cage had never bothered me, but now that the first trial had come, I didn't know how to start. Finally deciding to make an attempt, I took the cage and walked toward the snake. When I was within a few feet of him, he wrapped himself into a coil and his rattles began to buzz. I have heard snakes rattle many times, but this one sounded particularly dangerous. I backed away, careful not to make any sudden movements. While we were discussing new methods, the snake disappeared among the rocks.

That experience would probably have been our last attempt at snake catching had we not met a fisherman who showed us the proper technique. He cut a strong forked stick about four feet long, and cut the prongs down to about eight inches. He then got a gunny sack out of his boat, and we started hunting. When we found a snake, the fisherman took the stick and walked toward it, holding the stick in front of him. The snake naturally struck at the stick instead of striking at the man. With a quick movement he set the fork of the stick over the neck of the snake and threw his weight upon it. When I was sure the situation was under the fisherman's control, I brought up the cage, and set it against the fork, with the snake's head inside the door. The sack had been placed over the screen to make the cage dark. The fisherman slightly decreased his pressure on the stick, and the snake crawled quickly into the cage.

Within the next ten days we captured fourteen snakes and dumped them into our pen. One of our greatest problems was feeding them. We gave them birds, mice, and any other small animals that we could get. We soon found that they preferred their food alive. This made our job even more difficult. They did not seem to like their captivity, for they spent most of the time circling around the prison walls. They couldn't have been more tired of it than we were, for all our efforts to contact either the Florida canning factory or the leather industries ended in failure.

The minute that Wally and Tom walked into my room, I knew that something had happened. They had on boots, and both of them were carrying rifles. I was soon informed that we were going snake hunting. During the night a bull had escaped from a neighboring farm and had wrecked the fence around our snake pen. Tom's uncle had made it plain that we were going to find and kill every one of the snakes that had escaped. On the way to the farm we reviewed our summer's work. I admitted that it

had been my idea in the first place, and I told them that I would take all the blame if the snakes killed anyone.

Tom, Wally, and I stood looking down at the pile of dead snakes—fourteen of them. I was thinking of the work we had done to start our snake farm. Wally and Tom were probably thinking what fools we had been.

"Well," I said finally, "we still have the skins. We might preserve them some way and maybe find a market."

Wally gave me a murderous look. "We've still got the carcasses too. The old man said to bury 'em deep. Anybody bring a shovel?"

### Bus Stop

As the huge blue bus comes to a stop in front of the Greyhound Post, the quiet, easy life of the country is ended. The beating exhaust of the bus and the clanging of cups inside the Post create the rhythm of the city, its beating allegro and clanging discords. The stage is set for the city dwellers to present their way of life. Cigars, cigarettes, coffee, and pie, those are the props for these temporary migrators. Their theme is speed—more time to find loopholes in the federal income tax, less time for digesting food. That is the act presented by the city dweller: *Speed at All Costs* is the title.

When the beating exhaust becomes a deep roar, the bus begins to move, and the Post settles back to its accustomed country quietness. A farmer across the road slowly chews a plug of tobacco as his horses pull an earthy plow across his rich, black land. Pigs are heard squealing, and a chicken runs across the highway.

—JOHN FEAGAN

### It's a Disease

Today I walked into a second-hand book store. Scanning the dusty shelves, I found two old books, which I carried out with me. There was nothing particularly valuable about them from a monetary or literary standard, but I was attracted by the style in which they were written. One concerned woman's wear at the time of the first World War. I was interested in the book, first because of its revealing illustrations of what women wore in the war days, and secondly because of the air of authenticity and sound conviction the authoress displayed in her writing. What finally led me to purchase the book was a passage from a chapter on cosmetics, expressed in typically expert and confiding fashion: "Not one woman in a thousand washes her face properly." This, I thought, was certainly a good introduction to, and, indeed, a strong defense of, the use of cosmetics.

The other book dealt with home remedies, recipes, and farm cures for animals and humans. The publisher addressed the first page of the book to the salesman representing the publishing house. It informed the salesman of his duty to see that humanity was not deprived of this wonderful work. The page said in effect that to fail to provide humanity with this work was like failing to deliver a vital serum to a plagued community. Why do I add such books to my library? Merely, I suppose, because of an urge I cannot resist, a disease similar to a woman's mania to purchase soup bowls on bargain days even though her cupboard is over-supplied with soup bowls.—GEORGE COFFARO



# The Industrial Spy

PAUL YOULE

*Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1940-1941*

SINCE THE FIRST PART OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY labor and capital in the United States have been in almost constant conflict. The Industrial Revolution with its factory system severed whatever personal bonds of interest there were between the two forces. The worker became a draft animal. He worked long hours, under unsanitary conditions, often competing with exploited women and child labor. Advancements in machinery and widespread mass-production made no man indispensable to the completed product. Labor only gradually realized wherein its defense lay—organization.

But capital has had its own interests to look after. When labor unions were considered bolshevik-infested radical groups, as indeed many were, it cannot be said that capital interests had nothing to do with reinforcing that belief.<sup>1</sup> However, although capital has used several weapons against labor, the most effective seems to have been the labor spy, with his motto, "Smash the Union!"<sup>2</sup>

In 1937 Congress appropriated an original \$15,000 to the Senate subcommittee of the Committee on Education and Labor, popularly known as the LaFollette Civil Liberties Committee. Senator LaFollette of Wisconsin was aided by Senator Thomas of Utah in revealing an astounding story of spying on workers. After some of the startling revelations brought to light, the committee was indefinitely supported by Congress. It has never failed to produce sensational news. From an opening clue, a financial statement rendered to Chrysler Corporation by Corporations Auxiliary, Senators LaFollette and Thomas proceeded to clear up a very hazy and sketchy picture.<sup>3</sup> Detectives raided the offices of some of the bigger corporations, hiring spies in the hope that some incriminating evidence might be found. When the detectives arrived, all the corporation officers proceeded, with apparently good intentions, to assure the detectives of their innocence. When the company books and records and files were searched, not one bit of evidence could be found. Only one thing was out of the ordinary. The waste-paper baskets were all full of torn records of some kind. These scraps were taken to committee headquarters, where slowly the pieces were put together, jig-saw-puzzle style. When the puzzle was finished, the facts were there.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Calkins, Clinch, *Spy Overhead*, New York, Harcourt Brace Co., 1937, 8-9.

<sup>2</sup>Huberman, Leo, *The Labor Spy Racket*, New York, Modern Age Books, Inc., 1937, Ch II.

<sup>3</sup>Calkins, *op. cit.*, 16-38.

<sup>4</sup>*Loc. cit.*

But even with the records of the employers, the spy agencies, and the testimony and confession of spies, it was hard to pin the spy-hirers down. They forgot very easily all their past actions.

After lengthy grillings, however, all these minute details began to form a clear picture of the efforts to prevent the growth and spread of unionism. Mr. Huber Blankenhorn, industrial economist on the NLRB and advisor to the LaFollette Committee, estimated that in April, 1936, there were 230 spy agencies, largest of which were William J. Burns International Detective Agency, Inc., Pinkerton's National Detective Agency, Railway Audit and Inspection Co., Corporations Auxiliary, and Sherman Service.<sup>5</sup> The names of some of these organizations certainly do not suggest spy activities, and this fact, combined with the elusiveness of their officials, made conviction very difficult. Estimates of operatives in these agencies vary from 40,000 to 135,000.<sup>6</sup> One labor leader stated that he never knew of "a gathering large enough to call a meeting and small enough to exclude a spy."<sup>7</sup> The cost of spies can be estimated from the General Motors expense sheet, which recorded payment of \$994,855.68 to agencies from January, 1934, to July, 1936.<sup>8</sup> Conservative estimates place the money spent by all companies in the United States during one year at \$80,000,000. Other big names in industry that used spies include Chrysler Corporation, Aluminum Company of America, Greyhound Lines, Firestone Rubber Company, Kellogg Company, Standard Oil, Statler Hotels, Western Union, Borden Milk. The list is almost unending.<sup>9</sup> Practically all big corporations considered the expense of spies as an important and necessary item in their budget.

The work of the spies is, first, to prevent formation of a union, or, second, to cause dissension and factional struggle inside an already formed union. To set up a hypothetical case, the XYZ Corporation has decided that there is danger of a strong labor organization within its factory. XYZ knows where to get spies. To practically every factory of moderate size there are sent advertisements and inducements by the spy companies masquerading under some false front, such as Railway Audit and Inspection Company. The XYZ Corporation is guaranteed that soon all the power of the union in its plant will be destroyed. Next, the detective agency sends a spy to the XYZ factory. The spy is given a job where he can "rub shoulders" with the workers and where he can associate with them. He becomes a "good fellow" and is soon elected an officer in the union because of his apparent deep interest in labor. He advocates strong union action against the management and becomes a close friend of high officials in the union.

<sup>5</sup>"More Spies on Labor," *New Republic*, XCI (April 22, 1936), 303.

<sup>6</sup>Huberman, *op. cit.*, 6.

<sup>7</sup>*Loc. cit.*

<sup>8</sup>*Loc. cit.*

<sup>9</sup>*Ibid.*, Ch. I.

His wife and children become intimate friends of the wives and children of other union members. *All the time he is writing detailed reports to the management of the XYZ Corporation concerning the actions of the workers—what they say, what they do, what they think.*

The most coveted position in the union for the spy is that of secretary-treasurer. When the spy holds this position he can secure a complete roster of members or, as a last resort, can cripple the union by running out with the treasury. To show how fully spies cover union meetings, the New York *Times* of December 17, 1934, reported that Matthew Smith, secretary of a local tool and die makers union, testified that "several weeks ago he had inadvertently lost a copy of the minutes of his union meeting, and he had received an even more detailed statement of what had transpired at the meeting from a detective agency which had 'covered' the meeting through its own operative." While the spy is a member of the union, all of the secret meetings become open books to the management, and when the spy is an officer, all of the private records become available.

When the spy for the XYZ Corporation hears any worker other than himself agitating too much, the report goes to the XYZ management and soon the offender is fired. He is not only fired but black-listed as well. Frequently, skilled craftsmen are completely barred from their trade by the blacklist. Mr. Edwin R. Smith, member of the NLRB appointed by the President, said, "I have never listened to anything more tragically un-American than stories of the discharged employees of the Fruehauf Trailer Co., victims of a labor spy. Man after man in the prime of life, of obvious character and courage, came before us to tell of the blows that had fallen on him for his crime of having joined a union. Here they were—family men with wives and children—on public relief, black-listed from employment, so they claimed, in the city of Detroit, citizens whose only offense was that they had ventured in the land of the free to organize as employees to improve their working conditions."<sup>10</sup>

When it is found impossible to kill a union completely, there are many subtle, underhanded ways to render it powerless. When the spy gains the confidence of the union men, he suggests that the officers of the union are crooked and he causes the union members to be suspicious and distrustful of each other. This feeling is definitely not conducive to intra-union cooperation. If a spy is caught, this disclosure leads to more suspicion. Each worker has a tendency to suspect his fellows, and in turn they suspect him of spying on them. The LaFollette Committee learned of a labor union in Flint, Michigan, which had shrunk from a membership of 26,000 in 1935 to 122 in 1936. (Maybe the remaining 122 were all spies.) Lawrence Barker, a Pinkerton spy working in the General Motors plants at Lansing and

<sup>10</sup>*Ibid.*, 28.



Fisher, testified that these plants were 100% organized at one time, but after the spies had finished, there were only five officers left.<sup>11</sup>

Often some clever spies completely block every constructive action proposed in the union by spiking every such plan. Since few union constitutions are written by men familiar with law, almost any action by the union can be thrown out as being unconstitutional. By mere technicalities alone, much work can be stopped. The clever spy manages to find or create two factions in the union, and then he subtly plays one faction against the other. A good spy will become a member of as many union committees as possible, sabotaging the work of each. The spy realizes the power of strikes, and he also knows the results of a poorly timed strike. By calling for a strike when public sentiment is against labor or when the management is able to withstand it, the spy can succeed in his deadly work. When the time is really "ripe" for striking or demanding their rights, the spy convinces the union that conditions are not perfect or that there is no chance of winning.

I have thus far considered mainly the use of spies hired outside the factory, who know exactly what the effect of their work is. The picture is even blacker when we view the workers in a factory who are "hooked" into becoming spies against their will. Frequently the hooked man is willing to betray his fellow workers, but most often he is blackmailed into becoming a spy. The hookers search for a good prospect, being very particular about their choice. Red Kuhl, former spy who testified before the La-Follette Committee, testified that in hooking, "first you look your prospect over and if he is married and has a family, that is preferable. If he is financially hard up, that is number two. If his wife wants more money or if he doesn't have a car, that counts."<sup>12</sup> After the victim is selected, he must be approached tactfully. He must never be told his real job until it is too late to back out. The hooker usually tells the hooke that he represents a group of insurance companies who are about to offer rates to the company or that a chamber of commerce or a stockholders' association wish information about the progress of the company. It is impressed upon the victim that he is really helping his fellow workers and himself. Once the reports come through from the new spy, he becomes a permanent spy. If he realizes what his job is, he is told that if he squeals, his signatures on messages will convict him in the eyes of his friends.

When proposed and fostered by the officers of an industry, company unions have in the past been merely automatons, following the wishes of the management. How then, could labor be persuaded to join the company unions? The spies have had a great part in this persuasion.<sup>13</sup> "Why should we pay

<sup>11</sup>*Ibid.*, 20-21.

<sup>12</sup>"Behind the Scenes," *Nation*, CXLVI (January 1, 1938), 733-34.

<sup>13</sup>Bowden, Witt, "Freedom for Wage Earners," *Annals of the American Academy of Political Science*, CC (November, 1938), 198.

national presidents, treasurers, and vice-presidents who are thousands of miles away and who have no interest in us?" and "Why not keep all the money we spend for dues here in our company union and be sure our money is used here?" are arguments advanced by the spies, the latter argument being quite appealing to those workers who have been victimized by a union racket of high fees. Many company unions are honest in their attempts to give labor a fair deal, but so many are not that we can call company unions a menace.

Not only do spies spy on workers; often spies spy upon spies. In the spies' own midst, there are often traitors who side with labor. Traitor spies often pose as being antagonistic toward labor and at the same time they hand in reports that are completely false. When there is little labor activity and the spy doesn't have much to write, he must "pad" his reports in order to give the employers what they want—news. This tendency makes necessary the employer's hiring a great number of spy agencies, each spying on the other until, finally, hardly anyone knows who is spying on whom.

These abuses of capital against labor seem to point out just one side of the story. The labor unions haven't been completely the "fair haired lads." They have had unnecessary strikes, terrorism, riots, and occasional infestations of communism. Since there are two sides to this, as to every question, mutual cooperation is necessary for a better relationship. By fully airing these practices to public view, we can help to clear up the labor-capital turmoil. In underhanded dealings such as the labor-spy racket, years of unnecessary waste of life and money have resulted.

Unfortunately, the future for the industrial spy looks good. According to Robert R. Brooks, in *When Labor Organizes*, "Development in the future will probably be in the direction of greater subtlety. The possibilities of variation in methods are great and employers who are willing to pay the very high prices charged by espionage agencies may not have difficulty in keeping a step ahead of counter maneuvers."<sup>14</sup> In spite of this prediction, I believe that with less underhanded work in both capital and labor groups, with less of the bullheaded attitude that both groups have recently taken, the spy can be discarded permanently.

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## Democracy at Work

I might add that West Frankfort is more Americanized than Chicago. This may be a rash statement, but I think not. West Frankfort typifies the American standard of being the "melting-pot of the nations." We have Poles, Italians, Germans, English, and all other nationalities living side by side. They don't segregate into their own little groups, with Italians in one part of town, Czechs in another, and Bulgarians in still another. They live side by side just as they work. A Montenegrin, working in the mines, might have a Frenchman for a buddy, or a German might have a Russian for his. They learn to trust each other and, therefore, learn each other's good points. When you are working in darkness with only a small "bug-light" for illumination, with noisy machinery to drown out the sounds of falling coal; or when you are in a close place and your buddy is operating the machinery, you learn cooperation. It is a vital necessity. There is no fighting. Each is working for the other as well as for himself. This is true democracy.—MARION B. WALLS

## Worry?

Recently many articles have been written regarding an old, but only recently recognized, scourge to modern mankind—worry. All of these articles dwell at length on the folly and utter uselessness of worry; and many of them offer theories, some advanced by psychiatrists and others merely the products of self-styled philosophers who urge their readers to profit by experience. Each article attempts, by either sound reasoning, incomprehensible theories, medical statistics, or quotations from Shakespeare, to dissuade the modern man from his addiction to this pernicious mental disease. Firmly he is warned that worrying is infinitely more detrimental to health than smoking and can almost certainly be relied upon to diminish one's life span by at least ten years. The effect of all this upon the man who worries is extremely simple; it causes him to worry about worrying, provided that he has no more pressing problems to ponder at the moment.

—MAX HENCY



# Home Life in Manila

L. W. WILKES

*Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1941-1942*

TO MOST PEOPLE, THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS ARE A cluster of steaming tropical atolls infested with snakes, head-hunters, and dysentery germs, and anyone living there is either native, army, or crazy. To a few people, the Islands are a movie setting for Dorothy Lamour—balmy, quiet, Elysian. The various and conflicting opinions are like those of the blind Hindus who were asked to describe an elephant.

If you were to announce that you were moving to the Philippines, you would probably be swamped by a wave of advice. People, meaning well, but totally ignorant of the facts, would tell you what to take, what not to take, how to act, and what to expect. For weeks after you had left, your ears would ring like conch shells with the echo of that surging sea of advice.

Take lots of shoes—you can't buy them over there. Take a canteen—you will have to carry your own drinking water. Take a gun—the natives all carry knives. Take a pith helmet. Take an atomizer of disinfectant. Take sterilized gloves. Take canned foods. Take handkerchiefs. Take boots. Take—

Take my advice. Don't believe a word of anything you hear about Manila's being a hard place in which to live. Most of those stories are based on propaganda spread by seven-day tourists. No one knows why a perfectly normal human being, who loves dogs, and who has never wished to poison his mother-in-law or kick infants, should suddenly, viciously, become a seven-day tourist. The ugly change is likely to occur whenever he decides to travel. If he stops in a place only one or two days, he is usually content to say merely that he has been there, but if he stays there the enormous space of one week, then he is lost. He takes excursions and supervised sight-seeing tours. He reads his travel pamphlets more carefully, and puts notes in their margins. He asks questions. He observes—for seven days. Then he returns to his home, and in a very short time the change is completed. Assuming a world-weary air, he tells bored lies about his tour abroad. Like an old lady with an operation, he recounts, with retouchings, the hardships he went through to bring his listeners first-hand news about life overseas.

Suppose, for instance, it was the Philippines. The drinking water there, he says, must be boiled, and while he was there, he had his socks washed in alcohol every night to prevent infection. Life in Manila is one hell of heat and quinine. Why, to live even in semi-comfort, one must keep four servants. Four lazy servants to keep living conditions bearable. Four

stupid, good-for-nothing, barbaric natives to do the work done in the States by one mediocre housemaid. . . . And somewhere in the midst of this harangue he starts frothing at the mouth and running in circles.

We kept four servants. Not to do the work of one, but for the cost of one. The type of work that they did could not be bought here in the States for less than a small fortune, but in the Islands it cost us little more than what we pay now for a cook and laundry.

Each servant considered himself the most important member of the household. The *lavandera* took three washes a week, and by pounding and wringing and sun-bleaching, got our shirts as white as the "after" picture in a soap ad. She would squat in front of a flat stone near a running stream, and pound our dirty clothes with a short club, wring them damp, and spread them on the grass in the sun to dry and bleach. Yet with all this rough treatment, I never found a broken button or a burst seam in any of my shirts.

In the morning, while my eyes were still shut, I could get up, walk to my clothes, and dress with perfect ease. Manuel, the houseboy, would always have them laid out by the time I woke up. This was merely the start of Manuel's day. He would serve breakfast, lunch, and supper, and help the cook wash the dishes. He would clean the entire house, wash all the windows, and dust every plane surface. If I had a date, or if my father was going out, Manuel would dress us, tie our ties, fold our handkerchiefs, chase our collar buttons, and see that we had our keys and money. Then he would fold back all the beds and arrange all the mosquito bars so that if we came home in a jovial mood we could get to bed with a minimum of trouble. In general, one of Manuel's days would end just in time for the next one to begin.

The chauffeur kept the car in shape, and played cabby to the entire family. Yet he was never too busy to fix a flat on my bike, or to run errands for the cook. He delivered personally all invitations to Mother's parties, and had to know exactly where each guest lived. If a dinner party were being given he would double as houseboy. Any carpentry or plumbing or odd jobs around the house were done by him, from fixing a leaky faucet to punishing the dog for a social *faux pas*. He ruled the garage, and the tool chest was his throne.

In the kitchen, the cook reigned supreme. He could order out even Mother, if he were in the throes of creation. I once saw him chase Manuel out of the kitchen with a butcher knife. I believe that Manuel had told him he was putting too much salt in the soup, so Juan grabbed up the butcher knife and carved himself a small piece of Manuel. Manuel left, hurriedly. The quarrel was soon patched up, however, and Juan went on cooking as before. He would work for hours surrounded by steaming kettles and spitting skillets, but he got results. His oven-warm bread was

better than cake, but he preferred to make cake, because of the pretty designs made possible by icing. There was always candied orange peel or cinnamon cookies in the pantry, and his desserts were marvelous, but his real triumph was curried chicken with rice. It was at once rib-padding and soul-satisfying. You chewed it and swallowed it just like any ordinary food, you took six helpings, and you felt well-fed; but still it could not be called food. Food is for the body. The Olympian gods did not have to eat, but ate for the sheer pleasure of the thing. Juan's recipe for curried chicken was devised on Olympus.

It is easy to see that a Philippine household is no place for an ambitious housekeeper, used to endless bustling and tidying. It is a place to relax and to let things take care of themselves. It is a place where the servants become hosts, and do not allow you to do one thing for yourself. Several times Juan and Manuel have come into the parlor and spoken to Mother in this way:

"Madam, you do not entertain enough. It has been six weeks since you last gave a dinner party. Since then Colonel Kelton and Captain Anderson have entertained you. Why do you not have another big dinner soon?"

It is a perfectly natural question to them. They are masters of their trades. Juan can cook a better dinner and Manuel set and decorate a better table than any other servants in Manila. Why not give a big dinner and let the world know? And so you give a dinner, and Manuel stands at the head of the table and beams when the guests praise the flower arrangement, and you can fairly see Juan glow as he comes to the door to make sure all his food is eaten.

It is quite a pleasant arrangement. At first. Then you suddenly find yourself merely the guest of honor in your own house. To an energetic manager, the situation is unbearable. You fight. You struggle. But you can't win. The servants have you right where you want them. So your home becomes a place where you can just sink into a semi-coma, a hotel-existence, a place where you can enjoy complete relaxation with no worries about dropping a cigarette ash on the rug, or leaving a white ring on the piano. It may be hard for some families to accustom themselves to a life of complete sloth, but the Wilkeses are a remarkable family. As Pooh-Bah might have said, "It revolted us, but we did it."

## Horizon

Mile after mile of waving grain greets the eye in the flat wheat fields of Kansas. The midday sun beats down from a cloudless sky, sending the temperature soaring. Here and there a cluster of farm buildings appears like an oasis in the desert-like fields. Soon reapers will be mowing the grain with large combines, and chaff will fill the air. Nearby, steel-grey rails span the continent and the streamliner defies distance and time.—ROBERT JAMES



# Hell on Earth

ROBERT WRIGHT

*Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1941-1942*

TEDDY ROOSEVELT ONCE SAID, "THERE ARE TWO things about the French I could never understand or tolerate; they are French Guiana and the French Foreign Legion." Not only Roosevelt, but the whole world has wondered about the great French penal colony. Periodically, since Guiana's birth in 1852, humanity has been shocked by tales of terrorism and brutality emanating from there. But so completely has French Guiana guarded its dark and dismal secrets, only vague and garbled rumors of conditions in Guiana have reached the general public's ear.

The man in the street doesn't associate the name Guiana with the more famous name Devil's Island, and, if he did, the chances are he would have to consider several moments before settling on their location. The reason for this amazing lack of knowledge is quite simple. The French government and the administration of Guiana could never hope to keep the partial truth of Guiana from the world, but they have done the next best thing. They have endeavored, since the famous Dreyfus case, to obscure and destroy all documents and witnesses that could supply to the public the evidence needed to corroborate the stories and rumors that have come out of the place. The French government and the Guiana administration have, in effect, reduced the colony to one of those evils which, from constant repetition and insufficient evidence, become boresome to the public.

Such was the case until recently. Then *Dry Guillotine* appeared. The world became "Guiana-conscious" again, for here was an account written by René Belbenoit, an escaped prisoner from Guiana. But not an ordinary prisoner! Not a semi-intelligent, illiterate, bestial hulk of a man! Here was a burning intellect, kept alive in a frail ninety-pound body. After spending fifteen years in this hell, in a climate and under treatment that had killed thousands of men—big, strong men, far better equipped by nature than he—René Belbenoit, literary, versed in several languages, living but for the day he would tell the world of his experience, escaped from Guiana. This emaciated mite of a man, all his teeth gone, his body racked with fever, with but a few years to live after the privations he had suffered, arrived in America as a stowaway on a tramp steamer. He had not traded his health for nothing—he carried with him a precious oilskin-wrapped bundle containing thirty pounds of closely written manuscript. From that thirty-pound bundle *Dry Guillotine* was made, a work which treats the subject so clearly and objectively (and objectivity must have been especially difficult for one who had suffered as long and as deeply as had Belbenoit) that no

reasonable person could doubt it is the absolute truth. The work is fully substantiated by documented evidence: Belbenoit worked for some months as custodian of the official archives of French Guiana, cataloging them, by the special request of the Civil Governor.

*Dry Guillotine* is the odyssey of a man's will, of the fighting, unquenchable spark, the mysterious, intangible force that drives men on after their bodies have quit. At the age of twenty-one, Belbenoit was sentenced to eight years at hard labor in Guiana. Upon arriving there, he was faced with the choice all newly arrived prisoners faced—the choice of staying there, trying to endure the burning sun, the omnipresent mosquitoes and insects, the bad housing and poor nutrition, the brutal treatment of the guards, and the back-breaking jungle labor camps, where prisoners labor naked in the sun and die like flies; or trying to escape. The very air seemed to whisper the answer—"escape or die."

And Belbenoit tried. For four unsuccessful attempts he tried, for fifteen years of the most terrible hardships he tried, until, finally, on his fifth try, after twenty-two months of unbelievable sufferings, he escaped through the jungles of Central and South America. On this series of escape attempts René weaves a fascinating pattern of prison life. The dreaded islands—*Illes du Salut* (Isle of Salvation), including Royal Island, home of *La Case Rouge* (the Crimson, i.e., the Bloodstained, Barracks); Saint Joseph, where the terrible solitary cells are; and Devil's Island, the tiny island on which political prisoners are kept—are painted with an unforgettable brilliance. The terrible labor camps of *Chavein*, *Kourou*, and *Godebert*, the blockhouse at *Saint Laurent*, the sordid capital city of Cayenne, the *libères* (freed convicts, still required to remain in Guiana), the *fort-à-bras* (roughnecks), the *momes* (sexual perverts), and the *incos* (incorrigible prisoners) leap into life before your startled eyes. They hold you half thrilled, half sickened, in your chair.

I believe that *Dry Guillotine* will stand the test of time: its theme, penology, will be of interest to all generations, and it is perhaps the greatest expression of man's inhumanity to man ever written. The book has great sociological significance. In it can be seen, if one looks closely, reflection of the anomalies of the French race. In no other race can such great contrasts be found, such lofty idealism on one hand and such vicious corruption on the other. Here is a people who advocate democracy, which includes, I believe, fraternity of man; yet they subscribe to and support an institution like Guiana. Though great scandals out of Guiana have rocked France from time to time, though crusades for the destruction of Guiana have periodically swept the nation, Guiana still remains, a living symbol of the great fault in the character of the French. Much of France's present difficulty can be directly traced to the inexplicable attitude of the French towards evil in their midst. Their failure to make a good showing in the

present war is an unhappy result of the nation's apathy to corruption in government circles. The Germans swept down on a poorly officered nation, and the result is now history.

Sociologists, human welfare workers, child educators, criminologists, parents, and all others having the interests of the species at heart, and even those that don't—the anarchist, the nihilist, the malcontent, and the criminal—will find in *Dry Guillotine* a vital interest; for it is something that affects every one of us. No one can say when he, or someone dear to him, will be faced by the law's long arm; and when that happens you would like to feel that the law you face is a fair and just one, that it will give you all due and just consideration, that if you are convicted, you will not have to suffer such a man-destroying, soul-destroying hell as Guiana, that you will have a chance to serve your term and to rehabilitate yourself afterwards. For these reasons, and because it is a profound study of the meaner side of human nature, I recommend *Dry Guillotine*.

## Union Now vs. Union Later

WALLACE FRANK

*Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1941-1942*

PERHAPS YOU HAVE HEARD OF UNION NOW, ONE OF the latest movements aiming at the prevention of a Nazi dominated world. If so, you know that the movement proposes the immediate union of all English-speaking nations under one supreme government, modelled after the American system, with the establishment of intra-Union free trade and the consolidation of citizenships, military forces, postal and communication facilities, and currency systems. The idea was fathered by Clarence K. Streit, former foreign correspondent for American newspapers, and is being supported by a considerable number of organizations in both England and America. If the plan were officially adopted, immediate peace would be offered to the Axis powers, with no concessions of rights by either side. For the time being all armies would be withdrawn from battle lines and occupied zones, and all nations would return, temporarily at least, to the pre-war *status quo*. The Axis powers and other nations could join the union if they were willing to accept the constitution.

No one can foresee all the results of such an extensive change in international affairs, no matter how well qualified he is as an authority. Various possibilities might produce anything from world chaos to an ideal system of international government. However, after careful consideration of both sides of the question, I have come to the conclusion that the plan would not work satisfactorily. Taken simply from the economic viewpoint, Union



Now has its merits, but other powerful factors enter the question. Nations are made up of citizens, and we must regard them as groups of people organized to secure their welfare, not simply as plans of government.

To begin with, Union Now, being organized on the American governmental plan, would never be acceptable to the British. There are 130,000,000 Americans to 80,000,000 of all other English-speaking peoples combined. The system would give America control of the House by a large majority, securing our interests, but definitely imperiling the interests of the others. Even if English ideals and American ideals were synonymous, the British would never allow their sovereignty to be taken from them so easily. They love their freedom as much as we love ours, and would refuse to give it up voluntarily even if they could be assured that we would be sympathetic towards their interests. That alone is enough to insure failure, if every other aspect of the plan were satisfactory.

But Union Now is thoroughly unsatisfactory on several other points also. For one thing, it would not help Britain win the war a bit more than America is helping now. We could not send any more supplies than we are sending now, nor could we send them any faster. The government of Union Now, if patterned after our own, would not be a bit more powerful or efficient than the two existing governments working on cooperation. In fact, it would probably be larger and more unwieldy, for the widely diverging interests of a much larger number of people would have to be taken into consideration in the passage of laws. The necessary reorganization involved in the combination of our military forces might temporarily destroy the efficiency so essential for military success, and place the Union at a disadvantage. Also, the very size of the army and navy would make it more difficult to keep them functioning smoothly. Hitler has already demonstrated the advantage of small, fast units against heavy, cumbersome armies.

After the war, how could the Union possibly effect a better and more lasting peace than England and America can by working together? The drafting of a successful treaty of peace depends on the wisdom of the statesmen drafting it, not on the political connection between their governments. Whether England and America exist as one or as two countries at the end of the war, they will both be striving to better world conditions with a lasting peace.

England and America could not get along under the same government in peace-time anyway. They cannot be compared to the thirteen colonies, which had many common bonds drawing them together and encouraging union. England and America have little in common other than their language and their ideals of government. Generally speaking, the Americans are, in their way of life, radical and progressive, and the English are conservative. This division of tempers would form the natural basis for the formation of political parties, and England and America would be on oppo-

site sides of the fence at the outset. Each nation has its own peculiar customs and traditions, and each would be loath to let them be placed second to those of the new "super-nation." With such strife and disagreement between the two nationalities, it would be quite natural for England to withdraw and refuse to comply with our wishes. She would quite understandably feel that we had taken advantage of her at a critical time and taken her sovereign rights away, and the affair would terminate in bitter resentment between English and Americans, rather than cooperation.

Then, too, other nations would look upon the Union with resentment and distrust. They would feel that it was merely an attempt to monopolize world trade and secure an advantage over the smaller nations. Just as many South American countries have recently shown themselves wary of too close an alliance with the United States, so would all the non-English nations refuse the invitation to join the great English "trust" and subjugate their sovereignty to the wish of the vast English majority.

Intra-Union free trade is one of the few merits of the plan, but even that does not require the establishment of a political union. If England and America decided tomorrow to eliminate completely all tariffs against each other, the same benefits would result, without the restraint of a political alliance. A complete new money system would have to be developed in one or both countries, and the consequent unavoidable jostling of securities exchange might easily result in a stock market crash and another depression.

Finally, I suspect that not only would Union Now be unacceptable to the people and impractical from a material point of view, but it would also fail to give moral support in the war effort. It could not by itself build up the morale of the English and keep it high. The magnificence of it might be temporarily inspiring, but when the novelty wore off and practical problems began to arise, morale would sink again. And it certainly would not scare Hitler. He can see the flaws in the plan, also, and he knows that the Union would be no more formidable an enemy than England and America allied.

If there are no advantages to be derived from the Union, why was it ever introduced as a possible solution to our problem? Possibly because the founders of the movement did not believe the disadvantages outweighed the advantages; possibly because they want to see America in the war; or possibly because they had dreams of later confiscating the vast empires of Holland and France by taking them into the Union. It might also be a subtle attempt to shift a large part of the cost of post-war reconstruction onto America. Whatever the reason for its formation, Union Now would be about as unsatisfactory a political union as ever existed. So, at least, I must conclude, after as careful and unbiassed a study of the case as I am able to make.

I do not say that the United States should never unite with England, for it is entirely possible that conditions in the future will make such a union advisable. Nevertheless, these conditions must develop gradually: we cannot thrust such a radical change on an unprepared citizenry and expect it to succeed. Let us then look forward to Union Later, and dismiss from our minds the idea that Union Now could ever serve the purpose which it proclaims.

## Rhet as Writ

Love—the most noblest of manly virtues of manhood during this time.

. . . .

Since the majority of high school graduates never attend college, they have no first hand opportunity to learn about sex.

. . . .

A successful football team is built around many things. One of the most important essentials is a strong mutual feeling between the coach and his men. That is to say, the players must have respect for their coach and he in turn must be respected by them.

. . . .

It is possible that there is a few people in the world, but I believe that it is highly irregular.

. . . .

I fell exhausted upon the bed a mass of whelps that constantly itched.

. . . .

Off comes my tie and my shoes follow suit.

. . . .

Here at the airport are seen these immense birds landing and taking off without the least little trouble. In fact, everything is timed to the minuet.

. . . .

One girl attempted to marry a young, French, navel officer but as soon as the tribe learned of this they cut her throat.

. . . .

Ingrid Bergman and Lana Turner are two of Hollywood's most talented and beautiful girls, but the over-development of their parts, again, takes away some of the spice and enjoyment that one should normally derive from their portrayals.

. . . .

I am not a war mongrel.



## Honorable Mention

- Robert Stephen Apgar: *I Go Fishing*  
T. G. Belden: *The Case Against Edwin M. Stanton*  
Irving Bengelsdorf: *Copy Boy!*  
Martha Corkery: *Barren Ground*  
Jane Croessmann: *Black Is Our Bread and Our Misery*  
Andrew Dennis: *Barren Ground*  
Marilyn Divan: *Surrealism*  
Clarence L. Dunn: *Radburn—A Town for the Motor Age*  
Lois Gamet: *Morpheus and I*  
R. Jean Gordon: *Grades Alone*  
Beulah Griffin: *The Beginnings of the Johns Hopkins Medical School*  
Lloyd T. Hanson: *Military Life vs. Yours Truly*  
Frank M. Higgins: *Food for Thought*  
John M. Hunter: *The Sales Tax in Illinois*  
Edward Andrew Kmetko: *Music in Transition*  
Sheldon Leavitt: *How Did It All Begin?*  
Marian Mabree: *Ending: Navy Pier*  
Leonard Marcus: *Tony*  
Betty Martin: *Life in a Concentration Camp*  
Doris Mojonnier: *The Duck-billed Platypus*  
George Pohn: *Offset Printing*  
Verne Purcelle: *Our Humble Servant—The Clock*  
Margaret A. Robbins: *A Unique Theater*  
Charlotte Rothschild: *To a "Greek" God*  
William J. Schmelzle: *Fortitude*  
Janice Silverberg: *Don Quixote, Twentieth Century Style*  
Ruth A. Sokol: *I Promise Thee*  
Anne R. Stewart: *Introducing Myself*  
Paul Sullenan: *My Lady Nicotine*  
August Uttich: *The Dwindling Number of Feminine Women*  
Martin Wasserman: *Water Color*  
Charles Weisenburgh: *Architectural Draftsman*  
Bob Wells: *Victims of Barbarism*



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A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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# Japan Won't Fight

JAMES SANNER

*Rhetoric II, Theme 16, 1941-1942*

DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR OF 1940-41, I WAS A SENIOR in high school, and like all other high-school seniors in Illinois, I was required to take a course in American history. From the start of the course, I, like the rest of the students, was determined to be bored. And worse still: our instructor carefully explained that we were to keep a notebook of clippings from the daily newspaper concerning one phase of current events of world-wide interest and importance. Amid the groans that greeted that bit of news our instructor continued: each student was also at the end of each semester to prepare a paper based on his clippings, stating the general trend of events and giving his conclusions. Perhaps because there were relatively few newspaper reports at that time about the political situation in the Far East, I chose that as my subject.

Although my book did not grow to the alarming proportions that those did which were devoted to national defense, I gradually accumulated a daily record of events as reported in the *Decatur Review*, the only newspaper to which I had access. Most of these articles were by routine writers of the Associated Press, but I found several written by the "experts." Among these men who were supposedly well-versed in foreign affairs were Walter Lippmann, Glenn Babb, Drew Middleton, Dewitt Mackenzie, Col. Frederick Palmer, and John Evans, Associated Press Chief of Foreign Service. Editorials expressing the opinions and conclusions of the persons publishing the *Decatur Review* were also among my data. I had been rather reluctant to start the enormous task of collecting the newspaper articles, but once armed with all this information, I was even more apprehensive of the job of "boiling it down" into a term paper ten to fifteen pages long. In view of the present situation in the Far East, though, my term reports are very interesting.

In my first paper, dated January 17, 1941, I concluded that Japan was a "fast talker," that she "can face words, but she won't face big guns." As evidence to support my point, I presented the fact that she had at first resorted to face-saving compromise when events came to a crisis in French Indo-China. The French warned of resistance to any forcible invasion, and so the Nipponese quietly forgot their threat to take Indo-China by invasion. Of course, after the almost complete collapse of France, the Japanese did take Indo-China, but that only served to prove further my theory that they wouldn't face big guns. During the first part of 1941 it was also reported that the attitude of Japanese statesmen was becoming more conciliatory

toward the United States. When we made a one-hundred million dollar loan to China, thus making it very clear even to the Japanese which side Uncle Sam favored in the Chinese-Nipponese quarrel, forthcoming reports from Japan were "distinctly placatory in tone," instead of being, as usual, clamorous and bellicose.

At the end of the second semester, in May, 1941, I prepared the second term paper, expressing the opinion that Japan was on the German bandwagon because Hitler momentarily held the upper hand. I concluded that the United States had little to fear from Japan in the way of war in the Far East unless we first became engaged in a struggle against Germany. Even our administration at Washington, it was reported, felt that there was no immediate danger of an American-Japanese war. The tense Far-Eastern situation, officials announced, was something made in Germany, and there was reason to think that Berlin had been exerting pressure to get Japan into the present war and then embroiled with the United States in the Far East to hamper the British Aid program. Although the Japanese kept up a constant clamor about what she intended to take, and continued to shout loud and long about our unfriendly gestures in the Pacific, expert news analysts reported that the Japanese were merely trying to divert our attention from the European war. Besides that, they said, the United States holds a great trade weapon over Japan. She is very dependent upon us for markets and war materials, and she would be taking a great risk of national economic collapse if she were to start a war with the United States.

At the time I prepared these papers, I put implicit faith in my notebook of news reports; in fact, I had not the slightest thought of doubting them. I see now both why I trusted the accuracy of the reports as I did, and why I should have questioned the truth of some of them. This is a land of freedom of the press, of freedom to print the truth; but it is also a land of freedom to print half truths and untruths and to print rumors as facts. These ideas that I expressed in my term papers are interesting; how wonderful it would be if they were also true! That the newspaper reports and opinions of the experts are not always correct can be seen from the fact that my theories based on these reports have just been proved to be entirely wrong. This error could hardly have been demonstrated more spectacularly or conclusively than it was at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, when Japan's "war of nerves" against the United States became an actual "war of nerve." Although more than a year before, some assiduous reporter had quoted Secretary of Navy Frank Knox as saying that "if a fight is forced upon us we shall be ready for them," the Nipponese attack on Pearl Harbor caught us, as *Time* expresses it, "with our pants down." The Philippine Islands, although mentioned but occasionally in newspapers as an aim of the Japanese, were one of their first points of attack, and the

huge trade weapon we supposedly held over Japan seems to have mysteriously "gone to Nanny."

The Nipponese have also made good their bluffs and threats against Great Britain. Early in 1941, according to newspaper accounts, the British greatly strengthened their Hongkong defenses. Big guns were placed on hilltops overlooking the harbor, and concrete pillboxes housing machine-guns were constructed on the slopes overlooking the bay. Deep tunnels were dug in the rocky hills to serve as air-raid shelters, and it was reported that any attempt to seize Hongkong and her mass of modern fortifications would be long and costly. But Japanese forces took Hongkong in a few days by a siege neither so long nor so costly as predicted, and they are now well on their way to Singapore, a naval base heretofore reported as being practically impregnable.

Through cleverly worded statements, Japanese officials have succeeded in getting American newsmen, and hence the American public, to think in a way most advantageous to the Nipponese war-lords. One American reporter said that Japanese officials admitted that they were carefully planning any statements they issued so that they would have the proper effect upon the American people. High Jap officials told us that they were going to produce a desired reaction in the United States, and they did. Few of us were really alarmed over Japan's supposed "saber-rattling," but we realized how gullible we had been when we saw that saber pierce the backs of American soldiers. Today's news reports and analyses seem to be just as inaccurate as have been those in the past, and American people seem to be just as willing to believe them. Contradictory reports upon the age and ability of Japanese soldiers have been circulated. An "expert" who had supposedly interviewed an American general on the battle scene in the Philippines reported that the Nipponese attackers were youths about seventeen years old. They were, he says, poorly equipped and poorly disciplined, and when they charged they ran one directly behind another, so that one American bullet often killed two Japanese. A recent issue of *Time* magazine, on the other hand, contradicts these statements. Japanese soldiers, it says, are tough and hardy and very well disciplined. Don't underestimate the Japanese because of their short stature and ill-fitting clothes.

Other reports which unthinking persons are likely to overestimate are the predictions of radio news analysts. Recently there have been numerous rumors of a growing revolutionary spirit within Germany. These reports have been interpreted in various ways. Washington officials have said that they were probably spread by the German government itself in order to make the allied people over-confident and therefore less willing to exert all their efforts toward defeating the Axis. Other experts interpreted these reports as probably exaggerated, but meaning that a revolution within



Germany would be shortly forthcoming. Differing opinions on the news only serve to confuse the public if people accept interpretation for fact. So don't adopt any man, even an "expert," as the final authority on the subject. Think about the different ideas and compare them, but don't form premature conclusions.

## They Used to Sell Gas

MORTON MOSKOV

*Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1941-1942*

IN THIS DAY OF KEEN COMPETITION, ONE OIL COMPANY, to outdo another, has to provide something extra. This was very simple at first—before World War I. Wartime brought the first drive-in gas stations, and then, during the 1920's, when gas sales were quadrupling every four years, the oil companies began dotting the highways with expensive stations, and the evolution of Service was underway. Stations began to look like French chateaux, attendants looked as if they had just walked off a movie lot—and the competition grew.<sup>1</sup>

Back in the early 1900's when a gas station was nothing more than a pump at the roadside, the motorist drove up and the attendant pumped his gas by hand. "Got a chamois rag to wipe my windshield?" he asked.

"Go back into the barn, and I think you'll find one on the workbench," was the reply.

The customer went in, found it, and wiped his windshield himself. He did *not* have his shoes shined, his hair cut, his teeth brushed, his hat blocked, and a carnation placed in his buttonhole.

They were mean men, the attendants, in the old days—so different from the affectionate gentlemen whom we are so fortunate to have replenishing our fuel supplies now. Could it be that the point of view of the gas station attendant used to be the customer's gas tank, and is now his pocketbook? Could it be that the car is serviced not so much for the love of the owner as for love of his money? You're darned right it could!

For example, there is a certain station which Uncle Thomas and Aunt Bess visit every day. Every day they have their tires checked; every day Aunt Bess wonders if the water in the battery is where it should be; every day Uncle Thomas thinks his fan needs a little oil. The princess who could feel a pea under twenty mattresses had nothing on Aunt Bess. She prefers thirty pounds of air in front and twenty-nine in the back; in the spare,

<sup>1</sup>Homan, G. F., "Fill 'er Up?" *American Magazine*, CXXVI (December, 1938), 28-29.

thirty-four. *But they buy their gas from that station*—and will, I suppose, until some competitor offers a free polishing job with every five gallons.

Statistics show that two out of three motorists who drive their cars into service stations to ask for information purchase something, even though the attendants strive to give the advice in such a way as to keep the tourists from feeling that there is any obligation to buy.<sup>2</sup> It requires a man with the skin of a walrus to receive from a filling-station man information as to what road to take, at what campus to stop, and in which streams to fish, without buying at least a quart of oil.

The service station owners know that these little courtesies pay, and that is why they give them. The manager of one large establishment put it very nicely when he said, "Because of a liberal policy, suppose we do spend ten thousand a year more than we would otherwise. This expenditure has probably converted a thousand dissatisfied or merely passive customers into active salesmen. A thousand salesmen working an indefinite period for ten dollars each is a very cheap method of selling."<sup>3</sup>

Complying with the service station policy of not overlooking any possible sources of revenue, the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey began, in 1930, to sell tires.<sup>4</sup> Other oil companies followed quickly. The same company added automobile lamp bulbs; others followed quickly. This game of "Follow the Leader" continued through razor blades, golf balls, cigarettes *via* automatic vending machines, and storage batteries—each company seizing its chance to be "leader," with the others following quickly.

Thus filling stations were fast taking the place that the country store once held. They undertook to satisfy every conceivable need of the motorist on the road. In addition to automobile sundries and supplies, they furnished sandwiches, coffee, hot dogs, pie, candy, tobacco, canned goods, lipstick, cold cream, soap, and aluminum wear. To illustrate, one owner said, "Whenever a dame lingers a minute in the place, I try her for a first-aid kit. Ten to one there's none in the car, with them aknowing all the time they ought to have it. Then I sell her enough extra bandages to fit out a hospital, and a box or two of cotton."<sup>5</sup>

At another station, near a famous bathing beach, was a real merchant. "Everyone has a side-line and most of them sell Coca-Cola and soft drinks. Not me. They're messy and cost a pile of money for ice. What I wanted was a side-line that wouldn't draw a swarm of flies. So here's what I did.

<sup>2</sup>Sparkes, B., "Fill 'er Up," *Saturday Evening Post*, CXIV (November 20, 1926), 24.

<sup>3</sup>Coombs, A., "Courtesy 'Plus'—and a \$1,750,000 Business," *System*, XLVI (July, 1924), 50.

<sup>4</sup>"More Gas Stations Will Sell Tires—Also Gum, Candy, Smokes," *Business Week*, (September 3, 1930), 13.

<sup>5</sup>"The Filling Station as General Store," *Literary Digest*, XC (August 21, 1926), 68.

They come out here and go in bathing and burn themselves red. So I put in cold creams and lotions. First I put in the ten-cent size. That was worse'n a dry hole over at the oil wells. The little bottles don't hold enough when they get a real tanning. Usually they come here in parties of two girls and two fellows, and the guys fall for the fifty-cent size. The four of them smear themselves all over, and by the time they've drest, the burn's all gone."<sup>6</sup>

At times station owners have gone to unusual lengths to give their customers "a little extra service." Some stations on the road have served free lemonade and cookies to their patrons.<sup>7</sup> One dealer, who was also a justice of the peace, offered to perform a free marrying service if anyone in a car that took ten gallons of gas happened to want to get married.<sup>8</sup> In 1935 an oil company opened in New York a revolving service station in which cars were driven onto a giant turntable and serviced in assembly-line fashion.<sup>9</sup>

Neither Marshall Field nor Woolworth, nor any other great merchant prince ever used the scheme by which one filling station operator sought to survive in a highly competitive field in the West. This man, after years of shaking dice with those who patronized his first business venture, a cigar stand, set up a spindle wheel on the lot of his filling station. Customers who were so inclined could joust with him in front of this device to see whether they paid for their gas and oil or received it as free as air and water. Until the sheriff interfered, the owner had many patrons who were not concerned because his pump prices were slightly higher than those of his competitors.<sup>10</sup>

There are times when the filling-station owners wish that they had never started the whole business. The reason is, of course,—human nature. The realization that he can receive almost any kind of service by merely asking for it, at times renders the motorist fantastic in his demands. The attendant must be amazingly versatile. He must know where to buy a nightcap with a tassel. He must know something about plumbing—because many of these trailers have their own washrooms. He must be an authority on geography, weather, sports in season, and international affairs. He must be able to change the baby's diapers. He must have a running-board manner that is as carefully cultivated as a physician's bedside manner. For the information requested of him, one would expect that he spends his spare moments in a cubicle memorizing, in turn, whole volumes of the encyclopedia.

Sometimes the attendant's hardest task is that of keeping his self-control.

<sup>6</sup>*Ibid.*, 69.

<sup>7</sup>Sparkes, *loc. cit.*

<sup>8</sup>Homan, *op. cit.*, 29.

<sup>9</sup>"Revolving Auto Service Stations," *Scientific American*, CLII (May, 1935), 260.

<sup>10</sup>Sparkes, *loc. cit.*

He has to do this when he gets an I.W.W. (information, wind, and water) customer. One attendant who had such a customer related the following experience. "An I.W.W. with a new twist stops by this afternoon. He gets his information, wind, and water, and he says he doesn't want any gas. But will you check my oil?" he says.

"I find it's worn about as thin as water. You really need a gallon, I say.

"'Fine,' he says, 'I thought I needed some, so I stopped at the grocery store and bought it.' Then he reaches into his back seat and hands me a gallon can full of oil.

"As I pour it in, I wonder whether this I.W.W. would have the nerve to go into a hotel dining-room, pick out the best table, and then pull a chicken out of a package and hand it to the waiter, explaining, 'I wanted some chicken, so I stopped at the grocery store. Well done, please.' I decide that he would have the nerve."<sup>11</sup>

Motorists have become so accustomed to service that it is no longer regarded as a courtesy but is expected and demanded. At one time self-service stations were established, at which the price of gasoline was less than at other places because the customers helped themselves, dropping quarters or half dollars into slots in the side of the pumps. *But the customer had to help himself.* And most men and women prefer those stations where the arrival is greeted cordially by a squad of men who fill the radiator, attend to the tires, clean the windshield, and tenderly dust off the upholstery before their leader dares to inquire whether the sahib would permit him to consult the oil gauge. So the self-service stations failed.

Rest rooms were first offered, I am sure, for advertising rather than for relieving the motorists' anxiety. But things have reached a point now where, unless the rest room has an automatic record player, *Good Housekeeping* complains. Many are the station owners who, at one time or another, have found a customer using the wash-basin to bathe his pekingese.

<sup>11</sup>Homan, *loc. cit.*

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# Safe Crossing

GILBERT McCONNELL

*Rhetoric II, Theme 13, 1941-1942*

I COULDN'T SEE THE FRONT OF THE BARGE. THERE WAS too much fog. Looking around me I could see only about a dozen of the two hundred workmen on the barge.

The motor of the launch that was propelling us sputtered, was silent for an instant, then caught again.

"Keep 'er going, Patsy," sang out a voice from somewhere in the fog. "The dam is only a little way below. If we smash into that—"

There was muttering among the men. "Patsy's drunk. He's always drunk. Ought to have his license taken away."

"Took the last load three hours to get across."

"We wouldn't have a chance in that icy water."

The motor wheezed again. This time it didn't start. We stood there silently, breathlessly. I watched the gray spirals of fog curl up from the water and merge with the impenetrable blanket around us. There was no sound except the grinding of the starter on the launch, and muffled curses from the operator. We were not conscious of movement, but we knew that we were floating swiftly toward the dam. From far up the river came the dismal hoot of a late steamer. The man next to me started nervously and looked upstream. I glanced at his face. It looked gray in the fog. I wondered if it was gray.

This was the last load of men for the day. I had checked in the last man before I got on the barge. We had stopped work early on Turkey Island because it was dangerous to cut trees in the murky weather. We didn't tell the men what had happened to the first load: they had been lost and had wandered around the river half the afternoon before they got ashore. There was no compass on the boat, since the crossing was less than a mile.

Apparently the men working on the motor were making progress. There were bantering words and a relieved chuckle. The tension of the men let up. A few seconds later we were again moving under mechanical power.

"That was close!" exclaimed one of the men, letting his breath out with a whistling sound between his teeth.

"I wasn't afraid," said a thin voice that cut the air like a knife. I recognized the voice. It belonged to "Preacher" Williams, the bore of the crew, who constantly burdened everyone with his religious, political, and social beliefs. "If you men would read the Bible you'd know that a man can't really die. Heaven is going to be better for me than breaking my back for these slavedrivers. How about you, Mac? Were you afraid?"

Mac, a burly Irishman, was sitting on a box of tools with his frayed overcoat collar pulled up around his ears. His lips were blue with cold and his teeth were chattering. "Yeah," he answered carelessly, "I was scared. I'm afraid to die. Maybe there's a Heaven for guys like you, Preacher, but I'll never get there."

The conversation of the men was suddenly arrested by an argument that came plainly from the launch.

"I tell you you're going in a circle. Give me that wheel!"

There was a shuffling of feet, then another voice. "You're heading toward the dam. Shut off the motor and listen for the fog horn."

We drifted with the motor silent. The sound of the horn came plainly over the water, but not a man in the crowd could tell definitely the direction from which it came. One thing we knew—safety was upstream; downstream was destruction. We threw chips into the river, hats, gloves, anything that would float. They seemed to lie motionless beside the barge. In the dense fog we could see no stationary object. The objects kept their relative positions. We did not seem to be moving; the hats on the water did not seem to be moving; everything seemed static. Yet we knew that everything on the water was moving swiftly.

There was a terse order to the men. "Get on the life-preservers."

Men stampeded toward the rail and grasped frantically at the life preservers. Preacher was near me. I saw him lunge toward the rail. The lifebelt slipped from his hands into the water. His eyes were wild as he looked around for another. But the barge was overloaded. There was not an extra. I saw Mac standing back a little. He was watching Preacher and grinning. He didn't have his life-preserver on, but stood holding it in his hand. After a minute he tossed it to Preacher. The little man didn't protest. He got into it hurriedly. Mac turned around, pulled up his collar, and calmly sat down on the box again.

The motors were going full speed ahead. It was impossible to tell how fast we were going or even whether we were making any progress at all. We could not see more than a few yards, but the men stood at the rail and peered anxiously into the fog.

Suddenly something huge and dark loomed up in front of us. We were almost upon it and going forward with terrific momentum. Men shouted excitedly. Some started to take to the water. Gears ground harshly as the engine was thrown into reverse. Then the barge ground into the sand and we were at the shore at last.

The men moved onto the shore without speaking.

"Only the grace of God saved us this time," cried Preacher, shaking his head and smiling at everybody.

"Damn, this wind is cold," Mac said.

# Street Corner

MADELEINE MACKEY

*Rhetoric II, Theme 14, 1941-1942*

"TIME, BUD?"

"No."

"Ain't that a watch you're wearin'?"

"Yeah."

"Then gimme the time."

"No."

"What the hell's the matter with you? Why wontcha gimme the time?"

"My watch don't run."

"Why the hell don't it?"

"Listen; I ain't botherin' you. Lemme alone."

"I was just askin'. Jeez, you can't kill a guy for askin'—"

"Who's killin' a guy?"

"O.K., Bud, don't get sore. I just asked why your watch don't run so you can't gimme the time. As I says, you can't kill a guy for—"

"O.K. O.K. So I got it wet."

"O.K.—Get it wet in the rain?"

"Yeah. That's it—got it wet in the rain."

"Never quits rainin' here. Ever seen it rain like here? Never quits. Damn rain never quits. Ever seen it rain like here?"

"No."

"I never neither. Rains like hell here.—Don't talk much, do you, Bud?"

"Why should I?"

"Don't get sore. I like talkin'. A guy can't just stand on street corners alla time. A guy's gotta do somethin'. You new here?"

"Yeah."

"When'd you come?"

"Today."

"Where from?"

"Nosey, ain't you?"

"Don't get sore. I was just talkin' to you. Where'd you say you come from?"

"Didn't say."

"Yeah. As I say, a guy can't just stand on street corners alla time. A guy's gotta do somethin'. He can't spend all his time just pressin' his pants on a bench neither.—Say, your pants sure need pressin'. Them pants is sure muddy. Where you been in them pants?"

"None of your business."

"O.K. O.K. Just askin'. Can't kill a guy for askin'.—Got work here?"

"No."

"You come to work here?"

"Yeah, I come to work here."

"What you worked at?"

"Everthin'."

"Everthin'? Yeah. Same here. I worked at evertin'. But now there ain't nothin'. Know any guys here?"

"No."

"You won't get no job here, then. You gotta know guys to get a job here.—Say, your clothes sure is muddy. Even your hands. You sure got big hands. Where'd you get your hands so muddy?"

"Listen, Bud, I wasn't botherin' you none. Can't you lemme alone?"

"Sure, Bud. Just askin'. As I says, you can't ——"

"Hey, who's comin' through the fog?"

"Talkin' now, huh? Thought you couldn't talk. Just the cop."

"Cop?"

"Yeah. These cops don't bother us. Big Dutchman on this beat. He'll move us on to the next corner. That ain't on this beat."

"Cops don't bother you, huh?"

"Christ, no. Evenin', officer."

"Evenin', boys. Afraid you'll have to move on. No loiterin' allowed. The flop house is three blocks down below the hill. Ten cents for a meal and a bed fulla roaches."

"Thanks, officer. Me and Bud, here, was just movin' down there. This ain't no night for standin' on street corners. Too damn much rain here. Ever seen it rain like here?"

"Nope, never. River's risin', too. Just came from the river. They're draggin' it. A man was thrown in there tonight. They're draggin' for his body now."

"Got the man what done it?"

"Nope. Should have him tagged by mornin', though. He slipped and left his prints in the river bank. Dumb guy. Leaves his prints in the mud. Well, move along, boys."

"Sure, me and Bud was just movin' on."

"Comin', Bud? Comin' down to the flop house?"

"No."

"Why aintcha? Can't stand here all night."

"No."

"Where you goin'?"

"To the river."

"Watch 'em drag?"

"Yeah, watch 'em drag."



# Chaiim

MORTON MOSKOV

*Rhetoric II, Theme 15, 1941-1942*

THE FROST-COVERED DOOR OF BERSTEIN'S "EPPES TSU Essen" Delicatessen opened, and Chaiim squeezed his way in past a couple who were just leaving. As he entered, the change from the cold outside air to the warm atmosphere of sizzling hamburgers and hot pastrami formed a mist over his glasses. He laid down his bundle of newspapers and paused for a moment. Then he drew from his pocket a large, dirty, blue polka-dot handkerchief and started to wipe his glasses. He wasn't looking at them, though. It's hard to say what he was looking at. His eyes were bad.

"Watch out, Chaiim," said Sam from behind the counter.

Chaiim picked up his papers and stepped aside to let the customer pay his check. Then, pulling one paper from the pile under his arm, he started down the line of tables. Paper? Paper? Paper? Paper?

"Hey, Chaiim, what's the headline?" called a moocher.

"Why dontcha buy one?" Chaiim said earnestly. "It's only three cents."

The moocher laughed. "Are you kidding?"

Chaiim folded the paper to hide the headline from view.

"Hey, boy," a well-dressed gentleman signaled, stuffing a sandwich into his mouth.

Chaiim was thirty-eight years old and didn't like to be addressed "Hey, boy." He handed him a paper.

"Got change for a dollar?" the man asked.

Chaiim counted out ninety-seven cents and clanked it on the table.

"Yeah," he said.

From there he went over to the table where Mrs. Cohen usually sat. From the bottom of his pile, he pulled out her special copy of *Der Tohg* and laid it on the table.

"A hundred and thirty dollars!" she exclaimed to Mrs. Rosen, as she reached for her purse. "It's highway robbery! My obstetrician never charged me over fifty dollars apiece."

"Well, you get 'em wholesale," said Mrs. Rosen.

Chaiim recognized a gang of fourteen-year-old girls near the back of the store. He went over to them.

"I got a new song sheet," he said.

"Is 'Moonlight Reverie' in it?"

"Everything's in it."

Betty turned to the girls. "There's five of us—that's two cents apiece," she said.

Chaiim handed them a song sheet.

"Let me take two cents?" asked Ruth. "I'll pay you tomorrow."

"O.K.," said Shirley.

Chaiim suddenly dropped his papers, let out a muffled yell, and stamped his foot. The boys at an adjacent table burst into laughter at the success of their hot-foot.

"Here, I'll help you," one of them said, and doused Chaiim's foot with someone's milkshake.

The boys roared.

Chaiim didn't move. He just stood there and looked at his foot, cross-eyed. A tear trickled down his face. Then he began to tremble. He began to tremble violently.

"Chaiim."

Dave was calling him from one of the booths. He was with his girl friend, Rose.

"Chaiim—Chaiim, c'mere."

Chaiim walked over slowly.

"Sit down, Chaiim. I'll get your papers for you."

Dave went and picked up the papers from the floor. Chaiim sat down and wiped his nose with the sleeve of his mackinaw. Dave and Rose watched him as he regained his composure. His chapped lips were wide apart, and his jaw was hanging. A white foam trickled out of one corner of his mouth and down his chin. And he was cross-eyed. No one could love that face.

Chaiim began to feel better.

"The Russians killed ten thousand Germans," he muttered.

"Today?"

"That's what it says."

Chaiim reached for a paper. He showed it to them.

"Better gimme a paper, Chaiim," said Dave, reaching into his pocket.

"I want one, too . . . to take home, Dave," said Rose.

After a few minutes, Chaiim got up.

"I'm all right now," he said.

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, I gotta sell my papers."

Chaiim fixed his papers under his arm and headed for the door. He stopped there for a moment to raise his collar. Then he opened the door.

"See you tomorrow, Sam," he said.

"O.K., Chaiim," Sam said, wrapping up a corned-beef sandwich to go out.

# The Hermit of the Slough

ROBERT E. TURNER

*Rhetoric I, Theme 16, 1941-1942*

ONE USUALLY HEARS OF HERMITS ONLY IN BOOKS; IN modern life real hermits are rare. I speak not of down-and-outs or castaways who hang around the dark and dismal places of the big cities, but of the real thing—a man who lives by himself alone in the woods in a rickety old shack.

Jake was a hermit. At least *I* think he was. In the eyes of the townspeople he was probably just a tramp or a hobo. But he was independent, and had his own hut, his fire, and his dozen dogs. He didn't have to wait in a breadline for his meals, or hang around street corners waiting for a hand-out as the derelicts of the big cities do. Yes, Jake was a full-fledged "gen-yoo-ine" hermit, with no strings attached.

When I think of Jake, the first thing I see is great big, clumsy, black rubber fishing boots. These boots were Jake's trademark; in fact, they were so dear to him that he wouldn't be seen without them. Anyway, he had no shoes. When Jake put on his boots he could walk or wade through mud, rocks, field cactus, or the Slough, to gain his dwelling. Despite the clumsiness of his footgear, he walked briskly with a slight stoop, swinging his sapling cane, and followed by his dogs, his boots beating out a rapid "clump-clump-clump" on the pavement.

Jake's face was startling—a visage not exactly frightening in the light of day, but one which we fellows would dislike to come upon suddenly by moonlight. When Jake looked at us, he really *looked*, and we would involuntarily shrink back a pace or two from the leer of those faintly blood-shot, dark eyes. There was no need to be afraid, however, for Jake couldn't help how he looked; besides, he had never hurt anyone. But it was rumored among us that when he really got steam up, Jake could heave a paving brick half a block. Above his eyes protruded white, bristly eyebrows which moved and so increased the penetrating power of his glance. When he spoke, his bushy beard waggled and exposed an almost toothless mouth. What teeth he had left were ochred from tobacco juice, with here and there a flash of yellow gold. Every spring, he cut off his year's growth of whiskers. Yes, Jake shaved, once a year, in the springtime.

Jake's shack stood in a shallow ravine at the edge of a high road at the east end of town. On one side of the road were the homes of bona fide citizens; on the other, down in the ravine, was Jake's shack. It was precariously constructed of something that seemed like driftwood, with a roof covered with sheets of tin and topped off with a drainpipe chimney that

smoked like Vesuvius. One day the whole shack began smoking. In fact, it smoked so much that the fire department came roaring out to extinguish the blaze. This misfortune was nothing to Jake; he built another shack out in the woods near the river, with materials gathered from Lord-knows-where. If Jake were set out in the middle of the Sahara he would build something with four walls and a roof. Well, he lived there through the severe winter of 1936. The ice on the river, four feet thick, resembled a glacier with great jagged pieces sticking upwards. When the thaw came, the river overflowed its banks and brought with it the ice. Jake retired to safety, but those huge floating slabs of ice ground his shack to kindling and swept the remains downstream. Scourged by the proverbial fire and water, but undaunted, he constructed another one on a wooded peninsula surrounded by the river and a backwater called the Slough.

This present shanty is constructed as usual of bits of lumber gathered from nowhere, with sheets of galvanized iron interspersed to give the structure stability. From here each day Jake sets forth to draw water from a spring trickling from an iron pipe along the road embankment, or to inspect his traps, or to draw in his fish lines and nets. Jake's catches from the traps consist of squirrels, rabbits, and muskrats. He feels particularly pleased when he is able to snare a muskrat, for he can sell the fur for a couple of dollars. He hauls in no aristocratic fish, but only the smelly carp and bull-head. This makes no difference to Jake though; he isn't squeamish about what goes into his stomach.

Jake will allow no hunting on his land, and the first crack of a rifle or shotgun will bring the old man and his dozen curs of indeterminate ancestry charging down the path. I met him once thus, and he informed me in no uncertain, and hardly refined, terms to get myself the blank out of there. *He* didn't want no young "squirts" shootin' up his place and bullets singin' around his house, no, sir! Recalling his prowess with the paving brick, I moved, *fast*.

The mystery of Jake's past has always intrigued me, but I suppose I shall never know it. As far as I know, he has never told anyone. It was at one time rumored among us "small fry" that he had been a college man, since one of the fellows got a glimpse of a shelf of old, thick books in Jake's cabin. Our ignorance of Jake's past most likely results from an insufficient interest in him. Since no one wants to be the friend of an old hobo, people do not care who he was and where he came from. Just the same, I should like to unravel the thread of his past life and see what made him what he is—whether it was tragedy, ostracism, an unsavory past, or just plain failure.

But while I speculate, Jake keeps living his life on the island—living peacefully and alone with his dogs, his fire, his pipe, and his juicy chewing tobacco.



# The Gullah Negroes

T. G. BELDEN

*Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1941-1942*

AS NIGHT FALLS, THE SWAMPS GIVE OFF A HEAVY, sweet-smelling mist which slowly turns into a thick fog. The sea breezes scrape through the stiff marsh grass and palmettos. The drum fish in the tidal creek beat a strange tattoo in the water and, as the tide recedes, clusters of oysters snap shut suddenly, squirting thin streams of water, which spatter into the surrounding pluff mud. Even the faint sound of the fiddler crabs can be heard as they swarm over the sticky swamp in search of small prey.

Out across the bar, toward the vast ocean, a single yellow lantern swings idly, indicating an oyster fisherman who has returned too soon for the flood tide. He must wait until morning to clear the bar.

At sunrise the tide is high enough to allow the oysterman to sail toward shore. His knotty, black, bare arms push deftly against the tiller as he guides his over-loaded sloop into the tidal creek. He watches his orange sail to see that he is making the greatest possible speed against the head wind.

A grin creeps across his thick lips. He can smell the salt pork a half mile away—his woman has breakfast ready. He can almost taste the fried pork, grits, and gravy. . . .

Suddenly, as he rounds the bend, his white-washed cabin is in view. It is almost hidden by huge live oaks and the long beards of Spanish moss hanging from the branches. And there is his woman, in bright red calico, puffing furious clouds of smoke from her clay pipe. He can tell from the wet glisten of her coal black face that she is angry, wondering where he has been all night.

Then they shout to each other in a language that no white man can understand, their native Gullah tongue.

"Hena, ah bey de do in de. Ifen yo don shim heah ah tro yo chue awa!" she cries angrily. But there is no use to record any more of their conversation. We could get only a word here or there—like *shim* which means *I ran* or *you ran* or *he runs* or any other form of the verb.

From nowhere children come running—over a dozen of them—running down to the edge of the mud bank to see the catch their pappy made and to see what he has brought them from the Ladies' Island store. But not all of them are his own children. Six of them are adopted—lost their home and family in the hurricane last fall. That makes a family of seventeen all told.

but the oysterman is not concerned with the number—he cannot count even to ten. He has brought them all rock candy, and there is bellum. For his wife he has vaseline for her hair, a hair straightener (a copper device which is a cross between a curling iron and a curry comb), and more red paint. For himself? Tobacco.

It is Friday. The beginning of a pleasant week-end is at hand. Pap misses his oldest daughter. Where is she? Mammy explains that she is "habben dem shots" at the clinic. And the eldest son is "gone"—in jail, Pap knows. But the son is allowed to come home week-ends from the road gang. This is not the least strange. And his second daughter—Pap knows she gets home every other week-end, and this is the "other" week-end. He smiles at the thought of her. She is looked up to by the entire family. She works for "de buckra," meaning the quality white folks who give her four dollars a week and "toting" privileges.

This particular Saturday turns out to be a double holiday. In the morning one of the "chillen" found a dead pig in the woods behind the house. The buzzards were easily driven away. Whose pig was it? Alive—nobody's. Dead—anybody's.

Saturday afternoon is spent pleasantly, basking in the sun, digesting a heavy dinner of roast pig. In the evening a combination of thankfulness and entertainment is in order. The entire family walks two miles down the muddy road to the church.

Church does not take up at any special time: it just starts with sundown and ends when the congregation is exhausted. The first hour of the service is devoted to singing hymns, which become louder and more rhythmical until all inhibitions are thrown off. The singers stamp around the wood stove, clapping their hands, crying at the top of their lungs.

Then the "Bishop" steps to the pulpit and delivers a sermon—a weird account of the last moments of a friend who was hanged at the prison last week. The Gullahs sit with their mouths hanging open in awe. They are childish, but they are human enough to be held by morbid curiosity. Then more singing, more dancing, and testimonials. During the testimonials some of the members are emotionally carried away. They roll on the floor, jump wildly, and shriek. They are casting devils out of their souls. The Bishop nods approvingly.

After church the oysterman and his family walk slowly home. It is dark and still. The family holds close together. This is one of those rare moonless nights when the beat of the drum can be heard across the black water. Over a distant island there is a red glow in the sky. A big fire on Dadasaw Island and the booming of the drum mean only one thing to this Gullah family—voodoo. The black art is practiced on this Gullah-inhabited island.

Dafasaw, where no white man lives. On whom will the "evil eye" be cast tonight?

The tide is again receding. In the blackness the fiddlers are swarming over the wet mud of the marsh. The mist is slowly rising, blotting out our view.

## "Whither Midst Falling Dew . . . ."

CARL HARTMAN

*Rhetoric I, Theme 6, 1941-1942*

THERE ARE TWO THINGS IN THIS WORLD FOR WHICH I have a vehement, unconquerable hatred—a hatred that causes an astounding rise in my blood pressure, and sends me into frenzied raving. One is sheep, and the other is ducks. My hatred of sheep I can trace back to my Texan ancestry and cattle-raising relatives, but that's another story. My hatred of ducks comes purely from personal experience, and that is this story.

The trouble all started in the little town of Bethlehem, in Connecticut. One sunny autumn afternoon I was sitting on the front porch of a friend's house. I had my feet up on the railing and wasn't doing a thing but sitting there, thinking how pleasant a quiet little town was after two months in New York City. My friend Bill came out the front door and said, "How about going duck hunting tomorrow?" I was looking at a girl going down the street and didn't hear him very well, I guess. At any rate, I made one of the worst mistakes in my life. I said, "Sure." Then, promptly, I forgot all about it, in my interest in seeing where the girl lived. But not Bill—he didn't like girls. That's another story, too.

The next morning my alarm went off at six. Now, I am not used to being awakened from a sound sleep at such an hour, and I wasn't in a very good humor. I threw a book at the alarm clock, and missed. It hit the window shade instead, sending up the shade with a terrible bang, and a horrible sight met my eyes. It was raining. Not a nice, warm summer rain, either. Ah, no! It was raining a slow, cold drizzle that made the trees and bushes look either dead or as if they wished they were dead. Suddenly I brightened. "Ha!" I thought. "We won't go. I can go back to sleep." But Bill had different ideas. We went.

Most people go hunting to kill something, for which purpose they use the most deadly weapons they can find. The usual armament for duck hunting is a heavy shotgun, but here again Bill had ideas. "There's no sense in just killing lots of ducks," said he. "That's not sportsmanlike. What do you say we use twenty-twos instead?" I stared at him, bewildered. I wondered if

he had lost his mind. I pleaded with him. I argued with him. I even threatened him. But Bill is a big boy. We started out with our beanshooters. They were nice guns, with telescope sights; on a target range they would have been grand. But for ducks—"Dear Lord," I thought. "This can't be me doing this. I must be dreaming."

"Come on," said Bill. "What are we waiting for?"

All day long we waded through water of different depths, anywhere from our ankles up to our necks. Hour after hour we hunted ducks that didn't seem to want to be hunted. It never stopped raining, and there is nothing colder than a Connecticut marsh in the rain. Bill had a fine time. I cursed the weather, the swamp, the ducks, the guns, and Bill, but every time I moved that we go home he would point out that a little exercise was good for me. There wasn't much I could do about it, because he had all the food, and I didn't even know the way home.

Did you ever try to hit a duck in the rain with a twenty-two? We burned up boxes and boxes of shells. We walked for miles. We got lost twice, and were almost fainting from hunger. We got, all told, four poor little ducks, and three of those were no good because the soft nosed shells had torn them all to pieces. Bill, however, was delighted. "I don't usually get any," he explained. I didn't say anything to that. I was too tired, and was afraid I would explode.

We got back to town about supper time. We were wet through, and I had caught a cold. As we walked down Main Street, with Bill waving our one good duck over his head so everybody could see it, a nice-looking man came out of a little house and started walking with us.

"Have any luck?" he asked.

"I'll say," said Bill, who was somehow still feeling good. "We shot four, but this is the only good one."

The nice-looking man made marks in a little book he took from his pocket. I was too sleepy to see what he wrote. Then he stopped walking, and so did we.

"I," he said, "am the game warden. Ducks went out of season last week. This will cost you fifty dollars—twenty-five apiece."

I don't like ducks.

## Winter Night

Even if I knew what the snowflakes were like, I don't think I would tell. It might be that I would call them lost star-children, and some people would laugh at that. It is much nicer to stand here, just after dark, on this lonely corner, and keep my thoughts to myself. The light falls softly on the snow; the snow in the street is a sheet of unbroken whiteness. I am alone, and glad to be alone. A few houses brood in the distance, their black hulks freshly capped in ermine. Occasionally a light is turned on or off, like a visible change of mind.

—TRYGVE JOHN MASENG



# Michigan's Music Camp

EUNICE ALLYN

*Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1941-1942*

AS THE CONDUCTOR OF OUR RICKETY NIGHT TRAIN ANNOUNCES "Interlochen," I start from my uncomfortable slump to see only scrub pines, hazy with mist, outlined against the rising sun. The train jerks and groans before letting us off. The small station looks forsaken in the chilly dawn, until a mannish-looking woman with iron-gray hair suddenly appears and loads us into the camp bus, an eight-wheeled shed built around two beds, six straight chairs, and a small coal stove.

We rattle into the camp grounds, and my heart sinks as I see nothing but forlorn, rambling, seemingly uninhabited buildings hiding from each other behind the pines—quite unlike the pictures in the circular. We are deposited on the front porch of the hotel to wait for breakfast. As we shiver convulsively and swat at high-powered mosquitoes, Mr. Giddings, one of the camp founders, whom I recognize by his bald head, his white goatee, and his stern glance (acquired from decades of teaching youngsters how to breathe), ambles serenely up the walk and darkens the atmosphere with his favorite mosquito joke. I pace desperately around the grounds and inspect the buildings. Losing all hope, I decide to inquire about an early train back to Chicago. As though anticipating my thought, a sleepy trumpet stumbles through reveille, hinting that bacon and eggs are not far off.

By the end of this miserable, upsetting day, we are all in our proper cabins and outfitted with baggy blue knickers and heavy black sox. Cold and exhausted, I fall asleep, with little hope for the coming eight weeks.

A bugle shrieks. I jump up with a start that sends my head crashing against the rafter just above my upper bunk. It is only 6:45. Though I know this is the set hour of arising, I am unprepared for our counselor's insistent shouts, punches, and vigorous pulling off of covers. There is no safe recourse but to follow meekly the herd outside and become part of the strenuous group that easily bends down and touches its toes, knees straight, muscles unflinching. As this program is repeated every day of the week, the necessity of sparing my head and my feelings much abuse causes me, in time, to wake up two minutes early and nerve myself against the onslaught of the bugle.

After a mad search for baggy knickers, black sox, and boy scout garters, each of us is given a distasteful duty to perform before breakfast. Mine is the most despicable of all—mopping the floor; and I rebel against having to do it on an empty stomach. Though we try to get through a half-hour's job in ten minutes, our counselor, who looks as though the best of life has

passed her by unnoticed, sees to it that we clean every crack, shelf, and rafter.

Breakfast is a pancake feast, and after putting away stacks of the heavily syruped indigestibles, I am thankful to be spared from bending over a mop just then. In fact, life is beginning to seem brighter and almost pleasant, when a loud buzzer warns us to run or we'll be late for orchestra rehearsal. I think longingly of possible pleasant snoozes in the sun or of canoe rides on the lake, and am annoyed at the early rehearsal. Later, I discover that though Michigan summers are famous for coolness, towards midday the sun sends down an extra beam or two, unrecorded by the Chamber of Commerce. Then I am glad that orchestra is out of the way and swimming is in order.

Night has always been my favorite time, and Michigan nights are superb. The full moon makes fascinating patterns with the pines and turns the lake into a shimmering, silver sea. When there is no moon, the stars are clear, and the water is such a perfect mirror that one wonders whether he isn't paddling his canoe across the sky and looking up at the lake. In fact, I enjoy the night so much that it is only towards the end of the summer—after many extra rehearsals and much hard work—that I begin to see the point in having taps at ten o'clock.

As the days go by, orchestra becomes exciting. Famous guest conductors make us laugh at their antics and witticisms and draw out of us music that far surpasses the ordinary scratching and blaring of high school players. On Sunday we broadcast over an NBC coast-to-coast hook-up. The tension just before we go on the air, and the thrill as we play the camp "theme" are the high spots of each broadcast.

There are almost a hundred students in the orchestra. Though at first I think of them as competitive strangers to be reckoned with, as I unconsciously drop a smile here and let down a barrier there, I find that they are very willing to get acquainted. Three of us become real pals, and together we hatch wild schemes for creating excitement. For instance, one sunny Sunday "we three" decide that camp life is getting dull. During the band broadcast we sit in the audience out under the trees and shine pocket mirrors on the bassoon and tuba players. As they are temporarily blinded, we gloat like mischievous Till Eulenspiegels over our merry pranks. But just as with poor Till, there is a sudden jolt to our wanton humor. Mr. Giddings, the camp disciplinarian, ominously beckons to us to see him immediately. Since our crime is such a great one, judgment is suspended until the camp board can decide upon the penalty. Our contrition is complete, until we learn that instead of being sent home, each day we are to read certain ethical teachings and particular verses of the Bible. Every afternoon we must explain to Mr. Giddings the meaning of these. "We three" become inseparable and are known as the "Bible sisters." Like good captives of

justice, we are wiser for our experience: we even learn that Mr. Giddings has a sense of humor.

Although a few of my cabin-mates never quite conquer their jealousy of my illustrious membership in the "Bible sister" trio, most of them become good friends. Each of the twelve girls in the cabin comes from a different state, and they are members of diverse races, nationalities, and religions. I learn to understand their beliefs and customs and even include them in the group of "very special friends," to whom I pour out my great dreams, ambitions, and expectations. I find that Japanese, French, German, English, and Jewish girls show equal ability in setting alarm clocks to ring at midnight, and have equal capacity for appreciating the art of concealing frogs, toads, and finely chopped toothbrush bristles in someone else's bed.

Of all my friends, a canoe becomes the most important. It teaches me to love the outdoors and shows me narrow streams slipping away from the lake, with wild bushes and grasses growing high on either side, where rare birds flit about and sing, and from which deer often bound across the narrow water. Because of my growing intimacy with tangled brush and wild creatures, I like to practice in the woods, where my accompaniment is the breeze playing on the trees, and my audience the chipmunks and squirrels. From my canoe far out on Lake Wabekanetta (Water-Lingers-Again), I am inspired by the sunsets, gorgeous symphonies of light and color. As I watch, intense rainbow hues fade and slowly drop into the lake. Delicate pinks and dusky purples replace them. A crescent moon and a single bright star rise on the opposite side. As the end of camp draws near, I sit in my canoe and reminisce. There are big events and daily trifles that I know will be with me long after the toot of a trumpet and the moan of a string bass have left the pines to their own music. There are the Monday afternoons, general camp holidays, when we pile into "Pop" Giddings' bus and rattle across the hills to Traverse City to see a movie, to tease the animals in the zoo, or just to enjoy the freedom of walking where we please, stopping here and there for peanuts, popcorn, and knickknacks, proud to be seen in the blue knickers and black sox. On Monday nights we girls, still in knickers and sox, are herded through the woods to the boys' camp, where we dance till dark on the corn-mealed tennis courts. Here romances bud, and wall-flower complexes are born. Unforgettable is the famous Michigan Cherry Festival in Traverse City. Our band marches in the parade, and the rest of us pack ourselves in with the mob filling both sides of the main street to watch the floats go by, to cheer the queen, and to stain shirts and barrage enemies with big, black cherries—two boxes for nineteen cents. Between classes, before rehearsals, and after concerts, we gather around the pop stand to gossip, to talk to the "camp personalities," and to see what lucky person has recently won Pop Giddings' perpetual offer of an ice-cream cone for perfect breathing.

Though its approach is often mentioned, somehow the last day of camp surprises us. Suddenly realizing its importance, I slip away from friends for a long look at majestic, blue Wabekanetta with her necklace of sparkling sands and her crown of virgin pine. With a few tears I kiss her goodbye and plight my troth.

Packing and prosaic details consume most of this great day, and suddenly it is time for the final concert. The audience is mammoth, and excitement is uncontrolled. The last number, Liszt's "Les Preludes," into which the combined orchestra, band, choir, and faculty pour the fruit of their summer's labor, is tremendously moving. After the concert, there is just time to change the familiar blue knickers and black Sox for our own strange street clothes and say a few special "goodbyes" before we are again loaded into the rattle-trap bus.

This time the station is alive with activity and chattering. Friends are talking excitedly of the future. Those in love are wishing sadly for the past. All I know is that I never want to leave. As the train approaches, I hurriedly talk to friends of writing, and through tears I blurt out emphatic promises to meet them again at camp next summer. A full moon is rising. The train stops just long enough to claim her own, and then chugs away, past the scrubby pines.

## The Link

MERTON J. KAHNE

*Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1941-1942*

SOME SCHOOLS FEATURE THEIR PRETTY GIRLS; OTHERS their athletic stars. Our prize exhibit was Cobert. If ever a person presented a study in contrasts, it was he. His unkempt hair, ragged pants, and scuffed shoes have long been established as an integral part of our school tradition. But underneath this crude exterior was a brain whose capacity for knowledge can be surpassed by few.

It was not an uncommon thing to see Cobert arise in a chemistry class and begin a lengthy argument with the instructor as to the truth of some theory presented in the text, or to watch him demonstrate, with ridiculous ease, the solution of some difficult algebraic equation—unconscious all the while of the fact that his shirt-tail was hanging out, and that everyone could clearly see that his neck had not been washed for three days or more. His English teacher stated flatly that, were it not for the excellent content of his themes, she would be forced to fail him in the course, because his papers were usually filled with ten different varieties of dirt, and his handwriting



was hardly legible. He graduated with a 98.33% average, and it is said that he would have made 100 if only he could have persuaded his art teacher to appreciate his surrealistic paintings.

It is secretly rumored that the Charm Club, a school organization, voted him the most undesirable person to be marooned on an island with. However, in passing through the corridors of the school, one was sure to hear some boisterous laughter, and upon closer inspection, to find Cobert surrounded by eager youths, enjoying the center of a conversation. On other occasions he was sure to be found in some obscure corner of the building with a group of fellow conspirators, earnestly plotting a minor rebellion against the unfair tactics certain teachers were using in controlling student opinion.

"The Link," as he permitted only his best friends to call him, had an intense desire to know the answer to the unanswerables. His eternal "Why?" drove many teachers to distraction. His favorite relaxation was a long discussion on the subject of the futility of life, or an argument concerning the plausibility of the quantum theory. It is said that he once spent an entire day at a girl's home, arguing with her father until one the next morning about the value of religion. Whether or not he knew what he was talking about was beside the point; he loved an argument for its own sake.

On the evening of graduation, Cobert, hands and face washed, suit pressed, shoes polished, and with a spotless shirt and tie, passed unrecognized throughout the commencement exercises. He would even have received his diploma without being recognized, had he not tripped over his gown in mounting the platform.

## I Could See

LEITHA PAULSEN

*Rhetoric II, Theme 13, 1941-1942*

I CLOSED THE DOOR AS CAREFULLY AS POSSIBLE AND ran upstairs. I walked into the bedroom, stumbled onto the bed, and sank down on the embroidered spread. What did it matter if the spread got wrinkled or not? What did it matter if I were scolded for sitting on it?

It was early evening, and the light coming through the blinds cast shadows about the room, striping the wall with horizontal bars. Slowly I lifted my head, and my eyes followed the shadows. I got up from the bed, dragging the crumpled spread to one side as I slipped off the edge and onto my feet. I took several steps and stood facing the mirror; I brought my

face closer and closer until I could feel my hot breath against the glass. I closed my eyes for a second; then I opened them and looked. The horizontal shadows were on my face; I rubbed my warm hand along my cheek and looked again; the shadows were still there; this time a streak of light fell across my eyes. They were red eyes, filled with tears and a frightened look, and I whispered, "Dear God, why did it have to happen? Why?" I turned away toward the dresser and opened the top drawer. I felt around for a tiny box, and when I found it, I sat down on the floor beside the bed and opened it. Inside was a small ball of lace and a note that read,

"For Ann, in case I don't need it anymore—"

I began to cry again, and I cried so hard that the sobs came in gulps, and it seemed as though my entire body trembled. I held the ball tighter and tighter, and the tears got bigger. I could feel them trickling down my flushed face; once or twice I could taste the salty tears on my lips, and I could see them dropping onto the spread and leaving their stains. As I looked dimly at the ball, I could see my grandmother sitting in her cushioned rocking chair as I stood on the ends of the rockers behind and made the chair go back and forth much too vigorously for a grandma. She was making the dainty lace that she used to put on pillow slips for my mother, my sister, and me and give to us as Christmas presents. She did it so quickly and she never had to watch the stitches. . . . I was holding some of that lace in my hand. I could see her as she sat with her thin, almost transparent, blue-veined hands folded in her lap—her silver hair drawn up from her head and held in place by silver combs—the frilly white lace of her black dress framing a face young and pretty for a grandmother of eighty-five. I could see her in her Sunday hat trimmed with white flowers. It was a large-crowned hat such as most grandmothers wear, but this one looked somehow more aristocratic. I could see her walking in the garden and picking a few of the ripe, red currants from the low, green bushes. The hot sun made her hair sparkle; the red berries gleamed.

I fingered the little ball of lace and looked around the room. It was dark; the horizontal shadows were gone; no more light came in. I put the lace back in the drawer. My face was still hot and swollen, but my tears had stopped. It was peaceful to hold the lace in my hands; I was in another world—a world where Grandma was still alive, making the lace, picking the currants, wearing her Sunday hat. I brushed the hair out of my eyes, turned on the light, and straightened the sadly wrinkled spread.

I much prefer running a race not against men, but against time. To reach for the ground with your toes in a long hip-rolling stride, snatch at it with your spikes, whip it under and behind you with a driving pull of your foot and flip of your ankle, and know you're clipping off distance against seconds is the finest feeling I have ever got out of running. I believe I shall always enjoy doing that as long as I can run.—PAUL B. PHINNEY

# The Kishwaukee

PHYLLIS NELSON

*Rhetoric I, Theme 16, 1941-1942*

I AM THE KISHWAUKEE RIVER. THE WHOLE YEAR around I wind my way through the gently sloping plains of Northern Illinois—over sand and rocks, under bridges, beneath the scorching sun, through the cool forests, year in and year out, through the tiny villages of Kingston and Genoa, to the Miller farm, and on and on. Is my life monotonous?

. . . .

*Spring:*

"Sedrick said that when he was checking fences today the woods were so thick with flowers that it looked as if we'd had another snowfall," said Mother when the children got home from school. A minute later the Model-A was coughing down the lane, carrying all five children on the first flower hunt of the season. You can imagine their disappointment when they found the river risen over the ends of the bridge. But Rex, never daunted, determined to drive the car through the shallow bend. Kenny, not to be outdone, began to walk cautiously on stones out to the bridge. Phyllis, Donna, and Junior, searching for the few flowers on that side of the bridge, heard two simultaneous yells as Rex realized that the car would move neither backward nor forward in the water, and Kenny slipped and sprawled out over the rocks. Two hours later the five children, wet, muddy, and tired, but triumphantly carrying their treasured bouquets, drove the car, now coughing more violently, up the lane.

"Let's walk over to the bridge. I want to ask you something," whispered a youth to a girl. Leaning over the bridge railing, gazing at the silvery, rippling waters, Joe found that words came more easily. "I've been wanting to ask you to go with me to the Senior Prom, Donna, but I thought, that is, I thought up till this afternoon, that you'd rather go with Lyle. Lyle is a swell dancer, and I just blunder along. But, well, anyway, will you go with me?"

"Of course I will," answered Donna. "You can blunder along all you like and I won't mind. I think Lyle talks too much."

The tone of her voice made Joe's heart leap. He grew bolder. "Would you mind going with me all the time?"

"I'd love it," said Donna.

"Whoopee!" Joe shouted, and then, getting control of himself, "Say, we'd better be getting back to the gang, or they'll go off and leave us."

*Summer:*

"I wouldn't like to be a steer, but I sure envy his life right now," said Paul, looking toward the river. "Old Herman has been wading in the side creek all day." The boys were putting up hay in the sweltering heat of the barn. "Oh, Oh! Rex and Junior are heading toward the swimming hole. I wonder if their mother knows where they're going."

"Last one in is a sissy," yelled Rex, as he yanked off his clothes. A moment later he plunged in, as Junior, always careful and methodical, was still neatly arranging his clothes on an overhanging branch of an elm tree. "Yow," screeched Rex, as he pulled a crab from his toe and threw it across the river.

"I, I don't think I'll go in today," said Junior, pulling his clothes from the branch.

"You're just a fraidy-cat," taunted Rex.

"I am not," said Junior. "I just remembered that I have to decorate my bike for the parade."

"Golly, so do I. Hey, wait for me!"

Junior waited.

*Fall:*

"I think Tattoo would like to go for a swim," said Phyllis, looking at the puppy as he sat motionless and tense in the canoe.

"Wait until we get in shallower water," said Rex, paddling toward the bridge. "Okay, now put him in." Tattoo, after struggling frantically for a moment, calmed down and puppy-paddled to the bridge. There Donna lifted the dripping but triumphant little animal into her arms.

"This has been the most wonderful summer of my life," said Joe softly, as he and Donna leaned on the bridge railing one evening early in September.

"It's been a lot of fun," said Donna. "It's going to be hard concentrating on history and chemistry after a summer of swimming and tennis. I'll be terribly lonesome without you, Joe."

"Well, we'll have little vacations once in a while, and then there's always next summer," Joe said. "Until then, will you please keep this?" He pressed his class pin into her hand. "I know it'll look sort of sickly beside those fraternity pins down there, but at least you'll know that it carries more meaning than any fraternity pin set with diamonds and rubies."

"Oh, Joe, I think it's beautiful, and I'll wear it always."

*Winter:*

"Jeanette, I'll race you over to the fire," shouted Martha. Their skate blades sparkled in the moonlight as they whizzed across the frozen river.



to the huge bonfire, around which was gathered all the class of '41. Wonder of wonders, Edna had her arm around Adelaide's shoulders, and they were laughing and chatting as if Edna had never called Adelaide anything but a lady. College and business certainly make young people more tolerant of the opinions and ideas of others. Suddenly a shriek rent the air. The bonfire was deserted—everyone ran to the other side of the river. There they found Joe, thoroughly soaked, but laughing, crawling out of the water where the ice had broken through. Babe and George carried Joe to the sleigh and bundled him up like a bug in a rug. A few moments later the jangled notes of "Jingle bells, jingle bells, home to eat we go," drifted back to the river, as the sleigh carried the merry party up the lane.

"Hey, Rex, Junior, where are you?" shouted Kenny, frantically running through the big horsebarn.

"Take it easy, Little One, here we are," answered Rex from the haymow.

"Well, hurry down, Dad's going to take us fish—." Before Kenny could put the "ing" on fishing, Rex was down the ladder and well on his way toward the house. Junior and Kenny were at his heels. An hour and a half later their faces had lost all animation, as they huddled, shivering, beside the holes cut in the ice. Kenny, used to moving around, found it impossible to remain long in one spot. "I'm going up to the house," he said. "I'll be nice and warm while you are—hey, Rex, your line is wiggling."

Rex excitedly pulled in his line and found—a tin can dangling from the end of it. "That finishes it for me," said Rex disgustedly.

"I've got a code," said Junior.

"Well, boys, how do you like ice fishing?" Dad asked.

"Don't mention it," said Rex. "This pole is staying in my locker until spring and real fishing roll around."

. . . . .

"Mother, doesn't that river ever get tired of flowing on and on in the same old path, just going to the same old places, and seeing the same old things?" asked a little girl, walking on the bridge with her mother.

"I suppose so, dear," answered her mother, gazing down at the cool, rippling waters.

### **Activity Woman**

Mrs. Klek settled alone in her large house; but a settled life was not the life for her. She was a confirmed "gadder." She was in her glory in the Woman's Club, the Community Civic League, numerous bridge clubs, and in active duty in her ward. She went to every ward meeting; and at voting time there was no one busier than she. Then she appeared at home only at bedtime. At other times the telephone confirmed her numerous appointments; and the doorbell, her numerous friends.—LOUISE PROELL.

# Phi Beta Kappa—Not for Me

ALVIN HERSCOVITZ

*Rhetoric I, Theme 16, 1941-1942*

IN THE FIRST SCENE FOR THE PLAY "*WHAT A LIFE*," THE assistant principal of Center High School is talking with the school's problem child, Henry Aldrich, in an effort to learn the cause of the boy's innumerable difficulties. During the course of their conversation, he asks, "Your father went to Princeton?"

Henry answers dejectedly, "Yes, sir. He was a Phi Beta Kappa, and you know what that means."

Mr. Nelson appears perplexed, "What does it mean?"

Henry replies with assurance, "It's an honor you never forget. And if you're the son of one, you don't ever forget it either."

I remember those lines from the play verbatim, for they make me think of my own sad situation. My brother, like Henry Aldrich's father, is also a member of that noble, distinguished, glorious honorary society—Phi Beta Kappa. (That stale description of the outfit, so often in the mouths of the folks at home, always reminds me of a cheap trumpet-blast introduction to some flop circus act.) Since the day I started to school, my Phi Beta brother has caused me much difficulty.

Twelve years ago, on the day I was registered in kindergarten, besides being fearfully frightened, I distinctly remember being patted gently and encouragingly on the head by my mother, and being told proudly about the beautiful paper dolls and drawings that my brother Jack produced when he was in kindergarten. But, as in so many other things, I was not an adept in those elementary arts, and my brother's superiority over me was recognized even then.

From kindergarten until the time I graduated from grammar school, my progress was compared, or rather contrasted, with my brother's. When on rare occasions I had the opportunity to display a few gold merit stars before my parents as a proof of some commendable work in arithmetic or geography, I would be promptly reminded that my brother received two or three times that number of merit stars. Always Jack did better work than I; always he received higher grades; always he was the superior student; and always I was reminded of that.

Once while standing in the principal's office, waiting nervously and fearfully to be scolded for throwing snowballs at some girls, I saw hanging on a wall the school's scholarship plaque, listing the names of outstanding students for the past twenty years. Under the year 1928 was engraved my brother's name. I was a bit surprised and, for the moment, pleased, for that

was the first time I had seen the plaque, although from home reminders I was quite aware that it existed. The principal saw me and discovered by my beaming smile and fixed stare that I recognized someone's name on it. He sent me home with a long, dramatic letter for my parents, stating that he was deeply disappointed in me—in me, the brother of a boy who had achieved high scholastic honors and leadership in his class. My parents further elaborated on my misdoings and, of course, again extolled my brother's high reputation.

On the memorable day I graduated from that grammar school, I was given a bicycle, some sentimental kisses, a host of good-luck phrases, and innumerable wishes that I do as well as my brother in the future.

Unfortunately, I enrolled in the same high school that my sagacious predecessor had attended—a mistake that I shall never forget. When I received a few unsatisfactory grades in algebra or physics, I was reminded by both teachers and parents that my brother did much better than I. Everyday, it seems, I was reminded of this, if not by my parents then by my teachers, who, I believe, had an enormous capacity for remembering trivialities. Even the disagreeable old principal, whom I visited at times by request of the teachers, showed such concern as to tell me one day that he was thoroughly *disgusted* because I did not show any traces of the diligence that graduated my brother as valedictorian of his class ten years before.

By this time, my brother had graduated *cum laude* from college.

For some inexplicable reason, my mother knew just when report card day occurred, and the moment I walked into the house with my card she would demand to see it. I never took the initiative to present it. Once, just as she finished voicing her disapproval over it, she picked up the afternoon mail and glanced at a pamphlet addressed to my brother. It was the Phi Beta Kappa's *Key Reporter*. For weeks and weeks after, I was the shame-faced victim, the hounded creature, of a Greek-letter society.

I solemnly vowed to avoid my brother's alma mater, and I did, but the hoodoo of the Phi Beta Kappa followed me to Champaign, for a couple of my brother's former school chums are now teaching here. One of these gentlemen extended me an invitation to supper with him and his wife. Had my well-meaning brother known that my position was going to be strained and uncomfortable, I am sure he would not have written to the gentleman about me. My host's wife served a delicious meal; however, the remainder of the evening was quite uninteresting—devoted to a scholarly monologue, a flow of incomprehensible polysyllables. Once during the course of the evening his continuous flow was interrupted with, "And what is your opinion on the subject?" I gave some illusive and vague reply, which must have seemed ridiculous. And he said, smiling, "You have quite a bit of study-

ing to do, young man, if you aspire to be a Phi Beta Kappa, as is your brother." Soon after that familiar innuendo, I bade him goodnight.

Henry Aldrich was expected to be a Phi Beta Kappa although he had no intentions of being one. I, too, have no intentions of being one. I my son can be spared long hours of compulsory study, if he can be spared the annoyance of relatives who expect him to achieve the utmost in grades, if he can be spared dining with tiresome professors—then my reasons for not wanting to be a Phi Beta Kappa are not worthless.

To be a Phi Beta Kappa is an honor you never forget. And if you are the brother or the son of one, you do not forget it either.

## Credemus

ELIZABETH LIVESAY

*Rhetoric I, Theme 12, 1941-1942*

PROBABLY NO TWO PEOPLE IN THE WORLD HAVE EX-  
actly the same philosophies or beliefs. Clifton Fadiman, when he edited a book called *I Believe*, brought together many divergent and many similar beliefs of twenty-two eminent people, varying from humorists to anthropologists or explorers. I should like to discuss the personal philosophies of Pearl Buck, Stuart Chase, and Henrik van Loon, to compare these philosophies briefly, and to tell why these particular philosophies appeal to me.

The essence of Pearl Buck's statement is that by using will power we can face any circumstances and be glad that we are alive. Mrs. Buck believes that it is essential consciously to choose life over death in formulating a philosophy. Death to Mrs. Buck is not merely death in the physical sense of the word but the inertia that comes through merely living in a fixed routine or pattern of habits. Her conception of life is also clear. By life she means more than simply the state of being. She means using will power to meet every circumstance of existence actively. Thus Pearl Buck would choose life even if she were racked with pain, even if she were wretchedly poor. She contends that by using will power she can be free of any pain or misfortune and continue to feel that life is worth living.

The second contributor whose philosophy appeals to me is Stuart Chase, one of America's best contemporary social and economic critics. I like Mr. Chase's statement of his philosophy even better than Pearl Buck's, because Mr. Chase deals with specific realities instead of with abstract terms. For



example, he takes the reader into the Rio Puerco River Valley of New Mexico to show that the white man has brought desolation to large parts of our nation by overgrazing the plains and overcutting the forests. By this illustration, Mr. Chase brings out one of his main beliefs: "That I am a creature of this earth." Mr. Chase believes that, unless we recognize the importance of nature, the devastating losses of money, crops, water, and game will continue, that our natural resources will be depleted. He maintains that by questioning and analyzing various experiences in his life his social philosophy was formed. To Stuart Chase "progress depends on using the scientific attitude in social as well as in physical affairs."

Henrik van Loon's is the third philosophy which I like. Mr. van Loon spends more time discussing religion than nearly any other contributor to this book. After studying every great religion in the world, Mr. van Loon comes to the conclusion that not one of the established creeds will ever give him any satisfaction. He is not alone in believing that the traditional religions offer little to the world today. Indeed, as I was greatly surprised to discover, hardly any of these twenty-two famous people accept the Christian doctrines as they are found in the Bible. The research done by modern science and a love of life instead of a hope for death are the main bases for this changed attitude toward religion. Although Mr. van Loon accepts the fact that some force outside ourselves has started the universe, he refuses to spend his time trying to solve the apparently unsolvable riddle of existence. Instead, Henrik van Loon desires "to make this world with its tremendous, with its incredible potentialities of beauty and happiness a place in which every man, woman, and child will be truly able to say, 'We are grateful that we are alive, for life indeed is good.'"

When I first read these three philosophies, they seemed entirely different. But as I read them again, I could see that they were all alike in placing the emphasis on life, on making life happier and more beautiful without reference to any life which may follow this. These three philosophies also refuse to accept any established religions. Yet Pearl Buck, Stuart Chase, and Henrik van Loon all agree that they feel a profound humility concerning the creative force behind nature. The only real difference in these philosophies is the means by which these individuals think that happiness can be obtained.

Undoubtedly these three particular philosophies appeal to me because I have similar beliefs. I believe with Pearl Buck that will power can largely determine the success or failure of life; I believe with Stuart Chase that scientific analysis can bring progress; and I believe with Henrik van Loon that only as we try to make life more beautiful and satisfying for others can we ourselves find happiness. And with all three of these famous people I believe that some unknown force has guided and will continue to guide the universe.

# This Little Piggy Stayed Home

LOLA CLARK

*Rhetoric II, Theme 16, 1941-1942*

IT MUST HAVE BEEN MY THIRD-GRADE GEOGRAPHY BOOK which first brought me to realize the importance of the farm. Within this simply written volume were illustrations and accounts of how the early-rising farmer cultivates his crops and fattens his livestock for the purpose of supplying food to the hungry multitudes in Chicago or Philadelphia. After taking an elementary university course in economics, I am still confident that the farmer is the provider of the nation, even though the course did not always present him realistically. Economics lessons often used as an example the farmer who shrewdly markets his cream and meat, only to purchase oleomargarine and wieners for home consumption.

Being from a farm family, I know that such a diet is not common to the farm. Our vegetables are seasoned with rich cream, our meat is cut in generous slices, and our butter is served in a golden heap instead of in miniature squares arranged symmetrically on a salad plate. Sufficient wholesome food—that is the heritage of the American farm family.

Meat is the basic food of the diet. Several times each winter the farmer sacrifices a small portion of his swine herd for home use. The process—slaughtering—must be given the same careful thought and preparation as any other important farm work.

Temperature has a great deal of effect on the success of slaughtering. Freezing weather permits the quick and thorough chilling of the meat and enables it to stay fresh longer or yield to the cure better. At the first hint of cold weather, Dad collects his slaughtering equipment. It is advantageous to kill several animals at once; therefore, neighbors and relatives often pool their labor in a multiple killing. The wives come along to help serve a potluck dinner and to compare recipes for appetizing and economical ways of serving the meat. Neighborhood slaughtering is a cooperative project that does much toward creating a feeling of good will and neighborliness.

Young, medium-sized hogs are selected because they are easily handled and at the same time produce medium-sized cuts, which are best suited to the average family. The doomed animals are penned several hours prior to the killing and fed only water. Water improves the flavor of the meat, and the absence of food from the stomach makes the cleaning job easier.

No matter how keen my appetite is for fresh pork, I always dread to see the animals slain. Slaughtering is the quickest and most humane way of killing. The live hog is suspended head downward. A quick stroke of the knife severs the large vein and artery between the heart and head. Slaughtering

the heart is improper because the heart must go on pumping after the kill, **to drive the blood out of the system.**

A hot fire beneath a huge iron kettle of water melts the snow in large concentric circles, and warms the immediate atmosphere so that the laboring men move speedily about with flushed faces. After the steaming water has been poured from the kettle into barrels, the stiff carcasses are dipped into the scalding water in order to loosen the dirt and bristles.

The lifeless form is changed from dead pig into a mass of potential food by using scrapers to remove the dirt and bristles until the skin has a fresh, new-born look. For convenience in working, the carcass is suspended, again head downward, by the leg tendons, which are hooked on the ends of a singletree. Before any instrument penetrates the skin, it must be sterilized. A dropped knife must be rescalded.

The head comes off first. Though there is much usable material in the head, Mom usually gives it to an elderly lady, who, being a member of the old school of culinary art, enjoys making head cheese and other old-fashioned mixtures. Few of the internal organs are fit for human consumption, but the liver and heart are salvaged; from them we get one meal. If there is more liver than we can eat at a sitting it usually goes to some needy family, as we can't be bothered with it when there are pork chops on the way. The offals are all given to the chickens, except for a few casings which are saved for stuffed sausages.

Each half of the hog is divided into a ham, a shoulder, ribs, tenderloin, and bacon. The ribs and tenderloin are eaten fresh or are canned. The remaining cuts are cured with smoked salt for use later on. Sides and trimmings are ground into sausage and rendered into lard. Often I have watched Mom and Dad cut the layers of white fat into neat strips in preparing them for the lard press. I always tried to help, but somehow the huge, sharp knife either cut my finger or merely made crooked dents in the spongy fat. Sausage is ground, seasoned, and made into cakes before being "fried down." Dad gives the hams and shoulders regular applications of smoked salt and internal brine spray. The quality of the meat depends greatly on the thoroughness of the cure.

Unlike many of the picturesque old farm customs, butchering is not being replaced by modern invention. No machinery can replace the actual hand-slaughtering. More efficient tools and safer curing methods are definite improvements, however. Through careful planning the farmer can manage to have meat on hand the year round. Modern methods of preservation do away with having to eat excessively of pork to keep it from spoiling.

Being able to convert a live hog into edible food material is an admirable accomplishment as well as an economical, self-sustaining practice. The "little piggy that went to market" is not the only one that feeds the nation.

# Vitamin K—Baby Saver

ROSEMARY ROLENS

*Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1941-1942*

“WHAT IS THERE LEFT FOR ME TO DO?” MOANS THE average man of narrow outlook. “All the discoveries have been made!” Yet in their laboratories diligent scientists toil unflaggingly in search of new discoveries for the benefit of mankind. Often, by accident, in the process of their work, they stumble upon some secret, which, until then, God has hidden from man.

Little did Henrik Dam, the Danish research scientist at the University of Copenhagen, realize, when in 1934 he began experimenting with the diets of baby chicks in an effort to determine how fat was utilized, that he was on the path of discovery of a new vitamin. One morning he found several of the newly-hatched chicks dead. Blood had seeped from their internal organs into the skin, and they had died of hemorrhage! Dam was puzzled: when he made tests of the chicks' blood he discovered that it was almost totally lacking in prothrombin.<sup>1</sup> Since Dam was certain that all known vitamins had been included in the chicks' diet, he began experimenting with various kinds of foods to determine what essential had been lacking. He finally found that if hog liver and alfalfa were given to the baby chicks they did not bleed so easily. It was logical that these foods contained some yet undiscovered substance upon which blood coagulation depended. Dam, not knowing what it was, named it Vitamin K for “koagulation factor.”<sup>2</sup>

Almost simultaneously it was pointed out by Herman J. Almquist, who at the University of California was also doing research work on chick bleeding, that Vitamin K was manufactured by bacteria of putrefaction. Feeding the chicks putrid fish meal also cured the tendency toward hemorrhage.

At St. Louis University, the head of the biochemistry department, Dr. E. H. Doisy, who was destined to contribute perhaps more than any other single scientist to the knowledge of Vitamin K, summoned a group of his colleagues to begin research in 1936. Determined to extract the mysterious substance in a pure form, their first task was to find a solvent. They finally hit upon it—a simple dry cleaning fluid, petroleum ether. For two years

<sup>1</sup>Prothrombin is one of the essential factors in the coagulation of the blood. According to the theory proposed by Morawitz, which is the most logical and generally accepted, there are four such agents. 1—Prothrombin interacts with 2—thromboplastin and 3—calcium, to form thrombin, which, in turn, reacts with 4—fibrinogen. The fibrinogen is thus transformed into an insoluble gel, called fibrin. This constitutes the blood clot, which prevents hemorrhage.

<sup>2</sup>Ratcliff, J. D., *Reader's Digest*, XXXVII (November, 1940), 55-7.



Doisy and his patient co-workers toiled long hours in the laboratory. When they finally were able to extract a few drops of the yellow oil that was pure Vitamin K, they found it ineffective because light from electric bulbs as well as the sun destroyed it. Therefore they had to work in a closed dark room, through which drifted the sickening, stifling odor of boiling fish meal. But success was the reward of their toil, and, after securing the pure vitamin, they were able to analyze its chemical structure and synthesize it. Similar success was announced at practically the same time in the summer of 1939 by Almquist and by L. F. Feisir of Harvard.

Vitamin K has now been put to use enough times and has been successful in controlling or preventing bleeding so often that its value is well established. Simple dietary deficiencies are "rarely sufficient to cause a serious lack of Vitamin K in man."<sup>3</sup> Complications do arise, however, when there is a disturbance of the liver, for it is here that the prothrombin, essential for blood coagulation, is formed. It is even believed by some scientists that Vitamin K is a constituent of the prothrombin molecule.<sup>4</sup> One authority chooses to call it "the general group of substances capable of synthesis by the liver into prothrombin."<sup>5</sup>

Man obtains Vitamin K either through the food he eats, since it is present in liver and green vegetables such as cabbage, spinach, kale, and tomatoes, or it is manufactured by bacteria found in the normal intestine.<sup>6</sup> Normally its absorption is made possible by the bile secreted through the bile ducts of the liver. In case of disorders involving lack of bile in the intestine, such as obstructive jaundice, gall stones, tumor growths, and yellow fever, and in case of abnormal conditions including lack of putrefactive bacteria in the intestine, ulcerative colitis, sprue, liver damaged by cirrhosis or chronic hepatitis, the administration of Vitamin K, orally or parentally in a water soluble form, has been proved to be effective. It must be understood that the vitamin itself does nothing to remedy the ailments; it does, however, remove the danger of hemorrhage associated with them. Thus, after the administration of Vitamin K, the doctor can now perform a gall bladder operation with comparative safety, whereas, before, the patient was in extreme danger of bleeding to death on the operating table.

Within the past few years the development of synthetic Vitamin K compounds has been remarkable. The first products put on the market were unstable extracts from alfalfa, and the cost was high. Consequently, their

<sup>3</sup>Smith, H. P., "Recent Study of Blood Clotting," *Scientific Monthly*, LI (July, 1940), 97.

<sup>4</sup>Stafford, Jane, "Alphabet of Vitamins," *New Republic*, CIII (November 25, 1940), 720.

<sup>5</sup>McNealy, Raymond W., *Illinois Medical Journal*, LXXVIII (August, 1940), 123

<sup>6</sup>"The bacillus coli communis, bacillus coreus, and bacillus subtilis are capable of synthesizing a fat-soluble anti-hemorrhage factor which is not released or excreted into the media on which they grow." *Ibid.*, 123.

use was strictly limited. Now, since Doisy compounded the synthetic Vitamin K, which has proved even more active than the substance extracted from natural sources, more and more cases are treated, with gratifying results.

You may ask if Vitamin K is an effective cure for hemophilia, the hereditary bleeding disease of Spain's royal family. Doisy wondered too, but when he investigated, he found that hemophilia is caused by the absence of a constituent of the blood other than prothrombin. Although Vitamin K cannot be used to cure this relatively rare disease, it can be used to great advantage in the solution of a very common and, therefore, more important problem, that of bleeding in the newborn.<sup>7</sup> It is in saving these precious young lives that, I believe, Vitamin K proves its value most conclusively.

The danger which infants encounter of bleeding to death during the first week of life has long been apparent to man. According to the Mosaic law, male infants had to be circumcised. However, in view of the already recognized peril, it was forbidden for the operation to be performed until the child was eight days old.

It is ironic to consider that when Dam's discovery was first revealed, the world failed to note the significant relationship between the bleeding of newly-hatched chicks and the hemorrhages that were claiming the lives of one out of one hundred and fifty to one out of twenty infants within the first four days after birth.<sup>8</sup> For some time the only American scientists who bothered with Vitamin K research were those interested in poultry husbandry.<sup>9</sup>

Yet, at this time, as through all time before, newborn children were dying of uncontrollable hemorrhages caused by the slightest of injuries, or of internal bleeding.<sup>10</sup> Sometimes they did not die; blood seeped into their skulls and paralyzed many of them, so that they might perhaps better have died. Hopeful doctors could only look on helplessly, unable to grasp the fleeting little lives; they could not stop the fatal flow of blood.

Reliable authorities, including Dam, Nyggard, Warner, Brinkhous, Smith, Grossman, Quick, Shettles, Delfs, Hellman, Waddell, and Guerrey have agreed that such hemorrhages are caused by a prothrombin deficiency. After careful observations they all indicate that soon after birth the infant's prothrombin level begins to fall and, although they do not agree exactly on the time at which the drop begins and how long it lasts, they do agree that during this period all normal infants are in danger of hemorrhage.

The explanation of this characteristic fall of the prothrombin level is

<sup>7</sup>Ratcliff, *op. cit.*, 57.

<sup>8</sup>Stafford, *op. cit.*, 719.

<sup>9</sup>*Ibid.*, 719.

<sup>10</sup>In chicks, sometimes the bleeding which culminated in death was started by the pulling of a pin-feather!

somewhat a matter of speculation. Bohlender believes that it is caused by an "inadequate store of Vitamin K in the fetus."<sup>11</sup> This may be accepted as true if he means that the supply is not great enough to last the baby through the period of normal prothrombin deficiency. But if he means that the supply is not sufficient to prevent hemorrhage at birth, I prefer to accept the logical explanation of William Howell.<sup>12</sup> According to this authority, the supply of prothrombin received from the mother's blood is adequate at birth; and the level begins to fall several hours later, owing probably to "the normal consumption of prothrombin in the body . . . and the failure in supply of new vitamins in the diet." Howell suggests the further possibility that the low prothrombin level is a consequence of insufficient secretion of bile acids at this critical period.

The prothrombin level of the child usually falls to approximately thirty per cent that of the normal adult level. At this point and below, down as far as five per cent of the adult level, the baby is in danger of abnormal bleeding; within this range death is not always the outcome. It has been observed, however, that "death from hemorrhage resulted with grim regularity,"<sup>12</sup> whenever the prothrombin level dropped to five per cent or less.

After the first week the baby's prothrombin level begins to climb toward the normal concentration as quickly as it fell soon after birth. This may be explained by the fact that through the feedings of mother's milk the bacterial flora which is capable of producing Vitamin K has been established in the alimentary tract.

The idea of using Vitamin K therapy occurred first in 1938 to Dr. Dupont Guerry, a twenty-six year old interne in pediatrics at the University of Virginia Medical School Hospital. He was determined to find out whether or not this new vitamin could be used as effectively in saving the lives of newborn as it had already been used by Dr. Waltman Walters, Mayo associate, in checking hemorrhages after gall bladder operations. Dr. William Waddell, junior professor of pediatrics at the university, was called upon by Dr. Guerry to aid in the experiments.

The first life of an infant was saved in February, 1939. A baby girl, who had seemed quite normal at birth, developed internal hemorrhages when she was three days old. Her clotting time was found to be eleven minutes and seepage continued for twelve hours! After the administration of Vitamin K (22 cc. of a rich concentrate), a test was made in the infant's heel. Her clotting time had decreased to the normal three minutes. The idea had worked! To verify his conclusions Dr. Guerry, with the assistance of Drs. Waddell, William E. Bray, and Orville R. Kelley, carried on further research. Two thousand clotting-time tests were made during the year. Only four cases out of four hundred bled when treated with Vitamin K. In 219

<sup>11</sup>Bohlender, *et al.*, *A.M.A. Journal*, CXVI (September, 1941), 1763.

<sup>12</sup>Howell, Wm. H., *A.M.A. Journal*, CXVII (September 27, 1941), 1060.



cases, in which the treatment was withheld, twenty-three hemorrhages occurred.<sup>13</sup>

At the research laboratory of the Maternity Hospital in Cleveland other experiments were carried out by Drs. James W. Mull, A. H. Bill, and Helen Skowronsko. They proved that hemorrhage can be prevented in the baby by giving Vitamin K to the mother during pregnancy. These scientists worked with one hundred mothers. Of this number, only one baby whose mother had received synthetic Vitamin K failed to show a reduced clotting time.<sup>14</sup>

Noteworthy experiments were carried out in April, 1941, by Dr. Bohlender and a group of his associates. They, too, used the convenient number of one hundred mothers and one hundred infants. Of these, one-half of the mothers were treated intravenously with one mg. of Vitamin K preparation. Tests of the mothers' blood, taken from the antecubical vein, were made before the administration of Vitamin K, as well as before and after the delivery of their babies. The infants' blood was taken from the cord blood at birth, and on the second, third, fourth, sixth, and eighth days from the superior longitudinal sinus. All prothrombin readings were made by the Quick procedure.<sup>15</sup> Great pains were taken for the sake of absolute accuracy. By means of these experiments, Bohlender reached many interesting and valuable conclusions.

It was observed that the hemorrhagic disease in an infant may be prevented by administering Vitamin K to the mother before the baby is born. Vitamin K is able to pass into the infant's blood stream through the placenta because the molecule is so small. Furthermore, it was noted that it makes no difference whether the vitamin is given to the mother periodically all through the development of the fetus or five minutes before the baby is delivered. The treatment had no apparent toxic effects on the baby during its first week of life.

Thus it has been determined by extensive research that Vitamin K may be safely and profitably used to prevent hemorrhage and save lives of the newborn. Its use is especially recommended as a precautionary measure in all instances in which (1) the infant is likely to be premature, (2) labor is apt to be prolonged, (3) or operative delivery of any type is anticipated.<sup>16</sup>

Even ignoring its many uses, one can readily see how precious Vitamin K is in this capacity of saving lives alone. When we consider that of the two

<sup>13</sup>Ratcliff, *op. cit.*, 57.

<sup>14</sup>Anon., *Scientific American*, CLXI (November, 1939), 348.

<sup>15</sup>In this procedure the thromboplastin and calcium are constant, and "the rate of coagulation is dependent on the concentration of prothrombin and serves as a simple and direct means for determining the important clotting factor in the blood." From Bohlender, *op. cit.*, 1673.

<sup>16</sup>Bohlender, *op. cit.*, 1766.



million babies born each year in the United States, approximately one and four-tenths per cent, or twenty-eight thousand, die within the first seven days of life, and that, according to specialists, twenty to thirty-five per cent of these deaths are due to prothrombin deficiency, it is evident that, by the wise administration of this new vitamin, life can be saved in eight thousand babies who might otherwise be lost! Measured in terms of priceless human lives, the significant blessings of Vitamin K are vividly revealed, and we are sincerely grateful to the untiring men of science who have made it available to the human race.

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#### Public Servant

When I say "public servant," do not misunderstand me. I'm not talking about the braying politician who boasts loudly of his "Public Service." Rather, I refer to that guy who quietly goes his way ministering to the needs and caprices of the people. I mean the smartly uniformed bellhops at the beck and call of "any jerk who can pay the clerk." I mean the shoe-shine boy of whom you seldom notice more than the top of the head. I mean the restaurant cook who must dip soup from the same pot to suit one customer who wants it salty and one who wants it flat, one who wants it hot and one who wants it cool. I mean the patient waiter caught between the crossfiers of the fastidious customer who sends his steak back to be "well done" and the temperamental cook who says to "tell the customer to go to hell." I mean the nocturnal bartender who must absorb some liquor into his own breath as a measure of self-protection; and his second cousin, the soda-jerker, who must recognize the old basic sundaes by a dozen different colloquial names; and the ever-pleasant filling-station attendant who must know "how many miles from Podunk to Timbuktu" and the condition of the road "over the pass."—RALPH L. PARKER

## Honorable Mention

Charles Anderson: *The Houseman in a Rut*  
Bill Babb: *Back Porches or Front Porches*  
Eugene Bender: *He Wanted to Learn to Box*  
Gene Brucker: *Individualism in America*  
David Byer: *Cattle Feeding in Illinois*  
Andrew Dennis: *Est Modus in Rebus*  
Ardis Ellrich: *When Mother Took a Vacation*  
Wallace Frank: *With the Coast Guard*  
Edward Habicht: *Is It Healthier in Arabia?*  
Ralph Hallenstein: *Another Man's Way*  
Hershel Herzog: *President Street, Brooklyn*  
Gordon Houser: *Plan for Victory*  
Harmon Hubbard: *The Logic of Modern Physics*  
Peggy Kirkham: *Teasdale and Millay*  
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H. Paul Zimmerman: *It Will Get You*



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# THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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# Hero Worship

GENE BRUCKER

*Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1941-1942*

HERO WORSHIP IS CHARACTERISTIC OF SMALL BOYS. Every youth has his particular hero—or heroes—whom he idolizes and whom he tries to resemble in every way possible. Heroes of the more adventurous professions—soldiers, cowboys, and Indian fighters—are generally preferred, and such men as Buffalo Bill, Tom Mix, and Jesse James enjoy great popularity. When I was a boy, we played games in which we could each impersonate our heroes.

One man, whose identity I never disclosed to anyone, was my personal idol. He is not very well-known, and I've often wondered why I chose him instead of someone more illustrious. Perhaps it was his name—General Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard. I had and still have a weakness for French names. General Beauregard was a Confederate general of noble French Creole ancestry, who fulfilled all my romantic expectations as to what an ideal man should be.

But I think the main reason I selected him as my number one hero was an article in a set of volumes in our small grade school library. History was the only grade school subject that I ever loved. I devoured every history book in the whole school building. One set of four volumes that I found consisted of biographical sketches of American heroes, vivid accounts of famous battles, descriptions of important events of American history, and exciting passages of conversation that spiced the narration of these incidents. (I later suspected that the conversation was surreptitiously inserted by an overzealous author.) In one of these volumes, I found an account of the life and deeds of Pierre Beauregard. It was similar in style and content to the other grade school history books that I read. Beauregard was vividly painted as a great man and gallant soldier who fought for the principles in which he believed. No hint was given of any fault he might have had or of anything he might have done wrong.

My imagination was fired with enthusiasm for this man, and when I went across the fields after the cows in the autumn twilight, I was General Beauregard, with my rifle and sword (made of wood), riding to lead my troops to victory at Bull Run. Or I would creep along the bank of the Potomac (a small dredge ditch that ran through our pasture) to reconnoiter the positions of the enemy. Again, I charged forth out of a forest (any convenient cornfield) with my cavalry to rout the enemy at Shiloh. With my Colt revolver (a cap pistol), I would fight with my men in the trenches (plow furrows), defending the city of Charleston. But the most dramatic

scene took place when General Johnston and I surrendered our swords to General Sherman, and thus put an end to all organized resistance in the South. I remember the great speech that I gave as I turned over my sword to my imaginary conqueror.

This picture of General Beauregard is typical of the ideas about American heroes that my history readings and my vivid imagination created. Famous American heroes were pictured as men who could do no wrong, and every action of our government was held to be blameless. On the other hand, infamous characters, such as Benedict Arnold and leaders of the enemy, were pictured as little better than ogres; furthermore, countries hostile to America were represented as always in the wrong. Thus, I came to possess a beautiful, although not a very accurate, picture of our country.

Most of my illusions were shattered when I entered high school. The high school library offered endless opportunity for reading history, and I soon took advantage of it. The high school board had been progressive enough to purchase some history books that were as critical and as analytic as they were informative. It is almost impossible to describe the sensation that I experienced when I read, among other things, that such staunch and virtuous patriots as Samuel Adams and John Hancock were smugglers and rumrunners, that George Washington was inclined to tip the bottle a little too often, and that General Grant was a failure in life before the Civil War and when finally placed in command often took a few days off to get "rip-roaring drunk." However, my biggest shock came when I read that my personal hero, General Beauregard, was a small, weak, sickly man who, although courageous and a good defensive fighter, was poor in strategy and offense. Furthermore, after the war was over, he refused positions as commander-in-chief of the Egyptian and Rumanian armies in order to become president of a Louisiana railroad!

I also discovered that it was Benedict Arnold who, traitor though he was, was largely responsible for France's entering the Revolution, because of his decisive victory at Saratoga. Arnold went over to the British only after a narrow-minded and politically corrupt Congress had repeatedly refused to recognize his services and give him a higher army commission. Further reading disclosed the fact that our American government had fought two wars with weaker nations for imperialistic reasons, and that our great and noble government's foreign policy during the greater part of the last century was, "Get what you can, and to hell with everybody else."

Theoretically, hero worship may be a beautiful and an ideal thing for a child, and parents probably encourage it. But sooner or later every child is due for a jolt, when he discovers that his heroes aren't ideal and perfect. He experiences much the same feeling as when his parents tell him that there is no Santa Claus. I think it is the duty of the home and school to control the build-up so that the let-down won't be too hard.

# Defeatism in Aztec Philosophy

MARY ANN PICKREL

*Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1941-1942*

BELOW THE RIO GRANDE STRETCHES THE BROODING sphinx we call Mexico, her graven paws of Yucatan licked by the sparkling waters of the Caribbean, her subtle, unfathomable gaze fixed in stoic passivity upon the broken, stained altars, the still majestic temples, and the lofty, grass-grown pyramids which bespeak an ancient and vanquished splendor. In the ironic gaze of those cold stone eyes lurks all the seductive fascination of a bloody, savage and fanatical past, of a past whose secret lies like a dream upon the sad countenances of thousands of modern Indians. Even the sun-warmed waters of the Caribbean cannot wash the dark stains from the paws of the sphinx, nor can Time strengthen the submission or lighten the lethargy of the *peon* who once learned to link the experience of joy with pain and with death. The seed of the continuing subjectivity of the Mexican Indian of today, as well as the reason for the success of the conquistador Hernando Cortes in the sixteenth century, are discovered in the dark and tragic mood of ancient Aztec history.

The place, the eastern coast of Mexico, which was to see the founding of a struggling little city named Veracruz; the year, 1519; the man, a crude, blustering, opportunistic, avaricious, poverty-stricken soldier-of-fortune; the cry, a ringing "For Gold, Glory, and God—and the King of Spain!" Such is the setting of the drama which rang down the curtain upon one of the most complex, intricate, and significant civilizations this planet has known. From the humid coast to the cool, flower-strewn temples of the white-marble island city, Tenochtitlan, swift runners brought the news to the Aztec emperor. Strange white gods who came over the waters in fantastic craft, from the mystic direction of the East, who bestrode horrible, shaggy-maned monsters of prodigious size and strength, and pointed at their enemies magic wands which commanded the forces of thunder and the lightning which kills! Montezuma, the Aztec emperor, that supreme vassal of superstition, typical of his people, and possessed of a rather weak and vacillating character, was confused and terrified by the momentous tidings, and yet thrilled to the depths of his profoundly religious soul. From the legends of Mexico the eager subjects of the sovereign snatch the story of the lost god "Quetzalcoatl," he who, like these strangers, was to return in triumph to rule, and who—again like the Spanish—was to be tall and white, like the Sun himself, and possessed of long hair and quaint bristles upon his chin. While the credulous minds of the Aztecs considered this miracle, the European invader, Hernando Cortes, was leading a few score men, a dozen



horses, and some outmoded cannon into the mosquito-infested interior along the eastern lowlands.<sup>1</sup>

Much to his convenience, Cortes found the organization of the Aztec nation to be feudalistically decentralized, and to be very much in the control of the priesthood. Each *calpulli*, or clan, governed itself, and guarded this right vigorously, although it sent a representative to a democratic chief council which decided affairs of importance for the nation as a whole. The emperor could not, for example, declare war on an enemy for all his peoples without the unanimous consent of the council. The independence of the *calpulli*, and the fact that each was ruled by a kind of village priest, discouraged the formation of national feeling and traditions, and fostered religious influence.<sup>2</sup>

Wars among the Aztecs, or against neighboring nations, were fought with the aim of catching prisoners for sacrifice, not for political reasons. Even tribal selfhood was weak against the all-powerful urge to *create* life on the altar of a bloody god, for only in return for lives given did the gods consent to allow mortals to partake of life-giving substances themselves, rain and sunshine. These had to be paid for in blood—red blood for the thirsty gods. And the blood of brave men, taken in these “flowered wars,” was more pleasing than any other. The first nation which Cortes fought was not the Aztec but the Tlaxcalteca, who lay between him and the lovely, flower-like capital on Lake Texcoco. The men of Tlaxcala made a show of resistance, but did they really resist? Their attitude even at the beginning was not that of defenders of their homelands meeting a foreign invader. They, like the Aztecs later, went down before the Spanish “in a conflict of ambivalent feeling that was like the confusion of love”<sup>3</sup>—they fought in the spirit of the “flowered wars,” not to destroy but to win these fantastically valiant and beautiful, these strange and exotic white men for their altars, and the pleasure of their gods. They lusted to capture them alive, and fearlessly, in their fanaticism, they forgot to concentrate on self-defense. They could have wiped out the puny forces of the invader if they had wanted to. But as they failed to conquer them living, the warriors of Tlaxcala ceased entirely to wish them dead. They joined Cortes as allies against the Aztecs.

And the Aztecs, what of those submissive, dark yearning souls, who “toiled in a dark world, whose highest light was death and whose diurnal light was the release in sensual or aesthetic ecstasy”<sup>4</sup>? Indoctrinated with the cult of self-extinction as they were, mad worshippers of the rites of priests who filled the smoking temples with hundreds of thousands of piled human skulls and uncounted inches of dried human blood, why should they fear the

<sup>1</sup>Prescott, William, *Conquest of Mexico*, pp. 39, 139-46.

<sup>2</sup>Simpson, Eyler, *The Indo-Mexico's Way Out*, p. 4.

<sup>3</sup>Frank, Waldo, *America Hispana: South of Us*, p. 223.

<sup>4</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 224.

stranger who at worst could bring them only what they cherished—death—and at best might bless them with the hope of happiness, if he were really Quetzalcoatl, their god returning from the East?

So Montezuma sent envoys to Cortes and welcomed into his marvelous city, with gifts befitting a god, the tired, ragged, amazed little company of Spanish adventurers. And later, under strange psychological compulsion, when the Aztecs became disgusted with the ungodlike lust for gold and other crude passions of the white men, Montezuma resisted so feebly that he allowed himself to be taken prisoner without a battle, and paid numerous and ineffectual ransoms.<sup>5</sup>

Few students realize the simple explanation of the belief of the Aztecs in the godlike qualities of the white invaders. One reason for the downfall of Montezuma's empire is certainly the perfect, though chance, timing of Cortes when he landed at Veracruz in the exact year of 1519, or year *Ce Acatl* on the Aztec calendar. This was actually the year of Quetzalcoatl, the very year which the priests of antiquity had declared in legend would produce the return of the god to govern all Mexico with a kind and benign rule. Quetzalcoatl is only the Aztec explanation of the actions of the planet Venus, which at times appears as an evening star, then disappears and returns as a morning star. During his absence, Quetzalcoatl, or Venus, is supposed to be visiting the land of the dead, the underworld, where in return for undergoing various scourging "proofs" he is taught many useful tricks of science and art to be passed on to his people. Quetzalcoatl probably originated as a cultured and enlightened, and much beloved, Aztec emperor who left behind him the gifts of an industrial genius. Religion, however, transformed him, with its usual deft propaganda, into the mystic being who had abandoned the "land of black and red," the West, where the black of night and the red of dying day unite, to sail away over the sea in a skiff of serpent skins. His promise to return from the East, like a morning star preceding the Sun, could not fail to cause the Aztecs to regard Cortes as the god, bent upon governing once more the Toltec kingdom he had abandoned.<sup>6</sup>

But the main reason for the defeatism of the Aztecs and the conquest which they suffered may be called the debasing religious and social institutions of the people, which had been derived mainly from a fanatical sacerdotal control of superstition and sadistic fatalism. The Aztecs were surprised by Cortes in that state of barbarity and sophistication, that mixture of cruelty and culture, that identification of pain with beauty, that afflicts virile, sombre-souled nations in the clutch of spiritual excess. One notices somewhat the same attitude in the Inquisition of Spain, where torture and murder were likewise exalted, and, as in Mexico, the gentler forces of cul-

<sup>5</sup>Prescott, *op. cit.*, Chapt. III.

<sup>6</sup>Caso, Alfonso, *La religion de los aztecas*, pp. 18-19.

ture and creation were smothered by the coarseness and fanaticism of natures grown used to scenes of blood and violence sanctified by the church.<sup>7</sup> The degrading habit of slavery was also practiced by Aztec land-owners, and Aztec priests ate the palpitating hearts of the sacrificial victims newly killed, after which they gave the rest of the body to the market-place for purposes of symbolistic revelry. Human flesh was eaten as a sacred experience.

The control of the priests over every detail of the daily lives, as well as the philosophy, of the people, was air-tight. Even the emperor was a humble temple servant, and often surrendered his opinion to the priests. He felt honored to enter the sacred domain of the temple. The priests, with the wily cunning of the Nazis, took charge of the younger generation, and trained young priests and priestesses in the black ceremonies of the faith. Girls learned to care for and decorate the temples, boys learned monastic routine, and both received into their souls the terrible cult of death which had spread the gloom of pessimism over their land.<sup>8</sup> The priests were the land-owners in old Mexico as in the modern—they possessed huge landed estates on which impoverished laymen were laborers. "The temple lands . . . were greatly extended; a special class of serfs had to be dedicated to their exploitation and to the support of the very considerable sacerdotal class. The evidence shows that the nobles, overlords, chiefs, priests, and other privileged persons, by the time of the Conquest were a large and growing group . . . the landless peon was a definitely established social class. . . . Debt, slavery, the poverty of the disinherited and the arrogance of the privileged were known in Mexico before the coming of the Spaniards; abjectness, humility, and servility were not lessons which the masses of the Mexican people learned for the first time at the knee of Cortes and his successors."<sup>9</sup> Absolution by the priest was acceptable in Mexico in place of legal punishment for offences. One of the means by which the church wielded its power over the masses who lived under its spell of superstition was its supposed knowledge of the future argued through the practice of astrology and divination. As pointed out before, cultural activities were either smothered or, in many cases, strictly supervised by the church. Hieroglyphical paintings, sculpture, and oral traditions were done under church supervision, and certainly in the cases of the first two the modern tourist can find little to criticize. Music and the art of telling stories through dancing and reciting were features of the religious festivals which witnessed the bloody sacrifices so common to church ceremonies.

The main, most striking feature about these sacrifices was that they were not accompanied by any unsophisticated, savage lust for blood connected

<sup>7</sup>Moreno, Manuel M., *La organizacion politica y social de los Aztecas*, pp. 49-78.

<sup>8</sup>Prescott, *op. cit.*, Chapt. III.

<sup>9</sup>Simpson, *op. cit.*, p. 6.



with the emotions of hunger or rage in battle, but by a superstitious, melancholy fanaticism, a mystic tenderness, crowned at the last by an ecstasy still tinged by sadness, devoid of the fire which characterizes ambitious Christianity, devoid of illogical hopes for a future life, entirely passive, stoically unresisting the omnipotent will of the gods. In this gentle, primitive impassiveness lies the strength which through the centuries of Spanish occupation has permitted the downtrodden Indian to suffer his lot and yet live—it has been his salvation, and yet it was the initial cause of his downfall. The tragedy of the Aztec surely wrings the hearts of even his own stern gods.

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#### Old Ford

There stood what appeared to be a refugee from the Townsend Plan, but the salesman assured us that it was a twenty-nine Ford and that it ran too. It sort of crouched on its four wheels like an old sway-backed horse that is willing but not able. Each one of its wheels sat at a different angle. The windshield had been shattered at one time and had been glued back together. The tires were as smooth as billiard balls, and the radiator grill had obviously experienced a few head-on collisions. After the car had been pushed around the block several times, the motor started up with a sound like a drum and bugle corps, and we lurched away in our twenty-dollar investment.—ALVIN QUINN

#### Marvelous

When Dottie, Betty, and I met in Urbana to begin a new phase of our life, we knew absolutely nothing about each other. Before many hours passed, however, my roommates knew that I made noise, that Dottie disliked most foods, and that Betty thought everything was simply *marvelous*. Please note that I said everything. We had marvelous food, her friends gave her a marvelous farewell shower, the campus was marvelous, it was marvelous weather, and she was making marvelous friends who could do marvelous things. When she was especially impressed with something, the syllables of the poor, overworked word were drawn out endlessly, and her voice soared up to high C sharp on the first syllable. Just try saying "ma-a-a-rrrr-ve-louss" in the manner described. Blood-curdling isn't it?—MARY ELLEN ALLARD



# Here's the Hot Tamale Man

RICHARD WILLIAM BALL

*Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1941-1942*

THE NIGHT WAS STILL AND HOT. THE SOFTBALL GAME of the evening was ended, and the park lights were out. I sat on our front porch, vainly searching for a little breeze to dry my sweaty brow. Whether it was the heat or the humidity made little difference. I was just plain hot. Suddenly I heard faint singing in the distance. It grew louder. Gradually it became distinguishable; and finally I could hear, "*Here's the hot tamale man.*"

. . . . .

Cairo, Illinois, was founded as a river trading post and landing port. As it grew, its whole life centered around its rivers, the Mississippi and the Ohio—the friendly rivers that bore the heavily-laden steamers, the muddy rivers that gave forth catfish, the pleasant rivers that furnished a cool swim or a delightful afternoon's boating, the angry rivers that swept away everything in their paths. For protection from the floods, there were built levees and more levees to meet each rise in the rivers. Although not for seventy-five years has Cairo been flooded, still today the levees are being heightened to meet the anticipated rises in the rivers, for each flood seems to rise higher than the previous ones. The rivers were developed to meet new volumes of commerce near the end of the nineteenth century. Wharves and landings and warehouses were built to keep pace with the demands of the increased activity. But river commerce was eclipsed by the rise of the railroads. Today the once-busy wharves and docks have been towed away or dismantled. The large warehouses along Ohio Street have practically been abandoned. One fortunate structure has been taken over as a W.P.A. office building and is destined to have a few years added to its life. A couple of others are used as warehouses for storing groceries, and a fourth is a machine shop. But the business district has moved away from the river front one block west to Commercial Avenue.

. . . . .

"HERE'S THE HOT TAMALE MAN!" The words fairly boomed in my ears, for the hot tamale man was now only a block away. The hot tamale man is an old Negro who makes his living by making tamales during the day and selling them during the evenings. "HERE'S THE HOT TAMALE MAN—TWO FOR A NICKEL AND—FOUR FOR A DI-I-IME—IF-YOU-DON'T-GET-E-NOUGH—JUST-KEEP-ON-A-TRY-Y-IN'." The tune runs from its beginning E flat up to A flat and then back to D. Every line is sung to the same tune, with slurs to take care of extra syllables.

Strangely enough, the words really seem to rhyme. And because the tune is in a minor key and very monotonous, it makes a lasting impression on the hearer's ear. A little pickaninny runs down the street to buy some tamales. At first one wonders why he wants tamales on a night like this. He could have got ice cream with his nickel. But he is charmed by the magic cry, just as the rats of Hamelin were enchanted by the music of the Pied Piper. There is a whole flock of followers, just as there was when the hot tamale man started vending years ago. One follower chants to the now-familiar strain, "PUT THEM IN THE GARBAGE CAN." All laugh, just as all laughed years ago when this line was first inserted into his chant by another young admirer. "HERE'S THE HOT TAMALE MAN."

. . . .

Today the rivers of Cairo are largely under government development. With national defense shipping, the volume of river traffic has increased very much. Every day barges filled with yellow sulfur go up the Ohio, and barges filled with dirty aluminum ore go up the Mississippi. Automobiles and tractors are sent past Cairo. Oil tankers, sinking to capacity depth, float slowly by. The government has a constant corps of dredge boats and "snag yankers" on duty at all times. The levees have been built up to an all-time high of sixty-three feet above standard gauge. Spill-ways and channel-changes help alleviate part of the danger in times of flood. Cairo, say the government engineers, is too important to be swallowed by the rivers. It is important as a transportation and communication center for east and west, north and south connections. Much important weather data is determined in this region and transmitted to all parts of the country. In the event of an attack on this country, Cairo, the engineers say, would be ideal as a field base for operations. With an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, the government is fighting against floods for the possession of Cairo. The rivers have been the past of Cairo, and may be its future. More and more do men see the mighty rivers as a modern transportation means. The railroads formerly flourished, but now, with trucking lines growing, their power is waning. And rivers furnish an economical means for carrying heavy, non-perishable goods. Someday the dusty warehouses may again be filled to capacity. Someday the river fronts may again be lined with wharves and docks. And someday large steamboats may even outnumber the canoes and the motorboats that sport the waves every Sunday afternoon. But in any event Cairo will always depend upon, yet fear, the mighty rivers.

. . . .

*"Here's the hot tamale man. Better get them while you can!"* The song is fading now, for he is blocks away. Yet, by listening closely, I can still hear this chant occasionally piercing the hushed closeness of the summer evening. The heat is still terrible, and the sweat still rolls down my forehead. It is so hard to be comfortable on a hot summer night. . . .

# Est Modus in Rebus; or, Point Counter Point

ANDREW DENNIS

*Rhetoric I, Theme 13, 1941-1942*

THAT THERE IS A GOLDEN MEAN IN ALL THINGS, ESPECIALLY in living, is the idea that Huxley pounds into us in *Point Counter Point*. He is concerned with this purpose, not with the involvements of plot; with civilization as a whole, not with isolated groups; with people as types, and not as individuals. For the major portion of the book, Mr. Huxley tells mankind to be "noble savages," "intelligent primitives"—perfect animals and perfect humans combined. Finally, when we are almost ready to give up, he becomes specific and tells us, through the character Rampion, that if man tries to become something better than what he is in nature, he kills something within himself and becomes less. Rampion gathers it together for us neatly when he says that man is a creature balanced on a tightrope with his mind and spirit and consciousness at one end of a pole and all that is unconscious and earthly and mysterious at the other end. He concludes that this balance is the only perfect absolute that man can ever really know. Huxley's characters are created and built around this central purpose, to illustrate it and to prove it. He does an admirable job!

Let us take his characters, who are indeed fantastic, and see how he blends them into a unity that leaves his thought standing out clearly as a cloud before a summer sunset. First we have Spandrell of the Oedipus complex, jealous that his mother had married a major of whom he had heard such terrible stories. He wreaks his vengeance on women in general, reducing their ego to a dangerous point, humiliating them and deliberately destroying what they hold most important. Rampion, whom we shall meet later, called him the "morality-philosophy pervert." Spandrell tries to live outside himself, to be more than a man, and as a consequence, destroys himself. John Bidlake, although a pathetic remnant of the great artist he had once been, has lived the real human life with nothing to regret. He is the character that exists solely on the earthy, unconscious end of Rampion's pole. Despite the fact that Bidlake is childlike in his queer system of superstitions and a little ridiculous in his old age, I think Huxley definitely prefers him to Phillip Quarles. In Quarles, cold and unfeeling as he is, we have the ultimate in non-humanness, the man who knows and understands everything and yet feels nothing. Although probably inherently intellectual,



Quarles is pushed further into the realm of the intellectual by the accident to his leg during childhood. Huxley cleverly uses Quarles' notebook to introduce his own thinking. He shows Quarles musing over the axiom of the intellectualist, "that there is an intrinsic superiority in mental, conscious, voluntary life over the physical, instinctive, emotional life," and deciding that his course ends up with the obvious fact which the nonintellectuals have never left: that intellectualism is just another escape, like movies and drink, that it is child's play compared with having personally satisfying relations with one's fellow men. Quarles is termed an "intellectual-aesthetic pervert" by Rampion. The next pervert is Burlap, who somehow combines asceticism and promiscuity in his actions and in so doing becomes something apart from the two, something very revolting. He is hypocritical and tries to tie in all his actions with religion. Rampion calls him the "pure little Jesus pervert." Illidge is a laboratory assistant who rose from the masses; as a result he is a communist, warped on the importance of money.

Now we have Rampion—normality at long last! His words strike like lightning through the pages of the book, briefly illuminating the way, only to be blacked out in the confusion of the words and thoughts of his associates. Here is the "golden mean" that Huxley so desires us to emulate. Rampion rages against the non-humanness of people in religion, in morality, in the intellect, in science, and in industry. He says, "The world is an asylum of perverts." I think he has a good, strong case. His noble savagery is earned through effort and does not come naturally as does his wife Mary's. He has been brought up by a religious and virtuous mother and taught to deny the physical side of his being. He is fortunate to have met Mary, who lives by her drives and emotions. She balances his outlook so that he can draw what is real and vital from the religion of his mother and combine it with the physiological drives of his being that are just as real and vital. Here is the man in balance on the tightrope, balanced with his mother's training on the one end and Mary's assistance on the other.

Psychologists tell us that age is simply a matter of the habitual use of certain nerve-response patterns and that the way to remain young is to break up these patterns—one's routine—constantly. Huxley's book does this excellently. It made me, for instance, break out of old thinking ruts, *aus dem Felde gehen*, as it were. Every time I put the book down, ideas would swim through my mind in such rapid succession that I could not isolate them.

The language of the novel is forceful and expressive, to say the least. And whenever Huxley wants to remind us that one is compelled to recognize the body whether he desires to do so or not, he drags in another intercourse or seduction, complete with all the details.

This book has made me think. It has presented ideas that cannot be



simply accounted for and catalogued but must be pondered over to be rejected or absorbed as a part of one's thinking according to their worth. Rampion's words are vital and strong and have the ring of truth in them. If one wants to be jolted into life, he can read them and give thought to where he is directing his energy, whether he is becoming like the "decaying fragments of a little frog" or like the "noble savage." It is required reading for the half-dead!

### **Loose Tooth**

I had my first loose tooth on the night that my grandparents left on their trip to Wyoming. That was in 1929. It must have been before the "crash," for I remember going around through the crowd of friends and relatives and wiggling my tooth for big money, even quarters. The assemblage must have been quite cooperative in encouraging me in my undoubtedly great pain, for the entry in my bankbook is \$1.90. I can still vividly remember myself sitting on the dark stairs with the money clutched damply in one hand while I carefully worked at the tooth with the other. I must confess, however, that I didn't take out the tooth that night.—**ELSIE BENNETT**

### **Three Little Girls from School**

The three girls, though co-eds, certainly weren't the type you see on magazine covers. One was a shy, little thing that kept slipping down in her seat as if afraid that I might see her. She looked like a scared kid who hadn't done her home-work and thought the teacher was going to call on her. The girl nearest me had her blond hair tightly rolled against her head in a way that suggested an exaggerated sense of neatness and preciseness. The third girl was sitting alone—not by chance, but rather because she didn't leave enough room for anybody else. She was tall and heavy—the type of two-hundred pounder that Coach Zuppke would love to see on the team.—**WARD DOBBIN**

### **Doctor's Receptionist**

What free moments I had while being watchdog of the outer office were spent behind the scenes, giving the chief actor his cues. The doctor, I learned soon after starting, required more attention and nursing than his patients. For the sake of efficiency, I did everything from listening to boring accounts of his last six vacation trips to shopping for his special French-cuffed, extra-long shirts. When Dr. Martin became hungry before his lunch hour, it was I who gave up my time and I who had to pour oil on the anger of the waiting patients until he returned. And many an hour I spent pleading with him to attend this or that meeting, or to go to his afternoon clinic, when, with schoolboy stubbornness, he just didn't want to go.—**MARGARET SCHULTZ**

# Irrationality in *The Idiot* by Dostojevski

ISAAC LEWIN

*Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1941-1942*

THE AGE OF REASON, AT LEAST IN ITS TOO SIMPLE form, is definitely a thing of the past; so much so that it lends itself already to historical classification. Its decline was brought about not only by adverse forces from without, but was caused also to a great extent by tendencies inherent in its own nature. In its triumphant search for rational interpretation, it finally succeeded in rationalizing away its own firm ground and in establishing a rather shaky fundament amidst fleeting, shadowy, and intangible realities. Let us recall the Theory of Relativity, the transmutation of elements, the atomic disintegration, the mathematics of uncertainties, the statistical behavior of substances, the interchangeability of matter and energy, and the field theory of matter in order to realize the direction in which science has been moving in the twentieth century. This development clearly indicates that the reality of our physical world does not consist simply of a *facade*, easily perceived by our senses, but that to its very nature belong certain qualities which can be termed elusive and as yet undeterminable.

A similar evolution can be traced in the field of psychology. Mind has ceased to be a simple entity composed of so and so many definite faculties. It has become in the hands of the psychoanalyst a chaotic mixture of conscious and subconscious, a bitter struggle between the Ego and the Id. Our beliefs and superstitions, our desires and behavior patterns are not only the outcome of our own personal education, but they are greatly determined by the experiences of our primeval ancestors. Many other startling phenomena, like instincts and intuition, have attracted our attention.

This is enough to convince anyone that the materialistic interpretation of the universe does not tell the whole story. If we dig deeper into either the atom or the human mind, we encounter problems which as yet evade our endeavor for solution. This, for the time being at least, establishes a tremendous field of phenomena which perplex our rational faculties.

It is the merit and achievement of Dostojevski to have pioneered into the irrationalities of the human soul. Literature before him, with the exception of *Don Quixote* and some Shakespearian tragedies, knew only of persons who behaved according to rational standards. If they did not, the causes for their misbehavior could easily be located and rectified, or they would simply be punished for their shortcomings.

Not so with Dostojevski's characters in *The Idiot*. Dostojevski recognized the powerful role of the instinctive in the human. He did not disregard those characteristics which make it somewhat difficult to assign the name *homo sapiens* to man. He was a realist; as he himself so cleverly said: nothing is as fantastic as reality. And we know that he wove his stories around newspaper clippings. He could not therefore shut his eyes before the contradictions, the queerness, the ambivalency of human nature.

If we think of Prince Myshkin, Rogozhin, Nastasya, and Aglaya, to name just the most important characters in *The Idiot*, we cannot help feeling at first that we are meeting very strange and eccentric people. It has been felt by many a reader, and it has been pointed out by many a critic, that in entering Dostojevski's world, one enters a world of mysticism, of dark forces. When we watch the dissection which Dostojevski performs on the human soul, we are stunned and puzzled by the intricacies which are revealed to us. We are unable or unwilling to identify ourselves with Dostojevski's types, all the more so, since most of his characters are drawn from a class of desperate people—drunkards, prostitutes, murderers, and failures. We then refer to the soul presented by the author as the Russian soul, and we denote therewith the alien, strange, and unintelligible nature of his heroes.

We could commit no graver mistake than to deny or not to be aware of the essential similarity between ourselves and Dostojevskian types. If we cannot recognize the universality of certain irrational elements in our inner make-up, we will completely miss the import of Dostojevski's philosophy. But every one of us, I am convinced, has a bit of Rogozhin or an Aglaya in him or her. We all have the experience of first loving and then hating the same person; we all pass through unexplicable moods; we all are tortured by unattainable desires; we all do things which we never intended to do; and we all have premonitions, hunches, and fears. These are some of the elements which Dostojevski brings to light. The light is indeed very bright, giving us an exaggerated effect. But, nevertheless, by venturing into the realm of the subconscious, by devoting his pen to the description of that side of man's nature which always seems to run counter to sound reasoning, Dostojevski makes it clear to us that that side is part of our normal attributes. Moreover, he does not stop there.

It might seem at first glance that it is the irrational forces in man which cause him to commit crimes, to spread tragedies, and to experience misery. This leads us to conclude, and quite validly so, that in suppressing the irrationalities and in living in accordance with reason, we might live a better life. But past and recent history has taught us the bitter lesson that this method is not quite successful. Dostojevski, while living in western Europe, realized this, and in criticizing western civilization he expounded his own philosophy.

This philosophy is fully contained in *The Idiot*. It is Dostojevski's

belief that the irrationalities in our nature drive us not only to criminal acts, but also to the loftiest deeds. Self-sacrificing love and disregard for materialistic advantage are certainly irrational. And it is precisely these elements which Dostojevski deems necessary in a renaissance of society and which he incorporates in his hero Prince Myshkin, the idiot. The author, significantly enough, calls him an idiot, a person devoid of rational powers, and he endows him at the same time with the seeds of a better society. The reader might think that Myshkin, although an idiot, is at least not gripped by those evil desires which torture the other heroes, especially Rogozhin and Nastasya. But Dostojevski, in order to forestall such argument, links Myshkin closely to the other characters. The author states expressly that Myshkin is not better than the others, and he makes him a spiritual brother of the scoundrel and murderer Rogozhin.

The message of Dostojevski is now clear: the irrationalities within man not only pull him down, but they also furnish the fanatical strength which help him to reach for the stars. And indeed, much of our progress has been prepared by dreamers, visionaries, idealists, and martyrs, who in all ages have been considered foolish by their more reasonable contemporaries.

We have seen that Dostojevski led the trend of our times by turning towards those problems which cannot be solved by a simple materialistic interpretation. He recognized the subconscious as a normal actuality long before the advent of psychoanalysis. Furthermore, he attaches to it intuitive powers and endows it with idealistic forces, making it thereby the cradle of the new man.

## Sunset

The raven-haired night  
Comes over the horizon  
In a sunset robe,  
And stills the day  
With the slow passion  
Of her embrace.

—TRYGUE JOHN MASENG

## Winter Work

I'm on my way to the woods. The far-off mass of trees is hazy in the half-smoke of falling snow, and across the intervening fields there comes a low, hoarse murmur that calls insistently. The moon breaks loose from the clouds, and runs a race across the sky, harried by ghost-like wisps of storm drift. The landscape changes to a brilliant white and black etching that has a poignant, inescapable sadness. The coldness of the night has an almost singing quality that pierces the brain and leaves strange thoughts to wander through the mind. I sigh, and move off in a swirl of snow, to walk the forest paths, and watch the moon, lashed with black branches.—TRYGUE JOHN MASENG



# Tar

ROBERT WRIGHT

*Rhetoric I, Theme 13, 1941-1942*

BEFORE ANY AUTHOR IS ABLE TO INDITE A LITERARY work of distinction, it is generally necessary that he know thoroughly and feel deeply—if not passionately—his subject. Mr. C. S. Forester, having been raised on the New England coast and having spent his childhood on boats of all kinds, knows and understands sailing ships; he knows the sea as a son knows his mother; he knows the men who sail the ships; and, above all, he knows the nomenclature of sailing ships, seafaring men, and the sea itself as few authors ever have. Forester has the sea in his blood and in his pen. Forester is—as are so many modern writers—meticulous about his factual data and his presentation of it.

*Captain Horatio Hornblower* is the story of an English youth of humble parents who chose the navy as a career—largely because Her Majesty's Royal Navy was the only profession that offered a poor lad an honorable calling with any immediate prospect of respectability; for in those pre-Napoleonic days the only way an impecunious stripling could achieve success (having no wealth or family to establish him in a lucrative business and being caste-bound by the British society of that period) was to go to sea—either as a merchant sailor or as a bluejacket. And Hornblower went to sea as an ensign on a ship-of-the-line. His ambition—to become an admiral!

This sweeping saga of the struggle of this man to better himself, despite forbidding handicaps, is a sea epic to thrill the most phlegmatic. Picture Hornblower not as a man of destiny or a swashbuckling adventurer, but rather as a man who has little faith in himself; a man who is a brilliant seaman and navigator; a man who often suffers seasickness; a man who possesses an extremely meticulous mind; a man who has tremendous mental courage and courage under fire, but little courage for physical combat. Picture, if you will, this man of undeniable ability, a leader of men (though he is not fully aware of it), who, once he calculates the odds of a venture and finds them in his favor, will fight like a fiend. Picture a man who has no faith in himself, yet will take chances the boldest would never even consider. Such is the character of Captain Horatio Hornblower—a character altogether human, altogether fascinating.

*Captain Horatio Hornblower* is a long book, as all books must be if the author has a broad topic and anything to say; C. S. Forester has a large topic, the sea power of a great nation—England—and a plethora to relate of the ships, the men, and the battles that made Britannia queen of the

waves. *Hornblower* offers a faithful, historical panorama of English naval power during the Nelson era—the press gangs; “the cat,” savage instrument of discipline with nine weighted tails; the brutal whippings; the terrible food; the bestial existence and horrible hardships of the common tar; the trials and tribulations of sea captains; the stubborn, pragmatic Admiralty.

People will like *Captain Horatio Hornblower* for its many fine qualities; romance, historical value, excitement, suspense; but I like *Captain Horatio Hornblower* for the picture of the sea and of seafaring men it gives the reader. Anyone who has ever been abroad has witnessed the power the ocean has upon the mind of man and could not have escaped the exaltation the greatest phenomenon of nature brings to all who journey upon the sea—unless, perchance, he is one of those unfortunates who cannot gastronomically abide motion that is not essentially rectilinear. The immensity and solitude of the ocean appeal to the mystic in many people.

In *Captain Horatio Hornblower* the sea battles, of which there are many, are exquisitely done. One can almost see Hornblower on his quarterdeck directing the cannonading, one eye on the weather gauge, his mind calculating drift, damage to his vessel, repair work, and myriad other factors. The main-mast is blown away. Hornblower hurls orders for a jury rig to be erected. Steerageway is lost. The enemy is closing; the carnage is terrific. The cabin boy at the Captain's side is decapitated by a direct hit. The jury is finally raised. The *Lydia* is back in the fight. The day is won.

I have tried, in the preceding paragraphs, to give a few reasons why one might find *Captain Horatio Hornblower* an interesting book, but there is one reason that cannot be over-emphasized. *Hornblower* is the story of a truly “human” character. Hornblower thinks and acts as people really act, not as moralistic writers are wont to make them act. He is beset by all the desires and passions of an ordinary individual. He is immensely talented. One cannot follow such a man through his life span and not become intensely sympathetic with his problems as well as his person.

### Their Solitary Way

My partner suddenly grasped my shoulder and gesticulated eloquently toward Pine Point. “Mary! See!” I spied there, swimming in solemn procession under the gnarled arms of the sentinel pine, three wild ducks. The sun made shimmering crowns of their jade topknots, and even the ordinary dull of their bodies seemed somehow brighter in the early morning sunlight.

Quick as a zipper one duck bobbed under. The second disappeared. And then there was one—one baffled little duck, who began circling around and around and peering under the water. “Quack!” he said, and with a flirt of his tail, under he went too. First one duck, then another, would pop up and then dive again. The tag game became so exciting that Helen and I began to lay bets on whether “Eenie,” “Meenie” or “Miny” would be “it” next. But our laughter startled them; and, as one, away they flew.—MARY J. KORITZ

# Bringing Up Baby

LOUISE PROEHL

*Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1941-1942*

"**A**ND THIS IS MY BABY." THIS MARKS THE END OF EVERY family introduction. *I* am the baby—the tail end, the least 'un. Not that my feelings are hurt—any more. There was a time (I was thirteen and awkward) when I blushed painfully at this introduction, especially if the other person would remark, "My, but she's a *big* baby!"

Of course, there must be a baby in every family. I do not mind representing our family in this capacity if I am accorded certain rights. But I'm not. It began long ago, even before I lost my first baby teeth at six. I was resigned to my fate of going to bed earlier than Elsa on every night of the year, except New Year's Eve. I begged and pleaded to be allowed to watch the new year come in. Only once did it do any good. It must have been when I cried harder, screamed louder, and begged longer than at any other time.

I slept on the couch in the living room from nine o'clock to eleven-thirty (there were stipulations, of course; always give *and* take) when Paul poked me.

"Come on, if you're going to get up. It's eleven-thirty."

"O. K."

Five minutes later.

"Come on. Do you wan'ta see the New Year come in or dontcha?"

"Uh huh. Just a minute."

Then, eleven-forty-five. My mother's voice penetrated my deep sleep. "Let her sleep if she's tired."

My brother again. "Sure, I've given her a chance. That's what I say, let'er sleep."

And so I slept. The next New Year's Eve found me in bed at nine o'clock.

That's the way everything ended. When I wanted to play with my brothers and sister and their friends, they would let me "try out" their games. I would run slowly or hide where anyone could see me so that I could be "It."

Then it would be, "Go on home. You're no fun to play with."

"I promise I won't do it again," I cried.

"Go on home and tattle on us. See if we care!"

I ran home sobbing and feeling very neglected. When my sister came home at length, she was told to take better care of me and play with me. But I wept as many tears the next day.

*Working* with my sister was another matter. It always turned out to be a Tom Sawyer affair. Often I found myself washing dishes minus a prized marble or a candy kiss. When I was sick with the measles, but well enough to sit up, I had to hem dishcloths. After that I usually took a turn for the worse when dishcloths were mentioned.

My parents, as camera companies so earnestly urge all parents to do, resolved to take lots of pictures of their children. They did a beautiful job with my brother. Every day in his childhood is recorded. When I ask, "Just what is there to record *my* childhood?" I am always given the vague answer, "Well, you know how those things go." The difference in the number of photographs grading downward from my oldest brother to me, is astonishing. Here and there are pictures on which I am included in a nice family group on Carl's graduation day or the girl friend's visit to Paul. In the former I am six years old, pigeon-toed, and toothless, and on the other, I am almost crowded off the picture by the girl friend.

With hand-me-downs I have come off no better than with pictures. It is lucky that I have two older brothers and only one older sister. How awful it would have been to be the fourth person to wear a dress! But then my sister is as hard on her clothes as two people, my mother says, so there is really not much difference.

The toy hand-me-downs were passed through three hands before they reached me. Yet they were fun to play with. There was a boxful of odds-and-ends of toy trucks and furniture and dolls in the kitchen closet. I preferred them to my new toys, and I had quite a few new ones. I kept getting them until I was definitely past the toy age. Perhaps my mother wanted to keep me as her baby a little longer; anyway, she gave me baby dolls and toy stoves for Christmas when I was sure I had reached the silk stocking age. My mother "babied" me more by putting bibs on me after I had learned to eat in quite a mannerly fashion. I also wore braids for a long time, perhaps to foster a sweet, innocent expression to counteract my tomboyishness.

If I was regarded as a baby most of the time, occasionally Carl or Paul would condescend to tell me a secret (I know now that it was never an important one), and I, pleased or shocked, would have to spread the news immediately. Their trust in me broken, the boys punished me by calling me a brat or by ignoring me. I tried to argue my way out by saying they would have told the secret anyway, but I never got far in an argument. In fact, I always came out on the bottom. We argued as to who should wash the dishes, who could go along to town, or anything not worth arguing about. Sometimes our arguments became quite active. We would gesticulate, arms flying and tongues lashing. Paul's long arms had the advantage here. Tweaking my ears or pulling my nose, he would send me howling in retreat. I had strong lungs and if the battle became one of shouting power, I could



occasionally win an argument. Only recently have our arguments become more intellectual. Several years ago I tried to start an argument on a higher level than dish washing by asking Paul, "What do you think about lethal gas? Pro or con?" I'll never be able to live it down!

My brothers and sister make fun of me, but I'm so used to it that I get fun out of it too. Only occasionally do they regard me as an equal. If they're "looking at the world through rose-colored glasses" and they wouldn't hurt a flea, I'm all right. Or if I have some money I could lend them or run an errand for them, I'm a "pretty peachy kid." I see through them and my only crumb of consolation is that I am not in that distinguished group of in-betweeners who are neither the oldest nor the baby, to which Paul and Elsa claim membership.

Speaking fairly, however, my brothers and sister are not so bad. They've done a good job of trail-blazing for me (unintentionally, undoubtedly) in getting permission to use the car, to go out, and so on. Then too, some of their hand-me-downs were very nice. The books were still legible when I got them, and one or two of Elsa's dolls even had heads.

Sometimes I forget all the troubles of being the baby of the family. I get a warm, protected feeling when I hope my brothers and sister are thinking kindly of me as their little sister—until I hear one of them mutter, "Brat."

### **Town Girl**

Don't feel sorry for me because I'm "just a town girl." I'm the girl who can come home from a hard day at school, kick off her shoes in the middle of the living room, and plop down on the couch for a peaceful nap—without a shocked housemother reprovably dangling the shoes before my eyes, and bustling me off upstairs to my own two-by-four hole in the wall. And I'm the girl who doesn't have to worry about the "man at home" getting married.

—BETTY ANN HILL

### **Horrors and Super-Horrors**

A typical horror program consists of two or three mystery thrillers with such titles as "The Growling Ghoul," "The Corpse in the Closet," or "The Zomby's Revenge." Unfortunately the title is usually the only fresh thing about a picture of this kind. Actually only one horror plot exists. Plot Number I-A is the gruesome little tale of the madman whose main ambition in life is to maim or kill as many of his fellow men as possible. He usually succeeds in decreasing the population by five or six before being slain in the last reel. A variation of this story (Plot Number I-B) concerns the kindly, misunderstood scientist who is persecuted by society merely because he has slaughtered a half dozen people during the course of an experiment with mysterious rays. The poor man goes berserk in the second reel and proceeds to use his fearful discoveries to destroy mankind. At this point the plot swings back into Plot Number I-A until the last few minutes of the film. In the end the scientist repents his foul deeds, smashes his death-dealing machinery and dies.—JOHN E. RANDALL

# The Tyranny of Habit

EUGENE HOWARD

*Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1941-1942*

EVERYONE HAS HABITS. SOME PEOPLE HAVE MORE good habits than bad habits and some people have more bad habits than good habits. Those who have too many bad habits must overhaul themselves occasionally, or they will get into trouble. You can't be too careful about a thing like habits.

Take, for example, my Uncle Fritz. He had the habit of going out to the corner tavern every night from eight until eleven o'clock. And a fellow named Clancy had the habit of coming to see my Aunt Martha (Uncle Fritz's Martha) every night from eight-thirty until ten-thirty. Then one night the tavern closed for remodeling. Now Clancy is in the cemetery, Uncle Fritz is in jail, and Aunt Martha is going out with Jake, the city dog-catcher.

A good friend of mine named Goldie had the habit of cutting out paper dolls. Everywhere she went she carried a pair of scissors and cut up everything in sight. A fellow reading the daily paper on the street car was likely, at any moment, to find himself holding a string of dainty paper figures dancing hand in hand. Everywhere were evidences of Goldie's work; advertising posters, handbills, tablecloths, window curtains—all fell victim to her habit. Soon she learned to make different kinds of dolls—fat, thin, long, short, and with hats, coats, noses, ears, feet, and arms. She tried to convince her friends that there were great possibilities in manufacturing and marketing her creations. A few weeks ago, I visited her at the State Hospital for the Feeble-minded. She was getting along fine and was enjoying her work very much; she is the institution's official barber.

Then there was my great-grandpa on my mother's side. When he was a very young man, he got in the habit of taking a brisk walk down the cow-path to the woods and back each morning before breakfast. When he was thirty-eight years old, they built a ship canal across the path, and he was obliged to swim a hundred yards a day; that is, he had to swim except during that part of the winter when he could walk across the ice. When he was fifty, they built a public school across the old path, and he had to crawl in one window and out another. Of course, he had to get the permission of the school board, but they didn't mind, since it was always very early when he went through, and he didn't interrupt classes. Then, when Great-grandpa was seventy-two, a railroad bought a strip of land across the old cow-path and built a water tower nearby. The 6:29 freight always stopped there for water, so he had to climb over the box-cars every morning. When they put

in four switching tracks and left cars on them for days at a time, he nearly became discouraged.

One morning a few years ago, when he was eighty-four, two men in working clothes carried him, dead, into the living room and laid him on the couch. It had been too much for him when he had found these workmen excavating in the old cow-path to lay foundations for the new fourteen-story National Bank.

## The Date

MORTON MOSKOV

*Rhetoric II, Theme 14, 1941-1942*

LUCY AND TOM CAME OUT OF THE DOWNTOWN CHAM-paign theatre and began to walk slowly toward the campus. Lucy was humming one of the tunes from the picture they had just seen; Tom was trying to remember the way back to the campus.

"George was right," said Lucy, as they passed the new fire-house. "You are the homey, studious type. That's why he asked you to take me out while he's in Chicago. He wants to be sure that I'm in good company."

"Thank you."

"Thank you? . . . Oh!"

Tom took Lucy's arm to guide her across the difficult intersection near the Illinois Central. When they reached the other side, he maneuvered himself, as a gentleman should, into the outside position.

"And besides, you're his roommate," said Lucy. "It's very nice of you to take me out for him."

"But I wanted to," said Tom reassuringly. Her humbleness made him uneasy.

Lucy tucked her arm under his. "You're cute," she said, "even though you are the homey, studious type."

"Aw."

"Tom, how do you like my legs?"

Tom swallowed hard. "Huh?"

"I won twenty-five dollars in a contest for having the most beautiful legs. See." Lucy stopped to display her draft exemptions. Tom glanced nervously about, hoping there was no one on the street to witness this atrocity.

"Well?"

"Er . . . ah . . . very nice," he blurted out.

They resumed their walk. Tom looked awkwardly ahead. Lucy watched him and smiled; she made him uncomfortable.

"Lucy."

"Yes?"

"Do you know where we are?"

"No, where are we?"

"I d-don't know."

Lucy laughed. "Do you always lead your dates astray?"

"We should have taken the bus." Tom stopped to turn around.

"Wouldn't it be fun to get lost together?"

"I must have taken the wrong street back at the station. I'm awfully sorry," he said.

"Oh, that's all right," she said, as they started back. "I have you to protect me." She squeezed his hand. Her hand was perspiring and it felt like a wet chamois. He tried to walk faster, but she held him back.

"Tom."

"Yes?"

"I'm cold."

"Huh?"

"Put your arm around me."

She did it for him. He wished he were home. He didn't like her—he didn't like George's even having such a girl friend.

"Why do you always say 'huh?'?"

"Huh?"

"Maybe I ought to be glad you're the homey, studious type," she said.

What did she want, anyway? He didn't like to be called "the homey, studious type." She was toying with him, and it made him feel inferior. Maybe she was laughing at him.

Suddenly he stopped and bent forward to kiss her. He was surprised to see her turn away.

She smiled. Then she laughed out loud. "Well, if that isn't the most clever technique I've ever seen! And to think that I thought you were bashful! You ought to teach George your technique."

Tom was mad. He bit his lip and didn't say anything the rest of the way. Lucy was talking, but he didn't listen to her.

They reached her house and she turned to say goodnight. She put her arms around his neck. "Aren't you going to kiss me?" she said.

"Y-yes," he muttered. And he did.

The next day Tom was crossing the campus toward Urbana, and he saw George and Lucy approaching from the opposite direction. George was trying to wash Lucy's face with snow, and they were both laughing. They saw Tom and, as he passed, they greeted him cheerfully. "Hi, Tom!"

"Hello," he mumbled, and, lowering his head, quickened his pace.



# Sugar and Spice and Everything Nice

DORIS JEAN METZLER

*Rhetoric II, Theme 10, 1941-1942*

JUDY AND I CALLED IT OUR COURTROOM, BUT ANYONE lacking our childish imagination would have had a hard time seeing the resemblance. The courtroom was a dilapidated hayrack which stood in the orchard north of Judy's home. The judge's desk was a rusty barrel of unknown origin which we had turned bottom-side-up.

Many strange scenes took place in our courtroom—scenes which no real court is privileged to see. One of these was the dissection of a three-foot water moccasin which Tom, Anders, Judy, and I had found during a hike through the woods. It was very much alive when we found it, and I was content to keep out of its way. I did make myself useful, however, by carrying ammunition—sticks and stones—to the other three warriors. After killing the snake and placing it on the end of a long stick, we trooped triumphantly home, discussing the best way to dispose of it. The two boys wanted to dig a grave for it, but Judy and I had other plans. We were not just certain what the plan was, but the courtroom was to play an important part.

Upon arriving in the courtroom, we stretched the dead snake out upon the desk. Judy asked for a pocketknife. Tom was bewildered, but handed it to her. Anders gulped and began to complain of a stomach ache. Up to this time my own ideas of what we were going to do had been vague, but now all was crystal clear. I admit I was not altogether in favor of the plan, but after seeing how Tom and Anders reacted I was determined to follow Judy's lead.

Judy took the knife in hand, turned Sir Snake on his back, chose a promising place, and cut. With one leap Anders was off the hayrack. He mumbled something about the height making him dizzy. After some difficulty—the knife was dull and the skin was tough—Judy succeeded in reaching the snake's inner passages. By this time Tom, too, had made a very awkward exit. He did not bother about an excuse. I stood by, giving Examiner Judy words of advice and encouragement, because now the task became delicate.

We used a small stick for exploring the snake's contents. The first thing to come to light was one small frog, in relatively good condition. The next object was the head of a field house, slightly battle-scarred.

We called to Tom and Anders, who had been trying to recover their self-

assurance, to come and see what we had found. They were rather hesitant at first, but upon seeing that Judy and I were still eager, they came. Just as they were close enough to have a good view of the operation, Doctor Judy pulled forth the rest of the mouse. This was too much. Anders began to turn green and to gulp noisily. Tom suggested that he needed a drink, so the two boys hurried to the pump house. As soon as Tom and Anders were out of sight, Judy and I began to feel shaky ourselves. Judy deftly pushed our "finds" through a hole in the barrel, and that was the last of Sir Snake.

## Stop Light

MERTON KAHNE

*Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1941-1942*

THE OLD CAR LABORED UP THE RISE IN THE ROAD. Ahead, at the corner, the green light changed to yellow, then to red. The sandy-haired youth jammed his foot down on the brake pedal, cursing softly. He peered out at the street sign.

"Division and California—damn! Three o'clock and two hours late. Boy, will I catch hell!"

At the corner street-stand, the newsboy rubbed his sleepy eyes, gazing anxiously to the south. At last he saw what he was looking for, and he ran to the middle of the street to catch the bundle of papers that was thrown from the rear of a careening *Times* truck. Carrying his papers back to the stand, he yawned slightly; then he rubbed his hands together in anticipation of the sales he would make in a few hours.

Across the street, two swaying men were engaged in a loud debate about whose turn it was to take the next swig of Four Roses. A little farther down the block, under the lamplight, a boy dragged on a cigarette and wondered how long it would be till the men were drunk enough to roll.

Out of the entrance to Humboldt Park, at another corner of the intersection, there emerged from behind the large statue of *Home*—a Civil War soldier on bended knee, embracing his little child—a young couple, the boy grimacing sullenly, fixing his dishevelled hair and loosened tie; the girl trying to smooth the wrinkles in her dress, glancing red-faced at the park patrolman who walked behind, swinging his night stick as if it were a baton.

The light turned yellow. The driver shifted to first. Slowly the old car responded to his touch. With a groan it moved slowly forward. The youth cursed as the exhaust backfire cracked through the morning air.

The newsboy looked up over the top of his stand, shrugged his shoulders, and went back to his tabulation of yesterday's profits.

# Sweat Shop

WILLIAM VANDERHOOF

*Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1941-1942*

THERE IS NO MORE UNDESIRABLE WORK THAN THAT of a heater or a steel worker's assistant. Most people believe that sweat shops exist only in history; actually, we have genuine sweat shops in this "century of progress" or, if you prefer, this "century of mechanized madness." I worked in a forge shop last summer, and I developed an unspeakable hatred for it, with its antique machinery and slave wage. The thermometer reached 140 degrees every day, and, as one fellow said, "It's terrible to work here and lose all your religion, then die here and go to hell."

I lost ten pounds the first two days, and if I had not made a wager that I could stand the gaff, I believe I would have quit. One who has not seen such a place cannot understand the conditions. The steel is heated in furnaces until it is white hot, then is removed and placed on the dies of a large steam trip-hammer. As the hammer operator strikes the hot steel, an assistant douses the dies with grease and throws a stream of air on the forging to remove the scales.

The hammers are arranged in two parallel rows with an aisle between. There are seven hammers in each row, all in operation. My job was in the midst of these fourteen hammers, helping the "mule drivers" remove the finished forgings—where the thermometer was never lower than 140 degrees and often higher, where the black, oily, suffocating smoke of the die grease collected, where the hot pieces of steel scale were flying in every direction, where the noise was unbearable, where the earth shook with every blow of the hammers. Men who were only forty years of age but had worked at the trade for years seemed sixty. Why did they keep on? Because they hoped to become hammer operators and make one hundred dollars per week. As an assistant put it, "A hammer man is no one but an assistant with his brains burned out." Most of the operators who make such a wage are too broken down to enjoy it.

The only possible way to avoid passing out while working was to keep in the breeze of a fan and take a large quantity of salt tablets. I wore a wool shirt, overalls, heavy duty goggles, thick canvas gloves, and steel-toed shoes—all necessary to protect the body from burns and injuries. I have seen men sweat so much, even through all their clothes, that water dripped on the ground and their shirts were white from the salt which had collected as the sweat evaporated.

When the three o'clock whistle blew, we always managed to have the

furnaces empty so that we did not have to work overtime. Everyone punched his card and went upstairs to the shower room, where the stagnant odor of sweaty, dirty clothes, the wild curses of employees, and the steam of the showers, filled the air. Everyone's face was black and greasy and everyone was in bad humor. After eight hours of such labor one longs to get a steaming hot shower and some clean clothes on, then go to some cool, quiet, secluded spot to rest.

Although the forge shop is one of the most essential parts of our National Defense machine, there is no need for such sweat shops. For only a small per cent of the profit, the owners could better these conditions much. It is my belief that the owners should be forced to install such devices as smoke eradicators, proper heat-retaining furnaces, shields to force the steel scales downward, proper ventilators, and other minor safety devices. It seems only logical that if such improvements as these were made, the company would gain back more than the added expense in efficiency alone.

### If You Would Be a Stenographer

When the receptionist announces, "Mr. A. J. will see you now," for the love of heaven don't quiver in your boots! Walk across the threshold apparently perfectly poised; sit erectly in the chair offered to you and *smile*, not mechanically, but sincerely and infectiously—as though he were the most handsome gentleman you had ever seen. Speak distinctly; never make it necessary for him to ask you to repeat. Mumbling indicates fear or incoherence on your part, and such characteristics are not tolerated in the business world. Don't fight! Leave the corner of your handkerchief alone; show an interest in what Mr. A. J. says and be sure to remember it, for if you are employed he will expect you to apply his suggestions without further comment.—LOIS GAMET

### John Roger

In words John Roger could produce a vivid canvas, lifting the apparently insignificant into the realm of beauty and purpose. He might choose one of the narrow, dingy tenement streets of Indianapolis for his subject, and produce in words an illusion of beauty amidst ugliness. Hard, cold features became soft under a veil of mist. People walked, talked, and acted with purpose and meaning. The old and very grey façades loomed against the sky with new color. Each phrase he uttered seemed to shape some element of the scene into a beautiful pattern.

It was no wonder that the others of the class could offer him no real criticism of his work. They could not grasp his work because they felt their thoughts inferior to his. But let John Roger strive to represent his thoughts in paint and it lost its beauty; it became a more stilted drawing than any new and inexperienced art student might present.

John Roger, with all his talent, has never succeeded as an artist. The last time I saw him he was selling supplies in one of the local art stores, in slack moments still dreaming of the great canvases he longed to paint, but never quite knowing how.—CHARLES WEISENBURGH



# That Second-Hand Book Store

ARTHUR SWENEY

*Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1941-1942*

JUST TWO BLOCKS FROM THE CORNER OF FIFTH AND Broadway, under a blazing red, handscrawled sign, I found a unique store. Pushing open the old, solid, paneled door, I looked over a dimly lighted room where here and there bookcases with their ancient literary inhabitants stood fast to the floor. It took but a moment to be reminded of the European stalls that line the Seine and the Grand Canal where tourists from all over the world stop to browse. Even the proprietor was foreign. A short, solid Italian, he called in struggling English, "If you don't see what you want, please ask for it!"

At this cry my attention was quickly turned to the readers in the shop. Down the aisle of magazines piled waist-high, a machine-worn workman, his lunch bucket balanced precariously under his arm, was squinting closely at a tattered book that might have been either a play of Shakespeare or *A Girl's Boarding House in Paris*. At the sound of the shop-keeper's voice, however, he slammed it shut and with the haste that sometimes is caused by a guilty conscience, he clumsily tried to stuff the book back into an already overcrowded shelf. Then with lowered eyes and his lunch bucket still balancing in the crook of his denim-clad elbow, he stomped out the door after fumbling miserably with the knob.

A slick art student with a rakish mustache was trying to find a diagrammed book of anatomy to help with his next study. He held every picture he came to at arm's length and scrutinized it with half-closed eyes and with head tilted from one side to another. As he strolled to the little counter at the front of the booth, his foot caught on the bottom of a pile of old *Saturday Evening Posts* and sent them slithering to the floor, like a snake disturbed from its slumber. He muttered a curse under his breath and slapped his volume and a coin on the worn box-top which was used as a counter and left with impatient haste.

This place seemed the haven of all classes and professions; it was a retreat where class distinctions could be overlooked because of the dominant common interest in books. Here not only Nino, with his broken English, but also DeMaupassant, Goethe, and Dickens were helping to unify the people into a better understanding of each other. As I left the shop, I looked over my shoulder and saw a red-headed Irish boy and a little Jew with their arms over each other's shoulders gazing at a book held between them. Nino was smiling and yelling, "If you don't see——." The words were cut off by the heavy door.

# Remember Pearl Harbor

MERTON J. KAHNE

*Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1941-1942*

**K**ANYUTKWIN IS NOT A VERY PLEASANT PLACE TO BE this time of the year. The heat is almost unbearable, and the constant rattle of the *ack ack's* and the *soixante-quinzes* is enough to drive anyone mad. It's not very easy to sit here waiting—waiting for the first phase of the battle to subside, and the torn and broken bodies to be brought in for us to try to put together again. It won't be long now. You can't expect the boys to fight the enemy with songs. That's all they send us—songs.

This morning Tommy Adams was brought in. His arm and legs were badly torn. He had found a portable radio, and when we tried to take it from him he refused to give it up; he said that he just had to listen to news from home. There wasn't much more we could do for him. We fixed the radio up, turned it on, and listened. Between news broadcasts we listened to records of big-name bands playing popular songs. Some Aussies came in and sat with us. And then a torch singer began to sing the sickening words of "Remember Pearl Harbor." I couldn't stand the look on the Aussies' faces; humiliated, I got up and left.

Americans, all over the globe, were shocked by the attack on Pearl Harbor, but some of us did something about it! We didn't have to have some swing band playing sentimental music to inspire us. We realized that we were in a fight to preserve something we held dear—something we believed in. It didn't take cheap phrases to get us up in arms.

It isn't the first time this has happened: if it isn't "Remember Pearl Harbor," it's "Beat the Dirty Japs." Or some other tripe. I never thought it would happen; I never thought my country would cheapen the tragedy of Pearl Harbor. The heroism of the men over here isn't something to be degraded by the shallow woodenheads of Tin Pan Alley.

They talk about keeping up the morale. Do they think that men without guns to fight with can have any high morale? Do they think that hearing "We Did It Before . . ." will make us feel better, when we hear of strikes and mismanagement and rotten politics at home? If the people at home would see to it that we are better supplied, they wouldn't have to worry about our morale. We have a job to do, we know that. Guns, not songs, win a war. Give us the guns—we'll do our singing when we've won.

# Shadows Along the Tigris

BARBARA LERMAN

*Rhetoric 11, Theme 13, 1941-1942*

SHE WAS ODDLY ATTRACTIVE, HER LONG STRAIGHT nose and thin anemic lips giving her the appearance of an Egyptian sphynx. But it was her narrow green eyes which fascinated most people. I had often looked into those strange cold eyes, and they seemed like shrouds drawn over her soul. Yet once or twice I had caught those eyes off guard, and they were nervous as a deer's eyes as they searched anxiously across the horizon, far beyond the muddy waters of the Tigris, on whose banks, in Baghdad, I often met her as she strolled along.

Usually she was alone; but sometimes she was with a man, a tall, powerfully built man whose eyes, in spite of his occidental affectations of an Oxford accent and London-tailored clothes, burned like an oriental's. He was a strikingly handsome man—handsome, that is, until one tried to analyze his handsomeness. His was the face of a conqueror: a strong aquiline nose, a full sensual mouth set in a sardonic twist, and a jaw that was hard, driving, and relentless.

Standing together in the copper sand along the Tigris, under the shadows of palm trees drunkenly swaying in the evening breeze, each seemed oblivious of the other: she gazing over the horizon, reaching out, perhaps, to some far-flung star; and he, with his eyes narrowed to slits like the eyes of a snake waiting to strike at its prey, watching and waiting, waiting—but for what, I do not know.

## Flight One

As I drove out to the city airport I wondered just what I had let myself in for. I thought how much trouble a twenty-year-old kid could get himself into.

"I—ah—I—I want to learn to fly—I think." I heard myself address a sour-looking, wind-blown individual who evidently was chief pilot. He stared down at me with a look of contempt; then he looked up into the blue as if to say to some guardian of the sky, "Oh, my God, look at this—another one."

"Is it all right if I wear glasses?" I asked.

"Can you see through them?"

"Yes."

He shrugged his shoulders in reply and walked over to a little yellow plane. "Get in."—L. H. KORNMAN

# Bernhardt or Barnum?

MAX HENCY

*Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1941-1942*

WHENEVER A PERSON DISCOVERS A NEW ELEMENT, writes a book that threatens to out-sell the Bible, refutes Einstein's theory, or establishes communication with Mars, he is invariably approached by an inquiring reporter who asks, "If you could meet any five living people, whom would you choose?" And the famous one answers, "Winston Churchill, Adolph Hitler, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Joseph Stalin, and Greta Garbo." Of course, the reporter may vary the question somewhat and ask, "If you could choose from all of history five people to invite to a dinner party, whom would you select?" In which case the answer is Julius Caesar, Napoleon Bonaparte, William Shakespeare, Adolph Hitler, and Greta Garbo. The person amassing such a list fails to realize that Garbo probably wouldn't come, but whether she came or not, the fact that she was invited would add infinitely to the host's prestige. On the other hand, there may be one or two people who have never learned to read and who have never gone to a movie, and they might wonder upon hearing the list, "Who is this Garbo?" Of course, they haven't heard of Shakespeare either, but they don't like the sound of his name, so they confine their curiosity to Garbo.

Well, it all started because once upon a time not too long ago—in 1906 to be exact—there was a Swedish blacksmith, or maybe he was a butcher, named Sven Gustafson.<sup>1</sup> Sven was very, very poor, and when another little girl was born to Sven and his good wife, Ana, who already had one boy and one girl, it looked as if there might not be enough food to go around. But Sven worked very hard, and Ana loved the little baby very dearly. She named her Greta Louvisa because she thought it sounded poetic. As the years went by, Greta Louvisa started to school, but she was tall and gangly and the other students made fun of her. Then one day Sven died, and someone had to go to work because Sven left his family very little money.

Although she was only thirteen and the youngest of the children, Greta Louvisa was the one who sought employment in order to support the family. Her first job was in a Stockholm barbershop where she had to lather customer's faces and keep the towels hot. It was very hard work, but Greta did not despair. Then one day she got a better job in a department store. The manager of the department store saw her and realized she was pretty.

<sup>1</sup>Churchill, D. W., "Legend Laughs," *New York Times Magazine*, IV (Jan., 1940), 34.



He asked her if she would like to make a short movie advertising the store's hats. She was afraid to refuse, so she made the movie.<sup>2</sup>

Then the fairy godmother saw her. Well, he wasn't exactly a godmother, he was more of a godfather, but the results were the same. And this godfather wasn't exactly a fairy either; he was a Swedish movie director named Mauritz Stiller. He asked Greta if she would like to make movies for him, and she said she would.

Then the godfather cast a new picture. Suddenly, magically, skinny, awkward Louvisa Gustafson became slender, graceful Greta Garbo, star of European movies. But then a funny thing happened. The fairy godfather was called to the enchanted city of Hollywood, California. He said he would not go unless he could bring his new star with him. The men in Hollywood argued, but they finally agreed because they wanted him so badly. And so Greta and her fairy godfather sailed on a big boat for the United States.

When they arrived in Hollywood, Greta was ignored, but her godfather insisted that she be given a picture, and so she was cast in *The Torrent*. Then again the magic thing happened, and Louvisa Gustafson became an even greater star. Unfortunately the godfather did not do so well for himself, and he returned to Sweden. But our Cinderella was so famous she could not leave. She stayed on and became the most beautiful, the most famous, and the most talented actress in the world. Then one day she met her handsome, dashing young prince, and he fell madly in love with her.<sup>3</sup> But she had known many other men, so she didn't marry him and lived happily ever after.

And that is the story of the Swedish Cinderella, Greta Garbo.

But how Garbo became a great star and stayed a great star are two different stories. There is no doubt, however, that she has had an exceptionally long and brilliant career.

After fifteen years of murderous competition that has seen the rise and fall of this and that beautiful and talented newcomer, Garbo is still the Hollywood nonesuch. Faintly middle aged and in her hugely unexciting private life a bit of a frump, the hefty spinster from Stockholm, judged by any standard you like, is still in the top spot. Any of a shoal of rivals would willingly commit murder to inherit it.<sup>4</sup>

Is it and was it her acting that kept the public clamoring for her? In the early days of her career, Garbo's appeal was completely different from what it is today. When Garbo first flashed across the screens, she was noted for her torrid love scenes. She was the Lana Turner of 1925.

<sup>2</sup>Cleve, F., "Greta Garbo, the Woman Nobody Knows," *The Living Age*, CCCXL (June, 1931), 369.

<sup>3</sup>Film note: "Greta Garbo," *New Republic*, LXXII (Sept. 29, 1932), 176.

<sup>4</sup>Churchill, *op. cit.*, 48.

Men like Greta Garbo because she represents a type of romance they have never seen or experienced before. Women like Greta Garbo because she has a technique of love-making they would like to learn.<sup>5</sup>

But as the years went by and Garbo became established, she gained a reputation as an actress—a great actress. No longer was she associated only with passionate love scenes. Her pictures received almost universal acclamation from the critics. The advent of sound on film enhanced rather than diminished her appeal. By 1932, she was being hailed as one of the world's greatest actresses, and she was being favorably compared with Bernhardt and Duse. Excerpts from reviews of that period reveal the high opinion critics had of her ability.

Who but the supreme Greta Garbo could bring to the screen this strange exciting personality, Mata Hari?<sup>6</sup>

So far *Grand Hotel* is the supreme picture of the year . . . its compelling magnetism is inescapable . . . Garbo playing in a cast which includes the Barrymores, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery, and Lewis Stone is completely triumphant as if she were without competition . . . the role of the tired unhappy dancer is her greatest achievement.<sup>7</sup>

The aforementioned successes, however, were followed by such films as *Queen Christina*, which the *Nation's* critic found "too arty," and *The Painted Veil*, which was "a poor story with even poorer acting on the part of Garbo."<sup>8</sup>

Recently her career has had some very decided ups and downs. A high spot as far as histrionics are concerned was *Camille*. Garbo was hailed as one of the greatest Camilles of all time. But that picture was followed by *Conquest*, which was a tragedy in more than one way. Never at a loss, however, Greta followed that with one of the greatest pictures of her career, *Ninotchka*, and proved herself a comedienne as well as a tragedienne.

As the Bolshevik envoy who comes to Paris, she displays, in her change from a dour fanatic to a lovable woman, such deft comedy, such shy humorous grace that M-G-M's *Ninotchka* scores a new high in cinema satire.<sup>9</sup>

When Garbo tried comedy again, however, in *Two-faced Woman*, the results were disastrous. Many critics considered it the worst movie of the year.

Seeing Garbo in this movie is worse than seeing a fine actress make a fool of herself; it is like seeing your mother drunk!<sup>10</sup>

But whether her work is good or bad, whether the critics boo or applaud, Garbo's pictures continue to draw huge crowds. Is it her acting that intrigues

<sup>5</sup>Condon, F., "Greta and Marlene," *Saturday Evening Post*, CCIII (May 30, 1931), 56.

<sup>6</sup>"On the Current Screen," *Literary Digest*, CXVII (Jan. 13, 1934), 34.

<sup>7</sup>"On the Current Screen," *Literary Digest*, CXX (Sept. 21, 1935), 21.

<sup>8</sup>Troy, W., "New Garbo?" *Nation*, CXXXIX (Dec. 19, 1934), 722.

<sup>9</sup>"Portrait as Ninotchka," *Theatre Arts Magazine*, XXIII (Nov., 1939), 764.

<sup>10</sup>"Portrait," *Time*, XXXVIII (Sept. 11, 1941), 49.

the public? But Helen Hayes and Tallulah Bankhead are also fine actresses and they failed in films.

Acting ability alone is not enough to keep the silver flowing into the box office. Therefore Garbo has seen to it that the public has got more than its quarter's worth from her. While her screen performances have been good, her off-screen performances have been even better. For twenty years the world has thrilled to her three-ring circus featuring mystery, eccentricity, and romance.

How the Garbo enigma was ever started no one seems to know. Some say it was in the early days of her career when she had a poor command of English and consequently could not give interviews. Others insist that it was an outgrowth of her natural shyness.<sup>11</sup> But no matter what the origin, it became one of her greatest assets. The public loves a mystery.

And because of this, the world was continually thrilled to learn that even Garbo's boss didn't know where she lived, that she liked to walk in the rain, that she took solitary swims in the ocean and watched the rising sun.<sup>12</sup> Stories about her shyness came in for a great deal of news space. One story is always current, that of the famous person who hid in a closet for three hours just to get a glimpse of the divine Greta. Garbo's rare public appearances are almost national events, and one candid shot of the camera-smashing Swede is worth a hundred of almost anyone else.

Garbo, however, was not content to remain merely a beautiful enigma. She added a ring to her circus and became the beautiful, eccentric enigma. Many stories have been written about her idiosyncrasies. Editors are always willing to give a paragraph to Garbo's food habits: buttermilk and cheese for breakfast; carrots, spinach and some other vegetable for lunch; and a large onion sandwich for dinner.<sup>13</sup> Needless to say, some of the stories about her aren't true. Her supposedly shabby clothes have also been a very interesting item, as have her old cars.

Garbo is reputed to own one car, a 1927 Chevrolet coupe in which she drives herself to work each morning.<sup>14</sup>

Another item which thrilled a gullible public a few seasons back was one concerning Garbo's appearance at an opera. The article told of the arrivals of all the stars in their expensive limousines, and then it related how Garbo came walking down the street, wearing an old pair of slacks and a sweater her mother had knitted for her, and took her seat in the balcony.<sup>15</sup> There were many such stories, but . . .

<sup>11</sup>Condon, F., *op. cit.*, 104.

<sup>12</sup>Churchill, D. W., *op. cit.*, 47.

<sup>13</sup>Churchill, D. W., *op. cit.*, 48.

<sup>14</sup>Condon, F., "Lady who lives behind a wall," *Saturday Evening Post*, CCIII (May 29, 1931), 45.

<sup>15</sup>*Ibid.*, 121.

Much that has been written about Mrs. Gustafson's little girl, Greta, is what is known chemically as baloney with a slight precipitate of hooley.<sup>16</sup>

In spite of the thousands of words written about her mystery and eccentricity, Garbo was not content, so she added another publicity-getter to her bag of tricks. Whenever one of her pictures was not too good there would be a Garbo romance. In the early days, her career was given a healthy boost by a love affair with John Gilbert. Then she met a grandson of King Gustaf. The prince was very much in love with her, and Garbo got her all-important publicity. When *Queen Christina* was released, Garbo eloped with the director, Rouben Mamoulian, and the world eagerly awaited a wedding announcement which never came. After *The Painted Veil*, Garbo was linked romantically with George Brent. Then came *Conquest* and her idyl in Italy with Maestro Stokowski.<sup>17</sup> The people read such items as this: Greta milking cow named Emma while Stoky held Emma's head; Greta contentedly stroking the white nose of a llama while Stoky picked fresh white camellias, presented them with condoctorial bows to my lady of the Camellias.<sup>18</sup> But as all others, the Stokowski affair gained a lot of publicity for both members and then died a natural death. Recently Garbo has been connected with a diet specialist, but that romance promises to end like the others. Greta is truly the world's most celebrated celibate.

And so for twenty years, Greta Garbo has given the public a terrific show, and even now she shows only signs of improving with age. Where else is there a better show for a quarter?

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<sup>17</sup>Churchill, D. W., *loc. cit.*

<sup>18</sup>"Idyl," *Time*, XXXI (Mar. 14, 1938), 51.



## “With the Waving of Flags”

ROBERT ERWIN BERRY

*Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1941-1942*

MAX AND HIS WIFE OWNED A LITTLE CANDY STORE on North Baggott. It was just a cubby-hole of a place, between the Liberty Cleaners and Mueller's Hardware, but Max and Greta, with characteristic German thrift, so economized on space that the candy store occupied the front part of the building and their living quarters the rear.

Max has been what you might call an “institution” in Rushville, particularly to the children. I remember well when, as a grade schooler, I experienced the excruciating pleasure of trying to decide whether to spend my penny for a stick of licorice which would make black spit like chewing tobacco (an invaluable aid in playing Cowboys and Indians), or for one of Greta's home-made all-day suckers, which came in the enticing shapes of teddy-bears, rabbits, and misshapen monkeys. That was years ago, and my place in front of the fascinating glass cases has been taken by some other nose-pressing urchin, but the candy store is still, or was, I should say, until last January 11, the most exciting stop for the school-kids on their way to and from school.

Max and Greta came over from Germany in 1925, and opened their little store in Rushville on the Fourth of July that year. “We want we should start American,” Max explained proudly in his newly acquired language. The little store was literally swathed with red, white, and blue bunting, and a huge American flag was hung proudly in front of the building. That night Max shot off what was to us children a breath-taking array of fireworks, while Greta stood in the doorway of the shop with her hands over her ears, smiling bravely.

The little candy store never did what you might call a voluminous business—not even the time when Mrs. Clark, the mayor's wife, ordered eight dozen taffy apples as favors for a banquet given at the county orphanage by the Woman's Club. Still the pennies and nickels that Max took in exchange for Greta's delicacies was enough for the two of them—even allowing for the *Pfefferküchen* Greta gave to the *liebchen* who didn't have pennies. Greta was crazy about children—all kinds of children. Their only son, Hans, had died in the Great War, and Greta kept his picture in back of the counter. I remember it distinctly in its heavy, old fashioned frame with the German and American colors draped over the top. It rested upon a little table behind the counter and just under the hand-carved wooden clock that chimed every

half hour. It was a game we used to play to try to be in the shop every noon to hear it chime twelve times.

The two never went out much. At first they were embarrassed because their English was so awkward, and then, too, they were naturally reticent. The townspeople weren't unfriendly to them—it was just that they and the townspeople didn't have much in common. They didn't play bridge; Max didn't know baseball, and Greta was too shy to try to get in the "Aids" and "Societies." When they weren't working in the little kitchen Max usually sat out in front of the shop or at the front window in the sun, smoking an old-fashioned curved pipe that he had brought over with him from the old country, and Greta would busy herself tidying up the little shop or else knitting or darning in a huge black rocker just inside their parlor. Max's pipe fascinated me. It had a long curved stem, and the bowl was carved like a man's face. I always secretly thought that Max and his pipe looked much handsomer than my dad and his nickel cigars.

Max was proud of being in America. As soon as he and Greta had learned to speak and read fairly well they began studying so that they could apply for their citizenship papers. They still loved their fatherland, but, as Max told my father, "We live in America, so is we should be American citizens."

When Hitler rose to power the old couple reacted to him much as the average Americans they lived with did. They didn't like him or what he stood for, but they came gradually to accept him—as the rest of us did—as a sort of necessary evil. Of course the letters Max received from his relatives in Germany gave no hint of criticism of the Hitler government, and this very fact may have allayed his misgivings. "I do not like it. I do not understand it," he said to me once, "but my brother, my cousins—they do not complain." No one was more stunned than they when Germany declared war on America. Max had been worrying about the war in the old country all along, but it had seemed to him, I suppose, as to all of us, vague and very far away. When the declaration hit, with all its fury and significance, it never occurred to Max and Greta that their sympathies could lie in two directions—they automatically assumed the loyalty of Americans.

But the townspeople were different. When the American's normal pace of life is disturbed, he looks for a scapegoat. And so the people of Rushville turned upon Max and Greta. They forgot about the big American flag Max proudly displayed whenever he got the chance; they forgot about the old couple's love for children; they forgot that Max and Greta were studying for their papers; they forgot everything in their war fever—everything but the fact that Max and Greta were still technically German. The reticence of the couple became furtiveness; their friendliness became cunning; the letters Max wrote became spy information; and with the characteristic

imagination and exaggeration of a small town, the people began to picture Max as the most notorious of German secret agents.

At first the change in the townspeople's feelings was barely noticeable. Then Max observed that the children didn't stop to look in the shop windows any more. The orders for bridge favors stopped coming in. And when Greta went down to the little store on the corner for her weekly groceries every Saturday, she couldn't understand the strange looks the other customers gave her. "I don't understand what has happened to these people," Max said to me while I was home Christmas. "Greta and I have done nothing, and yet they do not speak to us—they have nothing to do with us!" And so things grew more and more strained. To Max and Greta this was all very puzzling. After a while Max began to understand. But what could he do even then? You can't just run up and down the streets shouting, "I'm not a Nazi spy! I'm just like you! I'm a loyal American!"

Then the other night a mob broke into the little store. A mob made up of people like your neighbors. *My* neighbors they were. Just who they were I don't know and I don't want to know, but I can't be sure that any of my friends were innocent. Was Mr. Johnson one of them—Mr. Johnson, who used to pay me dimes for running errands from his drugstore? Was George Clark one of them—George, who always led the Legionnaires in their holiday parades and who spoke to our graduating class on "The American's Creed"? Or Roy Davis, who donated a prize every Fourth of July for the best oration on "Liberty, Equality, and Justice"? Or Mr. Tomlinson, or Mr. Wilson, or Bill Grant?

Whoever they were, they broke into the little shop, and they called themselves "patriots." They told each other, and they told the police afterwards, that they were looking for concealed weapons or short-wave sets. But they didn't have to smash the glass cases to see that none was hidden there; they didn't have to rip Hans' picture from the frame to see that none was hidden in its back; they didn't have to throw all of Greta's candy on the floor to see that none was hidden under the trays; they didn't have to shove the old couple out of the back door into the cold in their nightclothes while they "searched" the bedroom—searched, by cutting the mattress to pieces, ripping clothes apart, and turning furniture over. And what hurt Max most of all was the note they left pinned to the door: "We don't like Nazis here! Go back where you came from!"

While I was home mid-semester I walked down by the little shop on my way to town. There was no jovial Max sitting on the familiar old bench at the front window, smoking his long curved pipe. The building was dark and the once shining cases were shattered and dusty. Max and Greta had gone—they had moved to the home of Greta's sister in Minnesota. They will live there until they get their call to be sent back to their fatherland, or

to be put in a camp for enemy aliens. And as I stood there with my face against the glass, peering into the empty shop, something bright on the wall in back of the counter caught my eye. And then I recognized it—a sampler which had hung there as long as I could remember—which, probably, Greta had worked out patiently with her own hands for that grand opening of the store on July 4, 1925. How many times in my childhood I had spelled out those words, before I had more than a vague notion of what they meant. In the dim light of the shop I could hardly see them now, but the last time in red yarn against the white ground, was clear: "with Liberty and Justice for All."

## Rhet as Writ

If torpedo planes are attacking the ship and no aircraft protection is present the battleship is in very grave danger because anti-aircraft guns cannot do very much because the torpedo plane does not have to fly over the ship to torpedo it because a torpedo can travel for some distance in water.

. . . .

I feel that I can better fulfill the desires of others because I have learned to work for instructors as well as people.

. . . .

Before entering school as a freshman, I had the desire to get married. No more do I wish to marry after seeing the beautiful girls on the campus of the University of Illinois.

. . . .

I do not consider excessive eating as a characteristic of a pig because pigs eat huge amounts of food as a matter of necessity, but I eat for enjoyment.

. . . .

The dictator would kill off all the maimed and sickly young people, and do the same with all the others with venerable diseases.

. . . .

He was a painter in Italy and had remarkable skill in reproduction.

. . . .

If there had been more teachers of her calibre, I'm sure that I would have succeeded in attaining still greater fame in this world of today.



## Honorable Mention

- Eugene Ague: *Murder in the n<sup>th</sup> Degree*  
Merrill J. Alexander: *Salvaging the Lusitania*  
Roy Augensen: *Learning to Navigate*  
Ferrel Allen: *Muscle Science*  
Robert Erwin Berry: *An Experiment in Socialism*  
James Breckenridge: *Government Corn and Parity*  
Gene Brucker: *Poland—Europe's Problem Child*  
Valerie Christiansen: *If You Want to Shout*  
Andrew Dennis: *Editorial Reaction to the First World War*  
Dorothy Ensing: *The Two Devil's Islands*  
Jack Felsman: *The Steam Must Go Through*  
Barbara Fox: *Ethical & Political Ideas*  
Thelma Geifman: *Vitamin A*  
Lori Gitlitz: *Telephonitis*  
Martha Goodwine: *Rachel Field*  
Edmund Habicht: *A Mind Trainer*  
J. B. Hatch: *Vipers*  
Alvin Herscovitz: *Albert Einstein*  
H. Herzog: *Isolation*  
Eugene Howard: *I Ran for Cheerleader*  
Albert Kaufman: *The Squeeze*  
Ralph LaRock: *Vermont Granite*  
Bert Grover Lichtenstein: *Snakes Revealed*  
Donald Lustfield: *A Dream That Nearly Came True*  
William Meehling: *Censorship of War News*  
Jack Meredith: *The Cyclotron Promises*  
Helen Dean Miller: *Democracy at War*  
Marion Mitchell: *Pioneer Spirit in the West*  
Louise Proehl: *Youth before the Law*  
Charlotte Rothschild: *Wise Youth*  
Martha Louise Royce: *The Maya—Mystery of the World*  
James Sanner: *The Union Building*  
Mildred Shattuck: *Dear Lonely Heart*  
Virginia Shirley: *Hanging Gardens of Babylon*  
Clarence Sparks: *The Automobile of Thirty Years Ago*  
Richard Wyrzymalski: *Decline of Chivalry*

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# THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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# Sunday Afternoon

MARY ANN PICKREL

*Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1942-1943*

LIFE IN THE ALLEY BACK OF 155TH AND TURLINGTON had slowly bled itself away, attacked by the pernicious anemia of Sunday afternoon.

The dazzling, hot sun that beat upon the asphalt, making the pile of tin cans heaped against the blind wall of the apartment house sparkle and burn, the rusty geraniums that boiled in the sun on top of the tin cans, the sticky puddle of tar that wound like a long black snake along the scorched asphalt, even the lazy clouds of dust that hung, gray and gritty, in the face of the sun, expressed the same deadly apathy, the same frightening lack of life, as if the world had been heated to such a degree that only man's most primitive and brutal instincts had survived to live, bodyless, in that stifling atmosphere. The man who stood for any length of time, bareheaded, in the alley back of 155th and Turlington, facing the blind wall of the apartment house and the dusty tin cans, would have felt the sun like a leech in his brain, sucking away reason, and would have gone slowly back to the dim coolness of his house, feeling a little sick.

But there was no one to disturb the silence and the sun. Certainly the dead sparrow which lay, with dusty and ruffled wings, its mouth just a little open and its small tongue showing, in the snake-puddle of tar, would never again disturb anything. The evil smell of death lay sickeningly in the air—the sun hung like a cloud between the alley and life.

Into the alley walked a child, slowly, painfully, with lagging steps, as if already she felt the action of the sun upon her soul. Her face was pale and tired-looking above the ruffled Sunday dress, and wise for its nine or ten years. She looked as if she might have come from the apartment building.

The child stopped in the exact center of the alley and looked about in vain for some amusement. Her sharp eyes found the sparrow and examined it without interest. She sighed with fatigue and ennui.

Then her thin, listless little body stiffened suddenly in the grip of a strange excitement as she caught sight of a second intruder into the no-man's land of the alley. A ragged, scrawny, gray cat, its bones thrusting against its thin hide, was slinking along the wall toward the heap of cans.

The eyes of the child burned. Her body became alive and closely knit, supple and steely-nerved. She moved noiselessly toward the cat, and descended upon it with clutching fingers spread wide.

The cat spit and clawed in desperation, and wriggled against the hard, bony side of the child. The girl's arms and neck were soon covered with



long, bloody welts, and the gay ruffles of her dress were caught and ripped by the waving paws. Still she held on, standing a little stooped, her chin pinning the head of the cat, her hands clutching the gray fur of the neck in an iron grip. The cat heaved convulsively. Its yellow eyes glared, and a pitiful, strangling cry issued from the gaping mouth.

"Margieeeeeeee!" shrilled from somewhere the imperious, raucous voice of a middle-aged woman.

"Come in this second. We're leavin' now!"

The child started and dropped the cat. The spell was broken by this incredibly ludicrous interruption. The intense young body which had steeled itself in the sudden lust for blood, which had struggled wildly, in joyous abandon, silent as the animal, for the pleasure of murder, drooped again with fatigue and quivered with fear. Her arms and face smarted horribly. The sun seemed to pierce her head and fill it with a blinding light, so that she could see nothing. She thought she was choking on dust. Blood thumped in her head.

Racked with sobs, the child moved off in the direction of the voice, which still called impatiently at short intervals. After her departure, the alley settled down again under its curtain of silence and dust and sun. The sun beat down triumphantly upon the sparkling tin cans, the rusty geraniums, and the body of the gray cat.

## The Essential Shakespeare

ROBERT N. RASMUS

*Rhetoric I, Theme 6, 1942-1943*

DOVER WILSON ATTEMPTS, IN *THE ESSENTIAL Shakespeare*, as hundreds before him have also attempted, to give the true and all-encompassing picture of William Shakespeare. Just as they have failed, so also does he fail. He has failed, not because of any of his own shortcomings or faults, but simply because it is impossible to know enough of the real facts of Shakespeare's life to give a comprehensive or even half-acceptable outline. The facts are just not there. Wilson realizes this as much as anybody, and he readily concedes the peril to which he exposes himself.

About Shakespeare scarcely a handful of facts are known with certainty. From church records we know that he was born in 1564 at Stratford, that he married Anne Hathaway in 1582, had one child in 1583, and twins in

1584. We also know that sometime before 1592 he entered the London scene, became famous as an actor and playwright, had some connection with the Earl of Southampton, wrote thirty-six plays and over one hundred sonnets, retired to Stratford in 1612, and four years later died at the age of fifty-two. Beyond these and a few other facts we can only conjecture and surmise.

Wilson does not, as so many other writers are wont to do, try to bewilder or rather "bully" the reader into accepting his theories by bringing forth a maze of facts and figures which at best can only be assumptions. Accepting a few facts, repudiating others, and disregarding the majority, he takes no previous theories on Shakespeare for granted, but rather combines the basic material with the "personal Shakespeare" he finds in the plays and sonnets to form the key to the "essential Shakespeare." He believes with Keats that "Shakespeare led a life of allegory: his works are the comments on it."

Basically, then, Wilson's book is an interpretation of the life of Shakespeare as it is seen through his works, as it fit into the Elizabethan pattern. Wilson believes the Elizabethan background to be highly important in our understanding of the "essential Shakespeare." "For though Shakespeare may be for all time, he was also very much of an age, and unless we grasp at least the main features of that age we are likely to miss much that is significant about him." Wilson goes on to re-create the picture of the day, its spirit and tempo, its Queen, its London, its theatre, its navy, its nobility, its warriors, and its hope.

After he sets the Elizabethan scene, Wilson goes into a complete discussion of the three stages of Shakespeare's adult life. These three stages are reflected in his works, and Wilson rejects completely the idea of the "impersonal Shakespeare." To be brief, the first stage is that of the young, hopeful, and exuberant Shakespeare of Elizabeth's day; the Shakespeare of the histories and most of the comedies. The second stage is of the tragic, pessimistic Shakespeare of James; the Shakespeare of *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*. The final and victorious stage is that of the recovered, optimistic, happy Shakespeare of *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*. Wilson traces this whole evolution by means of all the plays in chronological order.

On the surface his conclusions seem logical, and if they have done nothing else, they have caused me to think, but I remind myself of how convincing the theories of other men sounded also. I am forced to agree with Matthew Arnold:

*Others abide our question. Thou art free.  
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,  
Out-topping knowledge.*

# My Objections to Comic Books

NELSON GURNEE

*Verbal Expression I, Theme 5, 1942-1943*

LESS THAN FIVE YEARS AGO, A SINGLE COMIC BOOK FOR children appeared on American newsstands. Since that time, the industry which produced that one book has prospered and spread like a poisonous growth until, today, it turns out two hundred and seven comic books a month. Parents who have had an opportunity to examine this material now available to their children have developed an increasingly unfriendly attitude toward these publications.

The titles given to these books are often very misleading. A current book has a front-cover picture under the book's name, "All-American Funnies." This is the good, old-fashioned, 100 per cent American scene it depicts: Torgo, the monster, has broken loose and is killing everybody and smashing everything in sight. The ground about him is covered with the dead and dying. In his huge left hand he clutches the decapitated body of a young woman. The artist, anxious to please his young readers, has shown the blood spurting from her headless neck. With his free right hand, Torgo is happily murdering a group of kindergarten children who have wandered onto the scene, no doubt attracted by the screaming. At the monster's feet lies an attractive young woman who is emptying a revolver into his stomach. Even though the artist has shown the terrible wounds in detail, the monster is not taken aback by this interference, and his only answer to his armed opponent is to place his large foot upon her throat. In the back of the picture, a strong wall is shown collapsing under the blows of a creature dressed in black tights, red cape, and jewelled belt. The creature has a head shaped like an eagle's and two giant wings growing out of its back. This is Hawkman, Champion of Democracy. In a few moments he will save the world and the thinly clad gun-girl.

Most comic strips contain two important characters, the hero and the heroine. One or the other, and sometimes both, is gifted with amazing powers. He flies through time and space, jumps over mountains, battles armies of giant insects, swims under water for hours, and escapes death only by a hair's breadth. Many comic-strip authors have displayed almost human intelligence in the choice of their characters. Realizing that the antics of their main figures are too fantastic even for the wild imaginations of their youthful readers, they have introduced super-children into the story. This enables the youngsters who read the strip to hope that they, too, can possess the strange powers given to their pen-and-ink hero. There is

one character who must be particularly inspiring to his public. He is Bat-Boy, who owns two lovely wings which enable him to swoop down to rob fruit stands and snatch purses in broad daylight. Some authors, realizing that there is a vast amount of money to be gained from the coins clenched in the damp, little fists of school girls, who would ordinarily waste them buying lunch, have introduced comic strips with girls and women as the main figures. One of these characters, a nurse, loses a patient every month and manages to clear herself only after thirty pages of mad adventure. To date, she has sixteen notches on her hypodermic needle and the toll rises monthly. An inspiring tribute to the nursing profession! It seems to be a set rule among comic-book artists that their heroines shall wear only the slightest suggestion of clothing and that their heroes shall have more superbly developed muscles than any Greek god ever possessed. For that reason, most children of six or seven know more about human anatomy than their grandparents did at forty.

These lurid, lewd, and fantastic comic books have become the chief reading matter of America's youth. The old, familiar books of Twain, Dickens, Tarkington, and even Alger, which thrilled our fathers and some of us, have been discarded for this cheap trash sold at any newsstand. Granted that some of these older books are a bit too noble and their heroes overdrawn—nevertheless they helped to mould characters, and they pointed the way to a cleaner and better life. No modern child has ever gained any moral or spiritual lesson from watching a buzzard-headed wonder rescue his thinly clad sweetheart from a monster. Few modern children can distinguish between St. John and St. Paul, between Scrooge and Uriah Heep, or even between Tom Sawyer and Penrod Schofield. But all can describe, in intimate and gory details, just how many earth-men the three-eyed ruler of the planet Krypton had fed to the lizards in the sacrificial pits. They can gain all this important knowledge at any newsstand for only a dime.

There is a very definite relationship between the sale of this type of comic book to children and the sharp rise in juvenile delinquency. The Parent-Teacher's Association of Elizabeth, New Jersey, has published a pamphlet showing the number of crimes committed by children from six to fifteen. A little more than 27 per cent of these juvenile crimes were prompted by the "literature" made up chiefly of these comic books. The offenses ranged from petty thefts to torture-murders. It is easy to see how a youngster can gain a very false set of ideals and values by reading magazines and comic books in which dignity and decency are utterly lacking and where human life is taken on every page. There is absolutely nothing to be said in defense of these vulgar and stupid books. They must be stopped.



## Is It or Isn't It Customary?

LEADIE MAE CLARK

*Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1942-1943*

IT WAS A DIRTY LITTLE TOWN OF 3,478 LIARS, MEDDLERS, relations, and gossips; people who believed that the minister's family should be archangels while they themselves were living devils roving the earth minus tail, horns, and a pitchfork; people who believed that since the preacher's life ought to be an open book, his family business should be an open book also; people who believed that all preacher's children are just naturally bad; people who had no truly blessed person to represent them on Sunday morning when a blessed man preached the blessed word.

My father, because of ill health, had given up a larger charge to accept one at Slater, Missouri. How eagerly we speculated about our new home, certain of pleasant surprises, not knowing how soon our eagerness would turn to ashes in our mouths. We arrived in Slater on a crisp, clear Saturday morning and straightway broke the first iron-bound custom attached to a minister's family. We scorned the dirty-looking little brown house of Mr. P. Williams, town barber and pillar of the church, for the pretty little white house that Dad had rented. Mr. Williams was furious, bellowing that he could have rented his house, if he had not saved it for us. You see, it was a custom for the minister to rent Mr. Williams' house, which was next door to the church. That's why the church didn't have a parsonage.

A little upset because of the commotion our choice of a house had caused, we resolved to be as careful as possible. We slept late on Sunday morning, and Lerleen, Mother, and I decided to waive Sunday school and go to church. Since we were in a strange town, we lost our way a little and arrived a little late. Custom number two broken! We should have been there during the recess between Sunday school and church, sitting on the second seat in the middle row to receive the church members. We sat down near the middle, and the whole church stared at the sedate woman in black and the two little girls in white. We didn't crack a smile but stared straight ahead. The next day we were referred to as "stuck-up."

This little town was prejudiced against a minister's family from the beginning and was constantly on the lookout for something to gossip about. That's why there was a custom of paying a surprise visit on the minister's wife. About eleven o'clock on Monday morning, the six nosiest women in Slater came to visit. They filed in slowly, carefully surveying everything, running a hand over the piano, now over the radio, peering into every nook

and cranny, staring, staring! Mrs. Van Buren, the boldest of the six, dug her toe into the rug, "Well, Mrs. Rev. Clark, what would you have to pay for a rug like this?" Mother was saved from answering by a howl from the kitchen. Lerleen and I had chosen that moment to begin a fuss over who was going to get the remainder of the cake batter in the mixing bowl. We were, in the estimation of these old busybodies, living up all too well to the custom of preacher's bad children. These old ladies had plenty to gossip about now! But they stayed and stayed. Mother decided to serve the ladies cake and wine. She poured delicate little glasses full of grape wine and cut the cake, planning to let Lerleen and me serve it in an effort to redeem ourselves. The old ladies gawked at the wine glasses. Wine at the preacher's house! That wasn't customary! What prestige we had gained in their sight by Mother's being a good housewife now completely vanished.

Our family upset custom after custom. It was a custom for the minister to run a bill at Mr. Thomas's store. We paid cash at Mr. Davis's—it was cheaper. It was a custom to "pick" the preacher's children to find out all the family business. Lerleen and I had been taught at an early age to say only yes and no to questions. But when Mother didn't sing with the choir at the hospital on Christmas Eve she broke the most rigid custom of all. She would have sung with them, but she didn't know that she was supposed to. I suppose you wonder whether we were stupid. No, but it was another custom for the preacher's wife to have a bosom friend among the members to tell her all the customs she should live up to.

Did these townspeople have ideals? Yes, the noble ideal of making their community a good place for anyone to raise his children—that is, a good place for everybody but the minister to raise his children. They sympathized with the trials somebody else had with his children, but they gossiped about the minister's. They spied on, lied on, speculated about, and stared at a minister's child in an effort to crush out any spark of individuality and to drive him to self-destruction. If he was good, he was nasty-nice and always referred to with the proverb, "Still water runs deep." If he was bad, he turned out just as they expected.

For two years we lived in this small town, which was slowly crushing the lifeblood out of us. Mother became silent and morose; Lerleen and I became shy and bewildered. Only Dad escaped—but did he escape completely? There were new lines on his forehead and around his eyes, and there was more gray in his hair. He didn't laugh quite so easily, either.

At last moving day arrived, and we came to Champaign-Urbana. I drew a breath of pure air exultantly, and since then it has been my prayer that if Dad moves again, Oh, Lord, please let it be to a town of at least 10,000.

# Fraternity Asininity or Independence?

ANONYMOUS

*Rhetoric II, Theme 10, 1942-1943*

A FRATERNITY IS A STATE OF EXISTENCE IN WHICH men live in mutual dislike and endure each other with outward cordiality. It is an existence to be studiously avoided by all persons who are not palsy-walsies, good Joes, politicians, or athletes. When a college man is "rushed" by a fraternity it is because he has money, is an able politician, has a great uncle who founded good old Sigma Dogma Pu, or shows promise of becoming president of Blue G-String, honorary cribbage fraternity.

The Rushee is asked in a confidential manner by a friend or acquaintance if he would like to have dinner at "the house" next Wednesday night. Somewhat flattered, he accepts. Promptly at 5:45, overdressed in his most casual manner, he enters the impressive halls of Sig Dog and is introduced to a bewildering assortment of big men on campus who shower toothy, stretched smiles upon him. He views the array of loving cups on the mantle and is properly impressed by the tremendous trophy that Sig Dog has won for the seventeenth time for its superb shuffleboard team.

So the Rushee is taken on a tour of the house, during which he inspects the library and the comfort of the toilet seats. He is told that on a clear day if one stands on his head in the second row of beds, the fourth from the south end, he can see into the dormitory of the sorority next door. From another spot the ceiling of a girl's room can be seen also.

After having ascertained that the physical features of the house are acceptable and after having made inquiries as to how the members of Sig Dog stand with "the women," the Rushee finds that the house bill is to his liking, and that the house scholastic average is 2.4. He decides that Sig Dog is the place for him.

From that moment on his soul is not his own. He hopes against hope that after he is initiated he will have privacy and freedom, but the time never occurs. Serenades, softball teams, chapter conventions, and formal dances occupy all his time. He cannot drink except when he has a date, and he doesn't want to drink then because he always recites all the poetry he knows when he is drunk and that would give him a bad reputation with "the women." He hates the fellow who sits next to him at meals and has always intended to tell him so but fears that he will lose his reputation as a "good Joe." Before meals he is forced to sing a nauseating grace that assures God



that good old Sig Dog is grateful for the alarm clock that awakened the cook that prepared the food which he is about to eat. He has a calloused spot on his back and one on the palm of his hand as evidence that his back-slapping activities are up to par. Occasionally he envies his Independent friends, but usually he pities them. When he allows himself to envy them, he enumerates to himself all the advantages of being a fraternity man. His logic is quite simple.

The Rushee, now Frat Man, feels that because he is a Sig Dog he is as socially adept as anyone on campus. When he is asked where he lives, he is proud to say, "I'm a Sig Dog." Not everyone has enough money, enough potentialities, enough savoir-faire to become a Sig Dog. When he wants a date, all he has to do is telephone any sorority and have the word spread about. He is not worried about the girl he will get. He knows that if he calls the Beta Fu's he will get a good drinking companion; if he calls the Mu Mu's he will get a good dancer; and the Theta Pu's are always good for a necking session. He knows that they run true to form throughout. He knows that with a Sig Dog pin he can date any woman on campus who is not confined to a wheel-chair. And, best of all, he can call in the services of his fraternity brothers if he should be so unfortunate as to fall in love. A little serenading and some subtle salesmanship can be of great aid in such cases. He is certain that in the field of love-making Sig Dog has given him a decided edge over most of the males on campus.

Then, of course, it is easy for Frat Man to extract money from his parents. They visit him occasionally and are awed by the splendor of Sig Dog house; they notice how well-dressed his fraternity brothers are, and they know all about keeping up with the Joneses. His parents eat the Sunday meals at Sig Dog and are pleased to note that their darling and their pride has gained four pounds and looks healthy. Of course they do not know that a beer-bust a week helps one to gain weight and that Sig Dog is famous for its beer parties. Parental relations are of little worry to Frat Man.

Frat Man never forgets that when he is graduated from college, his fraternity pin, if he still has it, will help him in getting a job. He may be blind in one eye and have but one leg, but he believes his Sig Dog pin will always assure him of a job in spite of his shortcomings. In many respects he is right. His frat pin may give him the edge over a competitor who is fully as capable as Frat Man but has no Sig Dog pin.

Occasionally a Rushee may stop before he pledges a fraternity to analyze his position and the issues at stake. He realizes that when he pledges a fraternity he must conform completely to his fraternity brothers' conception of a jolly good fellow. If they are flag-wavers, he is exposed to flag-wave-itis; if they are asinine prigs, he must become a full-fledged prig. He realizes that no matter how obnoxious or imbecilic his fraternity brothers are, it is much more convenient and healthy if he endures them and



makes a pretense of liking them. Frat Man must admit that the thing most sacred to any man, his individuality, is placed in extreme jeopardy. From the cut of his hair to the color of his underwear he must conform to all the specifications of a man of Sig Dog.

Frat Man is also aware that he is spending money for things which are trivial and unimportant but which have taken on tremendous proportions in his eyes. He knows that he would be as healthy, as well-dressed; he knows he would have more money to save or spend at his pleasure if he were Independent. He must admit to himself that he is bowing before his warped sense of values.

But he counters these arguments with a loving pat of his house pin. That pin is a symbol for all the advantages that will accrue from his being a fraternity man. With it he definitely rates with the women. It is concrete proof that he is socially acceptable; it is a door-opener, even though it is up to Frat Man to put his foot in the door and keep it there. He knows, if he was an Independent before, that his days of arguing with oily-faced waitresses in bedlamic restaurants are over. He need not face an irate housemother for receiving late telephone calls, and he can get into the bathroom without waiting in line for fifteen minutes each morning. In short, he knows that his physical comfort will be greatly increased.

But when he stops kidding himself, Frat Man realizes that the real issue is this: "Should I give up my desire to be an objectively thinking, introspective, non-conforming individual in exchange for the prestige my fellows and the all-powerful female will give me when I join a fraternity?" If the question of money is disregarded, nine times out of ten he answers to himself, "It's not worth it, but I'll do it anyway."

Long live old Sig Dog! May Frat Man become the dullest twelfth vice-president that Acme Investment Council ever had!

## Strings Attached

JEAN BAYSINGER

*General Division I, Theme 5, 1942-1943*

**I** SLOWLY OPENED MY EYES, PRAYING THAT THEY would not look into those of the girl on "wake" duty. They did. "It's seven o'clock," she purred.

"Thank you," I mumbled automatically. At home I would have thrown something at anybody who dared awaken me at such an early hour. Here I thanked the person. I lowered myself to the floor from my upper bunk.

careful not to disturb the "active" sleeping below me. I padded out of the dormitory. A quick dash of cold water awakened me fully. Other girls were using the same method. Slushy "good mornings" were said in between toothbrushings. I dressed quickly, breakfasted more rapidly than I had dressed, and dashed for the library. Another day was started.

All pledges must be in the library from 8:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. during the hours they do not have classes. There must not be more than two girls at a table, and there must be three chairs between those two. The pledges may not converse. Thus, I sat at the end of a long table and gnawed my pencil. I mentally composed letters. During the week before, I had been given three demerits for writing a letter in the library. Another pledge had come home one night slightly inebriated and had also received three demerits. The scales of justice had been tipped unevenly!

I bit another notch in my pencil, thinking of the injustice of the merit system, the intricacies of which I will not try to explain in full. The only important fact concerning it is that the pledges must have six hundred merits to be initiated. Every week each pledge receives forty of these, minus whatever number of demerits she gets. If she receives thirty-five or fewer merits, she is "campused," not allowed out of the house for the week-end. The system resembles a giant puppeteer holding the controlling strings of twenty-three puppets. Certain strings enable the hands to open doors, answer telephones at all times, pull back chairs and seat the actives at the tables, light cigarettes, return books, carry laundry cases, and clean rooms. The main string of the marionette controls the head, forcing it to try to learn all there is to know about fraternities and sororities, to memorize songs and more songs, to think of clever stunts every Monday night, and to achieve high scholarship. The threads are so cleverly strung that the puppets are able to perform "wake" duty and "bell" duty—both thoroughly disagreeable jobs. "Wake" duty requires a pledge to rise at 6:45 A.M. and to awaken all the other girls at the times they specified the night before. The fact that the one on the first duty eats little or no breakfast and goes to class sans make-up because of the lack of time, is unimportant to the actives. The poor little pledge on "bell" duty studies in her room. Did I say studies? She bobs up and down answering phones, buzzing and calling for elusive actives, and ordering "cokes" for and relaying messages to them. All day the puppet must respond to the tug of the strings. Only late at night do they cease pulling and does the puppet fall limp.

I took the eraser off my pencil as I sat thinking of strings. The strings must be tough at lunch and dinner time to hold back the pledges while the actives flow into the dining room first. The threads must assume a greenish hue in the evenings to match the pledges as they watch the actives go laughing out the door with their dates, while they, the pledges, face a long session in seminar.

I gathered up my books and went to class. The usual day followed—two or three classes in the morning; the bright oasis of lunch in the day; an afternoon of classes, work, activities, and dates; a long, pleasant dinner; study hall; and bedtime.

The bed felt even more wonderful at night than it had when I had left it in the morning. I nestled far down in the covers. The girl next to me, who was sound asleep, suddenly said, "The music always stinks."

I lay there thinking of how the house must look to someone passing outside. It would be just a large white sorority house, dark and still. Only the people within would know the warmth and friendship that existed there. I slowly realized that the strings supported the pledges as much as they pulled them. The controlling puppeteer moved the marionettes in the right directions and correct ways and always prevented them from falling. I realized, also, that when they had proved themselves able, the pledges would walk on as actives. The house seemed then like a great white ship riding at anchor, held fast by the many golden anchors worn over the hearts of girls and women around the world and protected by shining little shields.\*

\*The anchor is the emblem or pin of the Delta Gamma sorority, and the little shield is the pledge pin.

## Cousin Hepzibah Stays the Night

DAVID RARICK

*Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1942-1943*

WE WERE JUST SETTLING OURSELVES DOWN FOR another session with Dr. I. Q. We children would rather hear "The Phantom's Revenge," which comes on at the same time, but Mother says we ought to listen to something educational and absorb some culture on Sunday evenings. Well, as I was saying, we were waiting for the sixty-four dollar question when bam, bam, bam, someone pounds on the door like they were trying to bust it down.

Before my mother can get there, it opens, and in walks a dame and a cabby with two big suitcases. She has white hair and a grey squirrel-skin coat and has a lot of class in an antediluvian sort of way. I decide she's got the wrong address and go back to the radio. You could knock me over with a feather when Mother lets out a yell, "Cousin Hepzibah!" and they start kissing each other.

When Mother gets around to introducing me, I expect the visitor to get sort of dewy-eyed like they all do and say as how she used to know me when I was a little, tiny baby, and how people do grow. Instead she hands me



four bits to pay the cabby with when he comes in with the next load, and stares at the plate of cookies Mother is bringing in from the kitchen. "Poison," she breathes, "poison in its most insidious form." While Mother stands there with her mouth open and I am trying to remember what *insidious* means, she goes on to tell how sugar leaches the body of all its mineral salts, which is all news to me. What really sets me back on my heels is when she says how glad she is to be here to save us children from an early grave. Whereupon she sits down and begins poisoning herself and invites Mother to do the same. When I ask her if older people can gradually build up an immunity to such things, and should I maybe start getting an immunity, she just smiles in a vague sort of way and says will I be a good boy and show her her room, as it is her hour for quiet meditation.

I think she's crazy, but I don't say anything. "Yes," she says, and I can see she's nettled by the lack of comment, "we all ought to explore our minds in an hour of celestial contemplation before retiring. And since I have become a Noble of the Light, this sublime practice has become doubly meaningful to me." I take her upstairs to her room. At the door she asks me would I bring her some rainwater to drink, because she's afraid to drink the city water. Well, I pump her a pitcher and she drinks half of it right down, exclaiming as how unusually healthful and full-bodied it tastes. I don't mention it, but I wonder if it might be partly the dead cat I found in the cistern last week.

The next morning, over the coffee rolls, Cousin Hepzibah explains how not only sugar, but all fried things and white bread and crackers and practically everything else we eat is deadly poison to the human body, and proceeds to prove it as a scientific fact. She sounds so convincing that I am almost ready to believe it myself. Then she says as how she's discovered the perfect and complete diet, a sort of soup called the Elixir of Life made of beet greens and potato peelings boiled in buttermilk. I ask her if she has ever tried this diet, and she says that it is time for her meditations, so will we please excuse her for a few minutes. I guess she didn't hear what I said.

Promptly at nine o'clock the same cabby comes to take her to the station. I guess she had arranged with him the night before, because he bams on the door and walks right in to get her bags. As she tells us goodbye she says she hopes we realize how dangerous barbital is. I didn't think we were in much danger, because we never did go in much for those foreign dishes. When the taxi goes around the corner she leans out and yells that the long list of barbital catastrophes must never be forgotten.

"Mother," I says, when the cab is out of sight, "do you think that Cousin Hepzibah is sort of queer sometimes?"

"No," Mother answers, "no, indeed. That is just the way she acts." And if anyone would know about that, Mother would, since Cousin Hepzibah is her own third cousin.



# Lincoln, Sandburg, and I

ARTHUR MINER

*Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1942-1943*

"SOME BOOKS ARE TO BE TASTED, OTHERS TO BE swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." Sandburg's biography of Lincoln is one book which I thoroughly "chewed and digested." I believe that it has made a greater impression on me and on my thinking than any book I have ever read. It has materially changed my ideas on politics and on history and my judgment of people.

I used to have an unflattering opinion of politics and politicians. Politics was an unmanly profession, a dishonest game; and politicians were its players. I thought politics was a game because one's fortunes ebbed and flowed with public opinion, because one tried to maneuver the different party factions. I thought it was unmanly because the politician had to cater to popular opinion; to get into office and stay there he had to do what the people wanted him to do. I believed a statesman to be more dignified and manly; he went his own way and made his own judgments, and, if unpopular, he withstood the storm of public disapprobation with heroic silence.

But after reading Sandburg's monumental work, I see I was wrong. A truly great statesman cannot go his own way; he must take heed of the wishes of the people—that is, if he is a democratic statesman. And, above all, he cannot answer public criticism with silence for very long and still remain in office. And if he sincerely believes himself to be right, it is as much his duty to attempt to maintain himself in office and push through those measures he believes to be for the interest of the country, as it is for him to give up office when he believes he is in the wrong or has lost the support of the people. It takes a statesman's brain to draft a good law, but quite often it takes a politician's nimble fingers to get it passed.

*Abraham Lincoln: the War Years* shows this only too clearly. Time and time again Lincoln had to play the politician's tricks, had to pull "wires" and give away a few offices in order to get the needed votes to pass a piece of legislation. Early in the war he deemed the admittance of Nevada into the Union very desirable, as he foresaw a time when her vote would be necessary to pass an emancipation act. Three "doubtful" Congressmen provided the necessary majority. He asked Henry Dana to see the men and offer them any offices they wanted if they would vote for annexation. Dana saw the Congressmen; the Congressmen voted as requested; and three of their friends took over lucrative Federal jobs. Dirty politics? Probably, but there is a saying that "the end justifies the means." In this case, without Nevada's vote, the amendment to free the slaves would not have passed.

In issuing the Emancipation Proclamation Lincoln was influenced by its effect upon public opinion. Upon the advice of Seward, he delayed issuing it until the long string of Union defeats should be broken by a victory so that it would not seem as if the government was begging for the Negroes' help in suppressing the rebellion. But Lincoln could be firm, as was shown by this same Emancipation Proclamation. His cabinet were unanimous against issuing it, but Lincoln stood by his own judgment—excepting Seward's previously stated suggestion—and issued it anyway.

Lincoln also kept many public officials in office, not because they were valuable and competent, but because they had large public followings they could bring to the support of the government. General MacClarnand was not a good general, but he had a strong following among the Southern Illinois Democrats. By keeping him in command, Lincoln made sure these people were kept more or less loyal to the government. And many of the German generals—Schofield, for instance—were kept in command because the government needed not their ability, which was sometimes quite mediocre, but their immense popularity with the Germans.

The book also gave me a greater insight into the value of history; it showed me that history is not merely a story of past events but is very useful in solving present-day problems. In many of his judgments Lincoln was influenced by history. Especially was this so in the "Trent Affair." Recalling that American resentment to British impressment of Americans on the high seas was the chief cause of the War of 1812, he decided to acquiesce to the British demands and release Mason and Seidel, who had been taken off an English ship and placed in an American prison. By so doing he believed he proved that England had been wrong in the War of 1812 and that America had been right.

But, perhaps more important than anything else, the book changed my standards in the judging of people. After reading the intense criticism which was directed against Lincoln, I begin to doubt much of the present-day criticism of many prominent men in public affairs. Before I read the book I was intensely opposed to Roosevelt and his policies. Now, although I don't agree with everything he says and does, I believe he is by far the best available man for the office.

During his presidency, Lincoln suffered severe criticism, not all of it from his political opponents. Many members of his own party, such as Charles Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens, were quite critical of his policies. And many intelligent and serious men, such as Charles Francis Adams, minister to England, Samuel Morse, the inventor of the telephone, and Longfellow, the poet, wrote letters in which they showed slight respect for his education and ability. They considered him lacking in correct judgment and slow in action.

And his Illinois background, so beautifully portrayed in the *Prairie*

Years, left some things lacking. Far from perfect in his dress and speech and manners, Lincoln had other traits which were not up to the popular standard. He was accused of being an atheist, and, if attendance at church is the measure of one's Christianity, he was an atheist. He was guilty of leaving his wife standing at the altar and of such things as being willing to assist pigs out of mud-holes while leaving ladies in his presence to shift for themselves. And he frequently had to bail his friends, Herndon and Lamon, out of jail after a drunken carousal. If you judge a man by the company he keeps, you could sometimes doubt Lincoln's character.

But all these things, while very important to his contemporaries, are now forgotten. They are overshadowed by his proven greatness. I learned that the important thing is not how a man does it but what he does that shows his worth.

## If I Could Reform My High School

WILFRED KRAEGEL

*Proficiency Examination, 1942-1943*

AT SOME TIME OR OTHER EVERY HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT has had an almost uncontrollable urge to take over the teacher's chair. The purpose might vary from wanting the teacher to stand in the corner for a change to wanting the power a teacher exerts over his students. That has never seemed a high enough prize for me, however, for I want to be the principal.

I am not moved by these urges I have mentioned before; I have as my reason a higher purpose—higher in my opinion anyway. I want to start a program of student government in my high school and help to bring the same idea to other high schools.

Student government is not a radically new proposal. It has been tried in many high schools in this region and throughout the country, and it has been far from unsuccessful. I assume, therefore, that if it has been done successfully elsewhere, it can, with proper modifications, become a successful venture in my high school.

If this plan were followed, it would not only make my life as principal much easier, but it would also benefit the school and the student body. A well-organized program could accomplish things in the school that would otherwise never be gained.

The best plan of this sort is modeled after a city government. The officers in this type of plan would include a mayor, the personnel of a city board, guards, and the personnel of a city court. All these officers would be



able to attain office only through popular election by the student body, a certain scholastic average being the only other prerequisite. These officers would run their affairs much as they are run in a city. They would take care of laws, rules, improvements in the school, and certain ideals; these ideals might be furtherance of extra-curricular activities, better study habits, better school spirit, and better behavior. The court would deal with infractions of laws and would mete out fitting punishments to the violators. These officers, and the court especially, would be on their honor to keep fairness and impartiality above everything. For the restraining hand which would be quite necessary, a group of faculty members would be chosen to see that nothing got out of hand. These faculty members, however, would have to acquire a cooperative spirit. And there we have the rough organization.

The students would receive the most benefits under this plan. It would give them, first of all, a chance to have things the way they want them, in a reasonable way. Best of all, it would give them valuable experience in our democratic way of life. It would teach responsibility—a lesson which they will have to learn—and it would give them the beginning of experience in political affairs. The general purpose of all this would be to make them better citizens. And this is no mean accomplishment in the world of today.

The school itself would also benefit, because better order usually follows this plan. The students want to be proud of the record they make, and no student relishes being tried before the court.

The few obstacles that might arise could quickly be taken care of by proper action, and the benefits would far outweigh any of these.

## If I Could Reform My High School

HARRIET AGNEW

*Proficiency Examination, 1942-1943*

I WOULD BEGIN WITH THE PRINCIPAL. FIRST, I'D GIVE him a lecture of an hour and fifteen minutes. (He used to do that to us.) "Mr. Principal," I'd say, in a very domineering tone, "I think it is high time you began to think of your high school students as near-adults, instead of children. You evidently don't realize how bitter some of your seniors are because you persist in addressing them as 'children.' Picture yourself at a desk in the assembly with eighty other students. Imagine how you would feel if the telephone rang and the principal, answering, said 'Just a moment. I'll ask the children what time the game starts.' You'd feel bitter, too, wouldn't you? And don't you really think you were a little cruel at com-



mencement time? Do you remember how they sent the class president and four of the class leaders to you, to see if you wouldn't permit them to march into the gym and up to the platform on commencement night? And do you remember how you said—very flatly and defiantly, too—that you 'thought it would save time if they were seated on the platform when the curtain rose'? Well, it did save time. It saved time to such an extent that the sixteen graduates still feel the sting of your refusal, and will never forget it. Don't you really believe that if you would take time to think things over and would consult your students more about matters in which they will be active participants, you would be better liked by them and they would be more willing to adhere to your wishes? Why don't you do some hard thinking?" Then I would leave, and let him think it over. (You thought I was rather cruel?—You should have seen some of the things he did to us!)

From the office I would go to the Assembly, and there I'd talk to the students—individually, at first, and then in a group. I would try to explain to them some of the problems that a principal faces. I would let them be the principal for a minute or two, and would show them the hundreds of things a principal must carry on his mind all the time. I would reveal to them their attitude toward him, and would show them how, with a little thought and care, they could make his life a bed of roses without the thorns. I would impress upon their minds the fact that a principal has not only his problems but also the problems of the entire faculty to solve. I would show them a little of the responsibility which is placed upon his shoulders by the local Board of Education. Then I would suggest that they think it over, while I hurried down to the boiler room.

Ah—I knew it! There would sit the janitor, a cigar hanging precariously from his mouth, a comic book in his hand. (And all the while the students would be shivering and shaking from a severe epidemic of cold radiators.) I would scold him soundly, and when I would finish talking, the radiators would be hissing and popping in frenzied glee.

My next stops would be at each teacher's room. I would talk to them, oh, very kindly, about the principal, and explain his responsibility to them, and ask if they couldn't help him by refusing to make horrible crimes from school-boy pranks (putting one of the pickled snakes from the biology lab. in the home ec. teacher's frying pan on banquet night, for example). When I had finished talking, they would be purring—like cats, I'll wager!

If I were still alive when I finished these helpful conferences, I would telephone the school board and make a few suggestions as to the addition of athletic equipment, the rearrangement of the lights so that the light would not shine directly on the students' faces, and the building of a fire escape. I would also suggest that they rearrange the heating plant; it is a fire-trap, and very dangerous.

# "They Gave Their Merry Youth"

JOAN RALSTON

*Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1942-1943*

I HAVE JUST SEEN A FOOTBALL GAME. OUR TEAM LOST, but the defeat was not important; I probably will soon forget the score. But on the stadium wall I saw, just before going in, an inscription that, for the rest of the afternoon, vibrated through my thoughts. Carved in solid, lasting stone were the words, "They gave their merry youth for country and for God."

As I walked on, I tried to believe that these lives lost in the last war had been given to God and that our country was saved by their sacrifices, but I could not. How can I believe in evasive truths? How can I believe in "American ideals"? How can I hold a gripping faith in the "Allied cause," whatever it may be, when I am in a building dedicated to death—to the deaths that resulted from others' believing in "American ideals" and "Allied causes for war," those trite phrases thrown at one whenever he begins to doubt the possibility of wars' ever accomplishing a prolonged peace? I was disturbed. "Perhaps, after all, there is nothing for which 'merry youth' should be sacrificed," I argued to myself, "for who can say that the supreme right is here, and now we must all die for it?"

With these thoughts I finally reached my seat in the stadium high above the field. I forgot my troubled cogitations for awhile in the excitement of the game, but all of a sudden, when I had time to look around me, I felt what it was I believed in. The feeling came from seeing forty thousand people sitting under an autumn sun to watch twenty-two husky boys coordinating in an all-American game while an airplane dipped now and then in a cloudless sky; it came from seeing, across the fields hazy with sunlight, the buildings in which boys and girls were getting the education that could some day guide the world. This is not a feeling that we, the Americans, have the only way of life and that those we are fighting should someday live the American way; rather, it is an emotion, a thrill, a sense of happiness and complacency which results in an unreasoning belief in what our country is doing in this war.

The words, songs, and patriotic phrases which have spurred others on, I analyze only to find they are empty words. All I can believe in is that "American Feeling" I got at the football game, and, that others might have it for years to come, I would "give my merry youth."

# My Home Town and the War

WILLIAM G. ROSEN

*Proficiency Examination, 1942-1943*

PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE, IS A SMALL TOWN ON the eastern coast whose only claim to fame is the Portsmouth Navy Yard, which actually is in Kittery, Maine. The people of Portsmouth pride themselves on their intellect and their awareness of what is going on in the world. At the time of the Munich Sacrifice they said, in their barber-chair conversations, that our country should assert itself. When Hitler marched on Poland they said that "we" should get in it and end it. But they actually didn't know who "we" was. It wasn't their sons or brothers—it was some mysterious, intangible quantity. The draft came and "we" assumed a faint outline. John Muhalsly, from over on Dennett Street, no longer worked in the grocery store. Joe O'Neil was taken from the Yard—gosh! And so it went. Gasoline became hard to get. There were no plumbers, carpenters, electricians, or painters available for any private work. Either they had been drafted or were "on the Yard." "We" now had a definite shape. Complaints were 50 percent of a normal conversation, and humor was rapidly disappearing. Then the Japanese forgot all the psychology they had learned in American universities and bombed Pearl Harbor without warning.

Portsmouth was puzzled. The United States at war? Ridiculous! No, not so ridiculous. For news came that Joe O'Neil had been killed in that initial attack. Then Portsmouth got mad—and when New Hampshire people get mad, watch out! They hitched up their pants, rolled up their sleeves, and dug in. So much was done that it would be impossible to tell a fraction of it. Ninety-five percent of the women in town attended first-aid classes. The businessmen stayed in lonely towers on cold, wintry nights as airplane spotters. All this because "we" had become real—"we" was the grocer, the mayor, the newspaper boy, the banker, the laborer, and the housewife. "We" was everybody—and everybody realized it.

Portsmouth today is a changed town. New workers, sailors from American and foreign ships, soldiers from the harbor ports, and prostitutes from the South have doubled the population. Yet the oldtimers still determine the temperament. There is very little gasoline, almost no beef, practically no coffee, and absolutely no chocolate in Portsmouth. Still, humor and complaints have changed positions. A store had a sign which read, "Come In. We Haven't Anything to Sell—But We'll Have a Lot of Fun." People are drinking milk, eating frankfurters—and liking it. Merchants pledged that 50 percent of the total receipts of September 15, 1942, would be spent to buy bonds. The town, being in a dim-out area, looks deserted



after sunset. The street lights are painted out, traffic lights have only slits, no store or theatre windows are on—yet Portsmouth is more alive now than ever before.

I have no doubt that this same scene is happening in countless other American towns. That makes me rather smug and satisfied. For when I see Portsmouth and multiply what I see by thousands—well, I wonder why the Japanese were as foolish as they were.

## Build-Up for a Let-Down

DOROTHY KELAHAH

*Proficiency Examination, 1942-1943*

A FEW YEARS AGO, A SMALL TOWN IN CENTRAL Illinois was just beginning to work itself free from the clutch of post-war depression, as its people slowly but surely emerged from the darkness to make their way back to a better standard of living. It would take time perhaps to regain the necessities of life, but they were determined.

Today, as the world rocks in the throes of another war, that small town is a "boom town." Gone and forgotten are the days when men roamed the streets in search of enough work to earn a loaf of bread. Weary, discouraged, and repeatedly turned down, they were driven on by the cries of ragged and hungry children at home. Now all that is gone, pushed back into the darkness with other things man wishes to forget.

With the coming of war, long-idle factories opened their doors and beckoned. Thousands of working men answered that call, and thousands more, with their families, poured in from surrounding states. Houses began to spring up wherever there was room, as the town expanded. Several defense plants were built within the town's limits, and more men and women went to work. The lure of money even drew boys in high school away from their education. Now there is enough for everyone, with plenty left over.

That town today is a happy town, and I'm glad it's happy, because it's my home town. But the pessimist in me looks forward to the day when this war will be over and this little town will droop again. Of course I want this war to end. We all do. But my heart aches for this little town, for the day will come, as surely as the inevitable post-war depression will come, when those defense plants and factories will close their gates to shut out men in search of honest work, and houses will stand empty on the edge of town. Then, as before, her citizens will wonder at the futility of existence, as their children roam the streets in search of the food which their parents cannot provide.



# A Boxing Match

HORACE HARDY

*Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1942-1943*

I CAN'T REALLY DESCRIBE THE WAY YOU FEEL WHEN the gong sounds and you look across the ring and see your opponent coming off the ropes and adjusting his rubber mouthpiece with his tongue. You wish you could lie down on the canvas and be sick in peace. You hunch your shoulders to limber them and start walking toward him, and quite suddenly you're no longer trembling, no longer cold, and everything your second whispered to you comes back clearly. You take a little shuffling step before dropping into your crouch, a sort of bravado; then you eye him cautiously from behind the protection of your gloves, and try to estimate your chances of hitting him before he hits you. You shuffle around him, always toward his left, and he shuffles too, advancing, retreating, but at ever the same distance from you. He lashes out at you, and you throw up your arm and deflect his blow. The impact is a release, and you poke at him, trying to catch him while his arm is out of position. Too late; he's been watching for that, has withdrawn his arm and cocked it in front of his body. But you have both attempted something; now, content to wait and counterattack, you resume your circling, warily.

He pokes at you, and this time your return strikes his cheek; he steps away from you, and you let him. You immediately realize that you should have followed him up, but it's too late for that now. Wait, and probably the chance will come again. He attempts to deceive you by weaving, but you crouch stolidly and watch his hands. Presently tiring of that, you strike at his head; he evades your blow and cuts into your ribs with a clean left hand that saps your wind. You try to get away from him; he is alert, and stabs you several times more, wicked blows around the heart. Your guard drops a little, and he seizes this opportunity to lambaste you on the jaw with a hard right. You immediately grab him around the body, and around the arms, too, if you can get them, and hang on, breathing in as much air as you can. The referee roughly catches your fingers and breaks your hold. Putting your arms up again, you pretend vast indifference to your opponent's best efforts, and possibly snarl at him. Ignoring your attitude, he squares off, dances slightly, and throws an enthusiastic punch at your head. You let the blow slip around your neck, and pound his ribs with both hands from your position in close to him. He grunts and slips away. You follow him, striking at him; he retreats. You try to trap him in a corner, but he is too clever to be done in as easily as that. The bell rings.

You go to your corner and sit down on the stool. Your handlers assure

you that he didn't hurt you and that you can lick him in this round. You say, "Sure, sure," and they slop water over your chest. They hand you a bottle; you take some water in your mouth, swish it around, and spit it out. One of the men is rubbing your legs. The bell rings again.

You walk out to the center of the ring and drop into your crouch. He comes at you a moment later, intent on a quick decision. Then, while you absorb a blow on your arm, you watch him. He telegraphs his rights rather badly, you notice; you resolve to try to hit him the next time you see him do it. You stick out your left hand, and he brushes it aside. He swings at you, a wild blow; you step in underneath his arm and smash your glove into his stomach. He grunts again, and you know that he's been hurt. Quickly, you drive your other glove up into his face. Baffled, he steps back; you follow, unleashing a hard right that lands solidly just below his heart. He pivots slightly; your left thuds against his ribs. Off balance, he goes down, more pushed over than knocked down. He gets up promptly, shaking his head. He stands quietly, his hands in front of him, waiting for you to start some action. You advance on him, your guard down, almost absent, as you openly invite him to try to hit you. Suddenly, he complies: his snake-like left bounces off your cheek. That he has been able to hit you at all seems unethical to you, in a way; you stagger backwards, trying to set your feet, but he pounces after you. His right hand comes whistling up and cracks against your jaw. You fall into the ropes, still on your feet; they give, then recover, throwing you at him. You put your impetus into a wild swing which he cannot totally avoid. Swaying, you now face him. You watch; his right hand quivers, cocks, and at that moment you stab him with a left that throws him off balance. Now comes your opportunity, the opportunity that you have made. You smash your gloves into his body, and his guard drops; you have a clear shot at his head, and you clip him alongside the ear with a left hook. He backs, throwing up his hands to protect his face. Your right glove sinks into his stomach. He doubles up, defense forgotten in the pain, and you strike his jaw with your Sunday punch, a thundering right cross. You feel him sink away from you—that feeling is power. He falls to the canvas, rolls over, gets to his knees, and waits for the count of seven before getting up. You are there instantly, hovering over him; you throw a vicious left that rocks him, follow with a stinging right, and let go your right cross again. He twists as he falls, thuds hollowly as he strikes the mat. He is going to stay down this time, you are quite sure. He writhes at first, but is very still by the time the referee finishes counting over him.

You walk back to your corner, feeling very smug; they put a robe around your shoulders. It clings stickily to you, and you try to take it off; but they won't let you. You go back to the other corner now, and see your opponent. He grins feebly at you and says something; you mutter stock

phrases. The referee has held up your hand, and you still feel great. And then—suddenly—you feel tired and nervous and cold again. Your handlers help you through the ropes and back to your dressing room. They help you onto a table, where some man works on your muscles with his hands, in an effort to relax you. Some people have come in, and you assure them that you never had any doubt about the outcome. After you have said it several times, you begin to believe it. Everyone is impressed by your prowess but your manager. "Yah!" he says. "You stink!" It is useless to argue, because he is right. "Someday you're gonna try grand-standing," he says, "and you're gonna get knocked out."

"Haven't seen the man yet who could do it," you grin. You're starting to feel better again.

## Problem Child

ANITA HESS

*Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1942-1943*

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY IS A VERY INTERESTING SUBJECT. I don't like to brag, or seem to be anything but the most modest of people, but I'm sure that a person who is interested in children and the strange workings of their minds would have found in me the best and most complex of subjects. I know that every child does his share of mischief, and gets into some trouble, but I seemed to delight in playing "tricks" on people whom I disliked. They weren't cute, innocent pranks—they were mean, destructive. As I write of them, these detours from growing up seem funny, but they really weren't. In fact, I began taking so many of these little "detours" that Mother became panic-stricken. Then a neighbor told her about a doctor who was supposed to be "very good with problem children." At the mere thought of taking me to a doctor who specialized in "problem children," Mother became frightened; therefore, she and Daddy decided that they would take me to the doctor only as a last resort and that, in the meantime, they would try some of their own "psychology" on me.

I have read about criminals' having the "lust to kill"; it sounds horrible, but that's the way I felt one day. A very nice old lady who lived next door to us always had some very delicious sugar cookies which she used to give to me whenever I happened to be passing her door. Of course I always expected them; therefore, when, one day, she refused to give me any (just because I threw mud on her porch), I decided that I would poison her. The method I used was unique. I had some red, blue, and black crepe paper



hidden somewhere. I took this paper and stuffed it down her well. There, the dye in the paper would dissolve in the water, and when she drank it she would die. Fortunately, she noticed the peculiar color of the water. When it was found out that I had done this, my Daddy had to pay for having her well drained, and I carried little buckets of water over every day as my punishment. But being punished didn't work. The only thing I was sorry about was the fact that I had no more crepe paper.

Then there was the time I almost got arrested for burglary. (I would have been the youngest guest the jail ever had.) It was Friday evening, and one of my friends and I were sitting on the porch thinking how hungry we were. A thought came to my mind. The people next door were the owners of the grocery store on the corner. We would ask them to open the store and charge the food to my mother. They refused to do this little favor for us, so we decided on our own way. I took a brick, ran to the corner, broke the window which had the Ritz cracker display, took a box of crackers, and walked away. My conscience didn't bother me at all. The one thing that did bother me did not happen until the next morning, when Daddy found out what I had done. That was the only time in my life that I got a really A-1 spanking; but it did no good, either.

After the spanking, all was quiet for about a week, and my folks looked so relieved. Then, one quiet Sunday afternoon when everybody was home resting, I aroused the neighborhood with loud yells. My parents rushed outside to see me standing over the unconscious figure of Billy, a friend of mine, with a monkey wrench in my hand. The doctor was called; then came a half-hour interval in which I had hysterics. We found out that Billy was all right, and Daddy said that I seemed to realize the seriousness of what I had done, for hadn't I cried for half an hour? Therefore, he said that he thought I had been punished already. Instead of letting bygones be bygones, I immediately explained that I had not been crying because I was sorry, but because I was afraid that if I had killed him, I would be put in jail. That was the last straw. It was now the doctor's turn. Perhaps the scientific way would work.

Early the next morning Mother and I drove in to see the doctor, and if I could write my story as wholeheartedly as Mother told it, I would get an excellent grade on this theme. He told Mother that, being an only child, I was very spoiled, that I didn't have enough to do to keep me occupied. In a few months I was no longer the only child; also, I started going to school. The doctor was right, for nobody paid any attention to me if I was mean (they were much too occupied with the new baby); furthermore, I was so busy in school that I didn't have time for those things any longer. The doctor, even now, remembers me and says that I am his most successful case.



# Another Language

LORENA ROSS

*Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1942-1943*

IF YOU ARE A NOTHING-NEW-UNDER-THE-SUN THINKER, please read no further. This is written for the creative individual, hungry for untouched material in which to sink his teeth. Let such a rare person then consider the possibility of a true visual conception of music, not as the listener's idle sweeping fancy, but as a sensible expression in the media of color, abstract forms, and motion. Yes, a blanket statement of this sort certainly calls for an explanation. I shall attempt an explanation of this form of art interpretation by approaching it from its three component sides: first, motion; then, abstract forms; and finally, color.

Here is an opportunity to make use of one of the almost endless possibilities of motion pictures. No other form of interpretation has the advantage of constant movement parallel to that of the music. A single picture would represent only a snapshot of the most infinitesimal part of any one stage in the music's development. My suggestion is a particular type of film to be shown in synchronization with its music.

Under such an arrangement musical themes can be represented by forms. The sharpness, squareness, curve, and interweave of the musical pattern can be shown. A concise theme can be outlined, or a muddled, furry theme worked into the film. An artist can clearly show rhythmical patterns, and melodic lines can be shown against accompanying figures of harmony. In contrapuntal writings, voice patterns could be clearly followed throughout.

One can see the superiority, for this purpose, of abstract forms as opposed to familiar physical forms. Mainly for this reason, the suggested means of expression is not a "Fantasia" sort of entertainment using forms with which we have a daily association. Such familiar forms become unsatisfying since they immediately bring to mind a flood of past experiences, a response of previously traveled thought-trails. Therefore, only purely abstract forms can honestly express the music alone.

Nor is it quite fair to compare this type of music interpretation to a "color-organ," although such an idea more nearly approaches it than anything with which I am familiar. However, the "color-organ" does not use clearly outlined forms, nor does it attempt to picture the construction of the themes.

Pitch vibrations and timbre would constitute the color. Shrillness, thinness, dullness, brightness, weightiness of tone may be shown in color. Intensity of tone also may be shown by intensity of color. To a degree, the tone vibrations might be said to be in alignment with the color chart. Certainly, musicians speak of "white" or "dark" tones. The variety of this

timbre, or quality, as achieved by the use of different instruments might be shown in varying degrees of color.

How does one go about this? What skills are required on the part of the ambitious individual who attempts a work embodying so many fields of artistic endeavor? The use of motion pictures alone requires technical skill in production and synchronization. In order to evolve and present explanations or exact interpretations to others, one must be the owner of a keenly analytical mind. Certainly the knowledge which the artist possesses of color and design is essential. The musician's understanding of musical forms and constructions is also necessary. These last two excellent talents would, however, do little good unless united by one further quality. The musico-artist must possess that undefinable, yet practiced, ability of both artist and musician to compose with balance and coherence.

Attention must now be given to the musico-artist's limitations. The man who can completely outline a symphony will be as rare as the artist who consistently hits a high in each of his paintings. There are bound to be blind spots which only create a challenge; and it can be seen that the eternal striving would be for clarity. Secondly, even with the constant motion of this form of interpretation the observer is unable at any one time to see the composition as a whole.

Much may be said in defense of the existence of this idea as a highly logical form of art interpretation. It will be argued that to "tear the music apart" is to "spoil the effect." What nonsense! In order to prove that to understand is not to destroy the value of music, I see that I must first prove the absurdity of the "musical sensualist." It is he who attends symphony concerts armed with no knowledge whatsoever of musical forms. He wallows in the emotional sweep of the music; and his emotion is nothing more than the result of primitive reactions to rhythm and tone vibrations. Little intellect is required to experience such a sensuous response.

That a disciplined study of music can bring a more complete satisfaction in enjoyment is evident, since such a study is void of over-emotionalism and vagueness. However, this discipline requires courage and mental stamina, and should be carried further than the beginner's first smug satisfaction after having mastered the bare rudiments of sonata form.

The suggested moving interpretation is a method by which the need for a visual expression can be answered. As an example, it is often difficult for a student to "follow through" a voice in contrapuntal style. This would be remedied if he could see the voice. I do not mean to suggest, however, that such a graphic art be used merely as a teaching device.

The logic of such a form of interpretation must be stressed. Such an art is not to be dismissed as a purely imaginative one, but seen as a completely sensible idea. I venture to say that it is more sensible, in fact, than the writing down of notes, since all component parts may be represented.

Pitch, rhythm, intensity, timbre, consonances, dissonances, and form (that is, melody, harmony, and counterpoint) may be seen as well as heard.

Finally we are approached by the crowning question of doubt. "Yes, but what is it worth?" It is exactly as valuable as the artist's attempts to re-create a form or idea. It is just as worthy of recognition as are the author's efforts at putting thoughts into new word combinations. It is simply another language.

## My Pet Peeve

JAMES COLLINS

*Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1942-1943*

UNFORTUNATELY, MY CHIEF INTEREST IN HUMAN beings is limited to one. However, I consider myself no more short-sighted than most people. I take pride in trying to understand others and in not forming opinions too quickly about those who completely baffle me. I fight, with moderate success, the natural instinct that makes me believe that what I do and think is right, and that those who differ from me are wrong. So, admitting that I am human and frail, I wish to present one of my few stern complaints concerning too many of the people in my own little world. I hate insincerity.

Insincerity: like a story from *Esquire* or *The Woman's Home Companion* . . . like a white man pretending jazz in a two-and-a-half-dollar night club . . . like a prostitute imitating a virgin for a fifteen-year-old fifty-cent petrified kid . . . like the pledges and oaths of a Boy Scout, or a fraternity man, or a politician.

Insincerity: found first in timid or disgusted adults who couldn't get over what a fine young man you were . . . found in frustrated old maids who said what a smart little fellow you were to be a first-grader, or a high-school freshman, sophomore, junior, senior . . . found in the whirl of the eighth-grade social circle.

Insincerity: first used when the fear of being different overcame you—when all your friends seemed to know something that you didn't know—when you began to know the same thing that nobody knew. Fear brought it and has kept it with you until you call it a social necessity under the name of tact, or until you don't remember what sincerity is, or until you try to break away from the falseness and try to look someone in the eye.

Insincerity: that makes you fear your father and your friends . . . that grows in your mind like a cancerous disease; a disease that you want to throw off but don't dare because your whole world is sick with it. And you can't find a new world. And you're afraid to make a new world.

# Chicago

ANNABELLE FONGER

*Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1942-1943*

CHICAGO IS A TEEMING METROPOLIS, FILLED WITH noise and color. Towering skyscrapers loom into the sky; in the early morning sunlight they are pale, rose-tinted clusters of spires reflected in the gleaming blue waters of Lake Michigan, or at night alabaster monuments silhouetted against a blue-black sky. . . .

Life bursts with a great roar into the Loop, the business district of the city, which is encircled by a steel girdle. The elevated trains thunder above the crowds, street cars clang and screech, taxis and other vehicles work their way among the bustling, buzzing mobs. The river, like some huge snake, winds through the heart of it all, its waters alive with vessels carrying cargoes to and from the city. Trains roar in from the North, South, East, and West; more people pour into the City. A murky cloud shuts out the sky, settling on everything and everyone.

Chicago is an industrial dream. It is a chaos of steam, and smoke, and steel, and fire, and work, work, work. . . . The poor sweat out their life's blood in the roaring monsters called factories, and drag themselves home to some wretched hovel, bewildered, wondering if this is the Promised Land of which the poets sing. . . .

There are the "endless wooden miles of the poor West Side," miles of shanties and tenements, filth, squalor, disease, and poverty. On the South Side stretch the "stinking miles of stockyards," and the quarter million Negroes huddled in their tenements have forgotten the carefree days of old. . . .

Lake Shore Drive rushes through the Park; the palaces of the rich rise on one side; the lake shimmers on the other. Here is the fabulous "Gold Coast," that portion of the city where "society" dwells—the snooty old dowagers, the playboys, the debutantes, and other members of the "elect."

The suburbs lie on the city's outskirts. Even they feel the influence of the rush and bustle within. But at night, when the stars come out, and only a glow in the sky shows where the city lies, they settle down to the quiet hush of the country; here peace and silence reign, and people forget the cares and troubles of the day. . . .

Such is Chicago, a city with a history of miraculous growth, whose industry and labor have made her one of the most colorful and powerful cities in the world.



# Is Progress Painless?

JAMES BRECKENRIDGE

*Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1942-1943*

ONE TUESDAY AFTERNOON, I SAT DOWN AND BEGAN to read a letter from my father. As I scanned the page, one sentence held my attention with its significant meaning: "The Pickens have bought a combine!" I sat back and began to reflect upon the implications of that statement. It was truly a milestone, for it marked the end of threshing in our community. The Pickens were the last to abandon the thresher in favor of the combine.

In my reveries, I recalled my childhood excitement as I watched the approach of the "threshing rig." It was a colorful procession! The big steam engine rumbled slowly up the road, puffing billows of black smoke dispersed by puffs of white steam. Behind this fifteen-ton giant was attached an even larger machine, the separator. A somewhat nervous team followed the thresher, drawing a tank-wagon which rattled and sloshed at every bump. How cool its damp sides appeared!

As the caravan approached, the engineer always blew the whistle a few times to entertain his youthful admirers. The engineer was a striking character. When he grinned at the youngsters, he drew his lips back, revealing brilliant white false teeth silhouetted against the dingy black of his coal-smudged face. We were always impressed by the quantities of soot and coal dust which could adhere to his face.

After this dramatic entry into the yard, the work began. An hour was required to "set" the separator, "line up" the belt, raise the blower, and adjust the grain elevator. Presently, the big flywheel began to turn, and the job of threshing was begun.

A typical day featured long hours of hard labor. A fire had to be started in the firebox of the steam engine at four A. M. in order to have sufficient steam pressure at seven o'clock, when work usually began. The separator-man began work at six, as there were grease cups to fill and belts to put on and tighten.

By seven o'clock, the entire crew had assembled. If little or no dew was present, the bundle-haulers went immediately to the fields to "load up." Occasionally, a heavy dew or light rain prevented work until seven-thirty or eight o'clock.

The work progressed rapidly in the cool morning air; but, by ten o'clock, the heat of the sun was unbearable; and the men began to consume large quantities of water. The men at the machine and the grain-scoopers made frequent trips to the well for water. The bundle-haulers drank quantities

of the cool, sparkling beverage before and after pitching off each load. Every half-hour a gallon-jug of water was sent out to the four pitchers in the field; every half-hour an empty jug was returned for more water.

At eleven-thirty, the bundle-haulers began to unhitch and put their teams away—it was dinner time. The men who were fortunate enough to quit early spent their time joking and playing pranks on one another until dinner was ready. Promptly at twelve o'clock, the machine was shut down, and the men began to wash up. Four or five basins, three or four bars of soap, two tubs of water, and a dozen towels were provided for this event. As soon as the men were reasonably clean, everyone filed in to dinner. The table was loaded with huge quantities of meat, potatoes, gravy, vegetables, coffee, bread, and at least three different desserts. In less than twenty minutes, eighteen bulging men cautiously straightened up and waddled to the door. A few of the men could lie on the lawn for ten minutes while the bundle-haulers with empty racks hitched up their horses, and the separator-man hurried out to turn down grease cups and squirt a little oil on vital bearings.

By twelve-thirty, the machinery was running again at full speed, and the men were looking forward to quitting time, which came for individuals sometime between five-thirty and six-fifteen P. M.

When I was yet a youngster, I began to perceive certain changes in agriculture which were destined to alter the entire plan of work even to the elimination of the old custom of threshing. The gasoline tractor came into general use, and with it came many time- and labor-saving machines. It became possible to operate farms most of the year with fewer horses and fewer men. As a result, it became increasingly difficult to find the necessary men and horses for this one big job. For several years, the farmers tried to operate the machine without a full crew. This, of course, resulted in excessively hard labor for the individual men and harvesting delays which were both exasperating and expensive to the farm owner.

In 1939, one man in the neighborhood tried a combine; in 1940, two more men tried combines. After that, conversation among the threshing crew centered around a discussion of "them durn combines." The older men were positive that combines would not work, and they made every effort to prove their hypothesis. They would enter a field where a combine was operating and scratch around under the straw, gloating whenever they found a stray kernel. They seemed to forget the grain that went through the thresher with the straw; they seemed to forget the quantities of grain that were lost through the multiple handling inherent in the binder-thresher method of harvesting. They were appalled by the frightful labor of picking up the straw, although this labor was trivial when compared with the immense labor of shocking grain.

In spite of all these objections to combines, the threshing ring disinte-

grated, and the combine gradually assumed the duties of the thresher. This movement is now completed, as my father's letter indicated. The old thresher will no longer be operated in the community.

While I am fully in accord with this new, progressive method of harvest, I have a few regrets as I bid adieu to a bygone era. There is a lump in my throat as I recall those sweating, swearing men who cursed vehemently at their intelligent horses while they worked. The smell of sweat, the intense heat of the day, the cool taste of fresh water, the pleasure of eating heartily, and the pranks and stories of the other men are now to a large measure lost to me. I miss the fellowship with my neighbors. With a combine it is unnecessary to work with the neighbors at all. I miss the feeling of satisfaction which follows a day of hard labor. I miss the feeling of sweat on my forehead, as it gathers on my eyebrows and trickles down to the end of my nose, where it drips off in large salty drops. In the evening, I miss the feeling of the cool refreshing air as it fans my brow and seems to whisper, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

## The Moon Is Down by John Steinbeck

LORENA ROSS

*Rhetoric I, Theme 8, 1942-1943*

**S**URPRISINGLY ENOUGH, WISTFULNESS AND NOSTALGIA are elements of *The Moon Is Down*. The book is permeated with a terrible loneliness. Steinbeck has very effectively shown the mental reactions which this loneliness has brought upon a group of (supposedly) German officers in command of an occupied village. He deals with their human weaknesses in a thoroughly sympathetic manner. An example of this is his observation that "A man can be a soldier for only so many hours a day and for only so many months in a year, and then he wants to be a man again, wants girls and drinks and music and laughter and ease, and when these are cut off, they become irresistibly desirable." Concerning a further effect of their dismal isolation from all warmth and kindness, he says, "Fear crept in on the men in their billets and it made them sad, and it crept into the patrols and it made them cruel."

While the actions of the officers as a whole may be cruel, as the result of fear and loneliness, certainly the lovely little phrases with which the

author ties up his sentimental scenes are hardly in accord with his previously avowed Naturalism in *The Grapes of Wrath* and *Of Mice and Men*. For instance, he gives us, "Captain Bentick was a family man, a lover of dogs and pink children and Christmas." Again he says, "They talked of things that they longed for—of meat and of hot soup and of the richness of butter, of the prettiness of girls and of their smiles and of their lips and their eyes." He describes scenes in the winter night, "A small peak-roofed house beside the iron shop was shaped like the others and it wore its snow cap like the others." There is a recurrence of such phrases with a certain fresh simplicity throughout the book.

The reader suddenly finds himself in sympathy with the lonely conquerors. However, he is not really torn between two sympathies, those for the conquered and the conqueror, since clearly enough their hurts are one and the same. They succeed in the common destruction of all hope of the placid life which each, under peaceful conditions, would have chosen for himself. Their needs, too, as far as the individuals are concerned, are identical—freedom to direct their own lives in a self-determined manner, to love whom they please, to satisfy their own simple desires. Throughout the book one cannot help but see the macabre absurdity of such a struggle as this one with which we are now concerned.

I frankly doubt the existence of the sentimentalists who make up Steinbeck's German Army of Occupation. While the author is undoubtedly attempting merely to make them human, he makes them soft, complacent, weak. Perhaps the older German is left steeped in retrospect, but year upon year of government training in fallacious theories is bound to produce a generation of young men thinking in the same politically desirable groove. If there is any measure of revolt among the German youth, if there are young Germans who think for themselves, if some few are able, either by a leap of the imagination or by a happy accident in discovery of the truth outside of Germany, to break the bounds of Nazi doctrine, their faint mutterings are stifled. Optimistic as the outlook may be, we have all reason to believe that any such understandings among the German youth of conditions beyond the confines of the New Order are immediately crushed. Therefore, while the book may tell the story that we want to hear, we cannot relax and depend upon any weakness in Axis fighting spirit or police work to win the war for us.



# Women, Ugh!

ROGER RUBIN

*Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1942-1943*

WOMEN HAVE THE STUPEFYING GALL TO CONSIDER themselves equal to men. This disgusting situation is illustrated by the Great Trolley Car Farce of the 1930's. In former days, when men could regard women as being different from themselves, they were glad to rise in a crowded street-car to offer their seat to a lady. But soon women clamored for men's rights. They took over the polls; they took away the men's jobs; they began wearing pants; they ran for senator; they in every way subjugated their characteristics, both actively and passively, each in an effort to become the manliest little girl on her block. Men, in their characteristic and unselfish efforts to please, were willing to accept women in the latters' newly chosen status, even to permitting them to stand in a trolley car. But, as soon as the dashing young executive in the smart spring seersucker, with a briefcase in one hand and a cigarette in the other, swings lithely onto the trolley platform, the female is immediately transformed into a delicate, helpless, weak-kneed maiden in desperate need of a seat, but quick! Women nowadays not only want both to have their cake and to eat it, but they also insist upon employing a cook to make it.

Eve was divinely created to afford Adam entertainment and companionship, but that agreeable motive has somehow gotten lost in the historical scuffle. The modern housewife trots off at six o'clock sharp to make a speech for the Anti-Gutter Organization or some other vital unit, leaving her husband home to amuse himself with the riotous "Where the hell's that damn can-opener?" puzzle. Yet a woman still realizes that a man is a basic necessity; she feels that she must have someone to ignore.

The good old days were, after all, the best. The ideal life is that pictured on the murals in museums of ancient history and prehistoric life. The gallant man is pictured climbing over jagged rocks and braving narrow ledges in search of hawk's eggs for the evening meal, while the wife remains in the safety of their plateau, preparing meat, taking care of the children, tending the wounded, skinning animals, shaping urns, gathering logs, and waving a flaming torch to drive off a nearby pack of wolves. In present times the busy wife fusses with the thermostat, reads a list to the grocer, gives orders to the cook and maid, and takes the wolves right in her stride.

# Rhet as Writ

Mrs. Roosevelt tells what is going on in the world, but she lets her husband tell about his business.

. . . .

Anne Sheridan had a very important roll in *The Man Who Came to Dinner*.

. . . .

Among his many Negro novels, DuBose Heyward has written the *Star Spangled Virgin*. This also is a fiction book about Negro life. The story takes place off the coast of Charleston, South Carolina, where St. Croix of the Virgin Islands is located. The copyright is in the years nineteen hundred and thirty-seven and nineteen hundred and thirty-eight.

On these islands there is no such thing as marriage. That is, these Negroes do not believe in marriages. Children are born at will. Whenever a man wishes to have a child he just has one.

The story takes in principally two characters, Rhoda and Adam. Rhoda is the woman involved. Her physical features remind one of a cannibal. Fat lips, large head, stringy, black hair, and just large all around. She is well liked around the Virgin Islands, because she is so kind and willing to help everyone. Her husband, Adam, also is well liked by his people. I made a mistake here by saying Adam is her husband. That is not true. There are no marriages on these islands. But during the story he is so close to her anyone would mistake him as being her mate. You see, she bore many a child for him.

By some action or other, Rhoda and Adam part, friends. Almost throughout the whole book they are separated. Rhoda is well liked as I said before, but she has a stubborn mind of her own. That is one good characteristic of her. She doesn't seem to be able to bear a son for him, all girls. Crystal, Treasure, Hoover, and Patrick make up the family. All are girls. This has something to do with their separation.

Rhoda lives alone and takes care of her girls with the greatest of ease, although she is worried about Adam. Adam lives alone and does fine except for the fact that he cares for Rhoda so much.

Finally Adam goes out and gets himself a son. He wishes Rhoda to take care of him. At first she refuses. For a long time this goes on. Then the New Deal comes into effect. This somehow or other brings them together and she finally consents to take in Ramsay McDonald, the male child.

. . . .

That was not enough to satisfy me; only standing next to a horse or upon him would make me feel at ease.

As we munched on popcorn we cheered lustfully for our team.

. . . .

(Of Marie-Antoinette) Only a person with a strong sense of humor could have lived successfully with the dull-witted dolphin who was her husband.

. . . .

A professor is usually a perfectionist because he is so well-voiced in his particular field of knowledge.

. . . .

Often a maid was punished for the misplacement of a single curl. The mistress would beat and slap her and then call in an executor.

. . . .

He knows the Bible like a book.

. . . .

I now realize how important english is. Not because of its merits, but because it is the language that others know and is the only means of conveying ideas that cannot be shown on a drawing.

. . . .

He would walk like he was in a daze, always that look of memories and pain, he would forget his actions, many nights he would get a drink of water and leave the faucet running, and would not go near our grocery stores, which in the same year we lost them along with many other poor individuals.

. . . .

Men like "Whizzer" White are not born everyday but only once in a lifetime.

. . . .

After a hard day's work I would return home and there on the table would be a giant dish of corned-beef and cabbage, or maybe a plate of Hungarian Goulash, and of course my wife.

## Honorable Mention

Elizabeth Browning: *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*

James N. Cummins: *Electronen Ubermikroskopie—A Basis for Army Service*

Lawrence Drone: *A Critical Outline of Berkeley's Metaphysics . . .*

Seymour Friedman: . . . row on row . . . *In Flanders Field . . .*

Fred K. Gillum: *What Hitler Has Done for Germany*

Rosaline Grebetz: *Shorty*

Horace F. Hardy: *I Fall with a Horse*

J. B. Hatch: *Steinmetz*

Gerry Hencky: *Conscientious Objectors*

A. Herzog: *My Rooming House and Its Occupants*

Alexander Kontfi: *A Master of Detail*

Mary Ann Pickrel: *Sleep*

Charles L. Scott: *Speed Graphic vs. Minicamera*

Mildred Shattuck: *I Am the American Student*

Fred L. Siegrist: *Men and Machines*

Herman A. Templin: *The Duodecimal System*

Albert Dale Towler: *The Development of the Holstein-Friesian Breed*

James Venerable: *Offensive Defense*

Herbert Weinberg: *The Boss*





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# I Fall With a Horse

HORACE HARDY

*Rhetoric II, 1942-1943*

AT THE APEX OF HIS CURVING FLIGHT, HIS FRONT LEGS struck the solidly-wired top bar with a sharp sound. I knew that he was turning over, as we had planned, which was fine; but I also knew that I was somehow off balance, which was not. The horse's head went down instantly as a result of the impact, and his hindquarters rose in a tight circle. I kicked loose from the stirrups frenziedly, but by then it was too late to vault off as I had planned. I slid over his right shoulder, pushing away from him, trying not to land under him as I was afraid I would. The ground tilted, came rushing diagonally at me; the horse was nearly all the way over now. I twisted, cat-like, tried to land on my feet, and as my face turned back towards the jump in the course of my somersault, I could see that Mal or someone had made a mistake in setting up the jump. Our big, green colt had splintered the top pole into two short, jagged-ended pieces. I remember wondering whether he had driven any splinters into his knees, and then, quite suddenly, I felt a terrible blow along the side of my head, a blow that pounded along my whole side and rasped and tore as I skidded along the ground. The horse came down immediately after, landing flat on his back with an impressive, hollow thud and a sudden, wheezy rush of air from his lungs. He was going to roll towards me—I could see it instantly; I realized the danger of it, but I couldn't twist away from him. He seemed to take an eternity in getting over, and as I watched, my legs flopping across each other as I tried to roll, I saw that the poles and the standards of the jump were ponderously toppling onto us. Across and through the flailing legs of the horse, I could see that Ted hadn't moved. He had been standing, braced almost, since I started the colt towards the jump. I suppose that things had happened too fast for him to comprehend. I wasn't quite sure of anything myself, except that I should have been getting out from under the colt's legs and wasn't doing so.

Well, it was too late to get away now. I threw my hands up over my face and started to curl into a ball. One of the colt's hoofs caught me on the temple and another drove into my stomach just below the heart. One of the standards crashed right behind my head, but the colt's body was much thicker than mine and had taken the shock of the poles, the first decent thing he had done for me that day. The broken halves of the poles, however, swung down, missed him, and, being wired to the standards, drove points first into the ground several inches from my face. The colt thrashed around, turned over onto his belly, and heaved himself to his feet, grunting prod-



giously. Mal caught him by the dangling reins as the horse weaved unsteadily, trying to recover his breath.

Ted now came racing over, closely followed by two grooms. "Good God, Wayne!" he said excitedly. "Are you all right?"

"Yeah," I said. "He all right, Mal?"

Mal looked at the colt's knees. Outside of an ordinary welt there was no mark on them. "Sure," said Mal.

"The Hell you're all right," said Chuck.

I experimentally touched my face with one hand, wincing at the contact. My hand came away wet, sticky. I supposed that most of the skin had been scraped off. The other side of my face was a sheet of blood that came from a long cut the horse had opened with his hoof. I started to roll over and get up. A vicious, stabbing pain sliced through me. "I've wrenched my back," I said. "Probably my shoulder, too."

"Can you move it?" Ted asked.

I tried; I moved it, but I regretted it. "Oh, I don't think it's broken." I was breathing a little easier now. That kick below the heart had knocked the wind out of me, but it was coming back by degrees.

"I'll help you up," said Chuck, and he grabbed me under the arms and lifted. I tried to put some weight on my left leg, but that was a mistake. I cried out.

"Put him down!" yelled Ted. "Wayne . . ."

I lay, breathing heavily, tensing all the muscles in my body against the pain of my leg. "What?" I said at last.

"What hurts?"

"Leg. Around the knee. I think I dislocated it."

"I'll get a doctor," said Chuck, and he set off towards the house at a dead run.

"Bright boy," said Mal.

"We'll have to get another pole from somewhere."

"Don't worry about that, Wayne. Just be still."

I propped myself up on my good arm. There was a good deal of blood around on the ground, presumably mine. I wondered very dully about it. There was a lot of blood and dirt on my face and hands and coat, too. All a mess. Funny that nothing hurt very much, just throbbed. I supposed that inside I was aching, screaming, but didn't realize it. Maybe that kick on the temple had dulled everything. That was the only thing that really hurt, though, unless I aggravated my back by moving, but that kick worried and pounded and tore at me until I dug my fingernails into the palms of my hands.

Ted kept saying, "Lie still. Wayne. Lie still," over and over again. I wished that he'd stop, but he just kept repeating the phrase.

"Listen, Wayne," Mal said. "Maybe if we each support an arm, we can sort of carry you to the house."

"You morons leave me alone," I said. "Lord, but my head hurts."

"You don't look so good," Ted volunteered.

"Bring the colt over here," I said. Mal led the black animal to me. "Good looking devil."

"That ought to cure him," said Mal.

"Ought to," I said. "I'll bet I'm a bloody mess."

"I think you'll live," said Mal.

"I got off-balance up there. First time it ever happened."

"Damn near the last, too," said Ted.

"Listen," I said, sitting up with one leg tucked under me. "I'm sick of sitting out here on the cold ground." Ted set up a loud howling for Chuck, who came running back, and while Mal took the colt back to the barns, Ted and Chuck hoisted me up and we started back to the house. I kept thinking: how did I get into this mess anyway? If I'd only had my balance up there . . . even for a moment . . . but things just break that way, especially in the horse game, and we become reconciled to it.

"It's a dirty shame," Ted muttered.

"Yeah," I said. "Hey! Easy on that leg, Chuck!"

## The Wages of Sin

DORIS LANTZ

*Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1942-1943*

"MURDER AT THE SHEEPSHED!"

The headlines of the small-town newspaper blared the words that were on everyone's lips. The story made excellent gossip for a few days. The Sheepshed was a notorious roadhouse outside the city limits which frequently furnished juicy bits of scandal for gossips to roll on their tongues. This time the scandal was a little more diverting than usual, for it involved an actual murder rather than the usual knifing or shooting. When the facts were learned, the incident wasn't so interesting after all. "Just a drunk . . . no aim in life . . . no good to anyone . . . quarreled with the bartender over some change . . . someone threw a beer bottle . . . someone else yelled some dirty names . . . bartender took a gun out and shot him . . . too bad his wife and little kids were right there when it happened . . . but his kind always gets it in the end . . . just a loafer and as well off dead. . . ."

\* \* \* \*

It was a Monday afternoon in mid-August. It was hot. The air was heavy with dust and the pollen of flowers. Corn leaves curled in the fields and tar oozed from the black-top road. Dust-laden cars were huddled about the small country church. My sister and I entered and took seats near the back. Half the benches were already occupied. Flower-girls hurried up and down the narrow aisle, bearing wilting gladioli, roses, and dahlias. As the church filled, the heat became more oppressive, and the stench of unclean, sweating bodies became more unbearable. A garishly dressed woman entered with an unkempt man and they sat down directly in front of me. The foul odor of whiskey, onions, and chewing-gum assailed my nostrils every time one of them spoke.

The mourners entered, two-by-two. A mass of greasy obesity on my right pointed certain ones out to me: "That there girl in the black hat is his wife. She sure looks worn out, and Wilma was a right purty little girl when they got married. 'Course she couldn't 'spect to get no better than him, already havin' that one kid. . . . That's his mom. Feel mighty sorry for her—she tried to do right by 'er kids. . . . Danny, there, was with Cecil on the night. For brothers they didn't fight so much—'ceptin' when one of 'em was purty full of likker . . . and there's Joe and Leroy. That yellow car out there belongs to them. They went to Chicago and come back rich. . . ."

This last bit of information I already had. I had heard those murmurings about Joe and Leroy and Chicago. Boys with their bad blood *would* have a natural talent for night-clubbing and gambling. A half-scream, half-sob interrupted my reverie. "Oh, God!" The voice died to a low, continuous moan. . . . The whole room grew quiet when the long, dark box was wheeled slowly to the front. The broken-down organ squeaked and four voices waveringly combined in song. "Rock of ages, cleft for me. . . ."

The Reverend McDonald surveyed the motley congregation. He was a fire-and-brimstone preacher, and the temptation to use the dead man as an example of the "ravages of strong-drink" still persisted when he began speaking. But it was his duty to comfort these people. Upturned faces stared gravely at him. They didn't know what he was saying, but his voice sounded consoling. The drone had the steady accompaniment of a weeping woman and a child with whooping cough.

My clothes became damp and sticky. My dress stuck to the back of the wooden seat. The foul odor of the place was nauseating. Finally the people in the front rows rose and marched past the now-opened casket. One glimpse of the sunken, degenerated face of the corpse was enough for me. I rushed outside, welcoming the thick, dusty air with relish. I still retain the vivid impression that afternoon made on me. I have relived it again and again in nightmares. I found the "story back of the headlines" that I was looking for, and I'll never forget it.

# I, The Tower of London

MARY ALICE LAMBERT

*Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1942-1943*

GRIM, SILENT, FOREBODING, I STAND ON THE NORTH bank of the Thames with all of London stretched at my feet. I, the ghostly remnant of a dead age, still exist although the people who once suffered, murdered, wept, and repented within my walls are dead. Lustful Henry VIII, learned Francis Bacon, gallant Raleigh, lovely Katherine Howard, "bloody" Mary, turbulent Elizabeth, all are dust and mold today. I, the Tower of London, have seen eight hundred and twenty-four years of English history pass through my gates. Countless numbers of prisoners have written their names in tears and blood upon my walls, but there are three whom I shall always remember. These three, Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, and the Earl of Essex, encountered the wrath of the Tudors and paid—with their heads.

It was raining on that second day of May in 1536 when Anne Boleyn was brought to Traitors' Gate. Although I had heard rumors of Henry's latest love, Jane Seymour, I was horrified and astounded. Could this wretched woman be Anne Boleyn, Queen of England? How different she was from the lovely girl who had ridden forth from my gates to her coronation. On that day she had been as radiant as the silver tissue of her gown, as glowing as the rich rubies which encircled her dark hair. Now she flung herself down upon a stone and wept, the rain mingling with her tears. Only after much persuasion, did Anne allow the guard to lead her to the palace apartments which had been prepared for her. Ironically, these were the same apartments from which she had gone to her coronation.<sup>1</sup>

The next day London hummed with the story. Anne Boleyn had been arrested on charges of adultery. Down in the depths of my dungeons, Mark Sneaton, tortured upon the rack, admitted that he and the queen were guilty. He had hoped that he would be spared if he confessed, but he was killed so that he might not retract his statement. Anne Boleyn was immediately brought to trial; and although there was no real evidence against her, she was sentenced to be beheaded.

During the long days of waiting, Anne seemed almost mad at times. I remember one incident very well. Anne asked the lieutenant of the Tower why the execution did not take place sooner so that the pain would be over. When he told her that the pain could not be much, since it was so sudden,

<sup>1</sup>Bell, Doyne C., *Notices of the Historic Persons Buried in the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula in the Tower of London* (London, 1877), p. 95.



she began to laugh heartily, and replied, "I hear the executioner is very good, and I have a little neck."<sup>2</sup>

Anne Boleyn was executed on the nineteenth of May. I remember well how she looked that morning. She wore a black damask dress, a large white cape, and a black velvet hood; not even at her coronation had she looked lovelier. I cannot remember all that she said, but one sentence has remained in my memory. With tears in her eyes she cried, "I have come here to die; not to accuse my enemies."<sup>3</sup> After she had removed her hood and collar, she lay down at the block. As the drums began to roll, I heard her whisper, "O, Lord, have pity on my soul."<sup>4</sup> At noon the ax fell. Anne's fair head rolled in the dust. All that remained of this girl, who had risen from humble station to become Queen of England, was placed in an old arrow case and buried in the Chapel of St. Paul ad Vincula.

That night Anne's motherless child, disowned by her father, wept alone. She was forgotten then, but not for long. That child was later called Elizabeth of England!

On the tenth of July, 1553, Lady Jane Grey, the cousin of Edward VI, was proclaimed Queen of England. She was only sixteen years old at that time; and although she did not wish to become a queen, she could not disobey the wishes of her father and her husband. Mary, the daughter of Henry VIII and his first wife, was determined, however, to claim the throne; and she allowed Jane to rule only nine days.

Jane was immediately tried and condemned to death on charges of high treason; but, for nearly a year, she was a prisoner within my walls because Mary had an insane desire to convert her to Catholicism.<sup>5</sup> During the long days of her imprisonment, I never heard Jane utter one word that was not gentle and uncomplaining. Her faith in God was glorious. Even when she was most tormented by Mary's attempts to convert her, Jane clung to her Protestant faith without wavering.

On the twelfth of May, 1554, Jane went forth to die. The morning was gray and misty; heavy clouds veiled the sun. Slowly the procession wended its way to my courtyard. At the steps of the scaffold, Jane quietly turned and addressed those who had come to see her die. Her lovely face was serene and happy as she said her last prayers and made her farewells. After she finished speaking, she removed her outer gown and headdress. The blindfold was placed over her eyes, and she was led to the block. Jane laid her young head upon the block and cried aloud for all to hear, "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."<sup>6</sup> "A stroke of the ax, a thud, a crimson

<sup>2</sup>Hackett, Francis, *Queen Anne Boleyn* (New York, 1939), pp. 474-475.

<sup>3</sup>Bartlett, David W., *The Life of Lady Jane Grey* (New York, 1854), p. 53.

<sup>4</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 54.

<sup>5</sup>Davey, Richard, *The Nine Days' Queen* (London, 1910), p. 329.

<sup>6</sup>Bartlett, *The Life of Lady Jane Grey*, p. 289.

deluge on the straw strewn scaffold, and as the cannon boomed, Lady Jane Grey was no more."<sup>7</sup>

Robert Devereaux, Earl of Essex, was the last of these three to enter my walls through Traitors' Gate. I have always remembered him, for he was, without a doubt, one of the most colorful figures in history.

Essex had been a great favorite of Queen Elizabeth, but like many others he made a fatal mistake. He misjudged Elizabeth's fierce nature and tried to dominate her. This error could lead but to one end—the block! To regain the power he had lost, Essex plotted a rebellion, which ended in failure. On February 19, 1601, he was brought to trial and found guilty of treason. The verdict was death! Essex was then brought back to me to await his execution.

On the twenty-fifth of the same month, Essex went into my courtyard to die. He was a magnificent figure in a gown of black velvet, a black satin suit, and a little black hat. The ceremony was long and tedious; according to custom, Essex spoke eloquently of his sins and prayed for pardon. After he had asked God to forgive his enemies, he removed his cloak and knelt down at the block. "The ax flashed through the air; there was no movement; but twice the violent action was repeated before the head was severed."<sup>8</sup> The headsman stooped, picked up the head; and holding it high in the air, he exclaimed, "God save the Queen!"<sup>9</sup>

Through these stories of their victims, I hope that I may point out to you certain facts concerning the characters of the three Tudors, Henry VIII and his two daughters, Mary and Elizabeth. They, not their victims, made the really great impression upon history. During the era in which they reigned, England began to emerge from her cocoon and develop into one of the greatest nations in the world.

Henry VIII was probably one of the most self-centered men of all time. When he succeeded his father, Henry VII, at the age of eighteen, Henry was handsome, generous, and gay; and as a result, he was pampered by the royal family and by his subjects. His father had already increased the royal power notably; and when young Henry began to rule, he was in a position to dictate to Parliament. Henry became accustomed to having whatever he wanted, and it seemed logical to him that Anne Boleyn should die if she stood in the way of his marriage to Jane Seymour. He also thought that he should have a new wife since Anne had failed to give him a male heir. No one can deny that Henry VIII possessed dynamic force. Only a man like him would have dared make such a drastic change in the English Church.

Mary Tudor is, I believe, one of the most pitiful women in history. Of all the people who have passed through my gates she is the saddest. She was declared illegitimate and disowned by her father so that he could marry

<sup>7</sup>Davey, *The Nine Days' Queen*, p. 344.

<sup>8</sup>Strachey, Lytton, *Elizabeth and Essex* (New York, 1928), p. 268.

<sup>9</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 268.

Anne Boleyn. This alone was enough to warp any child's character; but poor Mary was also separated from her mother, Catherine of Aragon, whom she adored. She saw her mother humiliated and hurt. Proud Mary was compelled to live at the court as a royal stepchild. She was forced to wait for marriage; and when she did marry Philip of France, she discovered that he despised her although she loved him. Her religion became a passion that gripped her soul. To satisfy her bitter desire for revenge, she often used religious motives to kill innocent persons. Catholicism was to her the only true faith. If Mary had possessed a woman's heart, she would never have executed Lady Jane Grey, but Mary had long ceased to be a woman.<sup>10</sup>

Queen Elizabeth was a magnificent figure. She loved to play with life and was delighted with its drama. "On the whole, she was English. On the whole, though she was infinitely subtle, she was not cruel; she was almost humane for her times; and her occasional bursts of savagery were the results of fear or temper."<sup>11</sup> By killing Essex, Elizabeth felt that she had proved her triumph over men, and that she had avenged her mother, who had died because of a man's whim. She had the energy of a man, combined with a woman's evasiveness.<sup>12</sup> Elizabeth was shrewd and calculating. She had to have those qualities to hold her throne in those times of plots and counterplots. History shall never know another woman like her.

Bombs fall in London now. They shake my very foundations and crash about me, but I shall defy them all. Tradition is not a thing of stone and sticks, but an intangible thing held within the hearts of a people. Let the bombs come. I shall survive as long as a May queen is crowned on Tower Hill, as long as England lives.

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<sup>10</sup>Bartlett, *The Life of Lady Jane Grey*, p. 252.

<sup>11</sup>Strachey, *Elizabeth and Essex*, p. 16.

<sup>12</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 13.



# Mikhail Sholokhov's *And Quiet Flows the Don*

MARIAN COHEN

*Rhetoric I, Theme 14, 1942-1943*

**A**ND *QUIET FLOWS THE DON* SMACKS AS THOROUGHLY of Russia as do borscht and vodka, Tschaiowsky, and Tolstoy. It is not merely a novel; it is a kaleidoscope in which we see a variegated, swiftly changing pattern of life—the life of the Don Cossacks under the last Czar of Russia, during the World War, and in the throes of revolution and civil war.

In young Gregor Melekhov with his "hanging hook nose, bluish almonds of burning irises in slightly oblique slits, brown, muddy skin drawn over angular cheekbones," Sholokhov embodies the youthful Cossack spirit of fierce gaiety, reckless abandon, lust and carnality, and deep-rooted, traditional loyalty to the Czar. At the same time, Sholokhov makes his character the personification of the revolutionary trend—a rebellious spirit that questions the existing system, ruthlessly fights and kills. In Ivan Alexievich, the illiterate, exploited mill-worker, runs the undercurrent of restlessness and resentment of oppression and poverty that seethed in all of the Russian laborers. In Stackman, the keen, analytically minded, quiet Bolshevik, is the spirit that eventually leads the workers into a bloody overthrow of the Czar and into the resultant civil war, when they become convinced of the wisdom of his words, "Your heads will ache for the drunken orgies of others." In Pantaleimon Prokoffievich is the reactionary element—the element that is determined to maintain the status quo with fierce resolve: to hold on to the little it has, to let the wealthy landowners continue to accumulate wealth at the expense of the peasant, to let imperialism and capitalism follow their natural bent. Anna, the lovely, young Jewess, says, "—how poisonous and petty seems any care for achievement of one's own individual little happiness at the present time"; and as she fearlessly faces death as a machine gunner in the Red Guard she embodies the Soviet's passionate devotion to communism, nationalism, and self-sacrifice. Bunchuk, Anna's lover; Podtielkov, the Chairman of the Don Revolutionary Committee; and a host of others, are the Russians from every walk of society who give their lives that others might live in equality, confident that the cause they fight and die for will ultimately triumph. Sholokhov's vivid, pulsating characters share in common a subordination to something bigger than themselves; a something that seems relentlessly to sweep each one onward to a preordained fate.

Sholokhov's stark picturizations—at once exquisite and terrible—capture



every mood and thought with lyrical artistry. Always he makes felt his ardent love of Russia and his deep appreciation of nature's beauty. He personifies natural objects—"The moon rose slowly and one-sidedly, like an invalid going upstairs." His metaphors are full and graphic—"Out of the black heaven the yellow-green, unripe cherries of stars stared down at him." By means of similes between personality traits and nature Sholokhov advances his character development—"His heart had grown hard, dry like a salt-marsh in draught; as a marsh will not absorb water, so Gregor's heart would not absorb compassion"—and in a similar manner brings to life almost intangible moods and feelings—"In the armies a ripened anger flowed and bubbled like water in a spring."

Since Soviet Russia's attitude toward religion arouses varied sentiments of approval and disapproval, it is interesting to analyze religious sentiment in *And Quiet Flows the Don*. During the periods of peace and comparative security, as well as during the war and the revolution, the peasant holds fast to God, while the intellectual wavers between atheism and wearied agnosticism. The key to Sholokhov's bitterness and skepticism is found in this quotation, "But death came upon all alike, upon those who wrote down the prayers also. Their bodies rotted on the fields of Galicia and East Prussia, in the Carpathians and Rumania, whenever the ruddy flames of war flickered and the tracks of Cossack horses were imprinted in the earth." Perhaps this explains contemporary Russia's lack of religious faith. The Soviet's cold, dispassionate reason must reject a God who can inflict such suffering and horror.

Similarly skeptical is Misha Kasheuai's opinion, "I don't think there is anything more terrible in the world than human beings." Not only Red Russians, but also White Russians, not only atheists, but also supposedly good Christians perpetrate bestial, bloodthirsty crimes against one another. Sholokhov does not justify either faction, but subtly illustrates the basic worth and altruism of the Bolshevist cause. I was repelled by acts of terror, but agreed with the principles inspiring those acts.

Sholokhov does not tie up the loose threads of the story that he has woven as a background to the political movements, thereby increasing the feeling that some greater power than individual patterns was manifesting itself in Russia. In fact, as the book ends, Valet, a revolutionist, is shot in the back, dying without knowing the outcome of the Civil War; yet one knows that the Bolsheviks *will* sweep on to victory. Valet is buried.

Later, two bustards fight about the shallow mound of his grave for the female, for "the right to life, for love and fertility. And again after a little while a female bustard laid nine speckled, smoky-blue eggs and sat on them, warming them with her body, protecting them with her glassy wings." And so Sholokhov expresses the simple and beautiful thought that one dies and another is born, that despair perishes, but hope lives on.

# Nostalgia

JOHN BROPHY

*Rhetoric II, Theme 10, 1942-1943*

WAY DOWN IN THE STATE OF REASONING IN THE heart of the Argumentation Mountains lies a little valley known as Fallacy Valley. There where a creek runs uphill, birds never sing, and it snows in the middle of July, lived a little family called the Syllogisms. There were three members of the family—Major Premise, a Southern colonel who had been demoted; Minor Premise, who was not yet twenty-one; and little Conclusion, whom you shall have to draw for yourself.

The Syllogism family was a very remarkable one, for it seems that whatever they said was right, no matter how absurd their statement.

For instance, one day the Major came dashing into the house shouting at the top of his lungs, "All things with feathers can fly!"

Minor Premise, who had been quietly stuffing a pillow with feathers, looked up and calmly replied, "This pillow has feathers."

At this time little Conclusion, who had been awakened from his afternoon nap by the noise, yawned, stretched, and said in a sleepy voice, "Therefore, that pillow can fly."

And sure enough, the pillow flapped quickly out of the window and soared up and up among the mountains and disappeared from sight.

A few weeks after this astounding incident, the entire family became hoarse and seemed to be losing their voices, and so they went to see the doctor. The doctor, who lived high in the mountains, and whose name was Dr. Rhet, examined his patients carefully and made his diagnosis.

"You have a bad case of mendacity," he told them. "You must leave Fallacy Valley and move over to the other valley." As he spoke, he pointed out the window at another valley on the opposite side of the mountain. On a large sign in the valley was printed: "Welcome to the Valley of Logic."

To the amazement of the Syllogism family, the creeks flowed downhill, the birds sang, and it snowed in January.

Following the doctor's advice, the Syllogisms went home, packed their belongings, and trudged over the mountain into the Valley of Logic. After they got used to their new home, they liked it quite as well as their old home, even though it was very different.

One afternoon the Syllogisms were taking a walk. Suddenly Major Premise remembered something, and he stopped, looking very much astonished.

"Things must have wings in order to fly," he mumbled dazedly.

Minor, looking even more astonished, added, "Pillows don't have wings!"

Little Conclusion, who was even more thunderstruck than either Major or Minor, blurted out, "Therefore a pillow can't fly."

All of a sudden there was a great whirring sound, and a pillow fell from high in the air and landed right at their feet. As you can see, the Syllogisms were being logical as well as consistent.

At times the Syllogisms become homesick and go back to Fallacy Valley for a while, and so, children, if you listen to enough arguments, you sometimes discover our little family stealing from the Valley of Logic back into their old haunts in Fallacy Valley.

## The Noble Manner

NELSON GURNEE

*General Division I, Theme 12, 1942-1943*

CAREFUL ACCOUNTS OF THE FRENCH AND RUSSIAN revolutions, or of similar events which brought about the execution of members of a ruling class, have always intrigued me. The attraction is not a sanguinary one; I am merely interested in the way in which those people behaved shortly before they died. Particularly, I am interested in those who displayed the noble manner.

The term might best be explained by citing an example of the noble manner as displayed by one of the Russian ruling class. Vassily Kurishenkow was a Tsarist officer, captured by the Revolutionists and condemned to death. In keeping with tradition, his captors granted him a final request. He elected to choose, to inspect, and, finally, to command his own firing squad. The soldiers he chose had all been members of his regiment. Pausing in front of each man, the colonel commented acidly on the soldier's appearance and finished with the reminder that such poor appearance was never tolerated in the army of the Tsar. The executioners were dumbfounded, and when he stood before them and ordered them to aim and fire, they were paralyzed. Again, the command. Again, the squad remained inert. The colonel shouted invectives at the frightened riflemen. He reminded them, in bitter tones, that he was no upstart Red officer—he was a Tsarist colonel, and he was to be obeyed! For the third time he commanded. Ragged shots answered him, and he fell to the ground, dead.

What did he gain by such dramatics? Probably everything that was important in his theory of life. As a boy, he had been taught to think that he was superior to the men he would one day command. He knew that he had been created to rule; the peasant to obey. Any departure from that



theory, however slight, was heresy. The thoughts that ran through his mind on the eve of his execution must have been disturbing. He, a noble, was to be shot by men who, a month before, would not have dared to speak to him. His whole conception of the social and political order was crumbling, and with it, his class pride. In one stroke, he would salvage everything! He would command his own firing squad. He would give the order to fire. Not once, in that courtyard, would he allow them to think they were any more than cattle, any more than dirt. When they fired, they would destroy not a mere man, but a creature infinitely superior to themselves. He exhibited the noble manner.

It is, first of all, a state of mind, peculiar to those trained to command others. Few common men have faced death with the aplomb and dignity of certain members of the French nobility. The Marquis de Coeurbriand requested to stand first in line for the guillotine, because, "I don't intend to stand in this infernal heat all day." Was it only an empty, futile gesture? Not at all! Whatever his tormenters might do to him—mock him, beat him, behead him—he would not allow them to shake his intense belief in his divine right to rule. He was born a noble; he would die a noble. His only outward emotion was one of complete boredom.

The noble manner, although sometimes present in lesser people, is nearly always inherent in those of royal blood. Though it may not show itself until the last minute, it somehow appears and enables its possessor to die with the dignity befitting his station. There is no better example of this latent quality than that of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France. Daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria, Antoinette was married to the dull Dauphin of France. In time, he became king, and she, his frivolous, immature queen. Life was never real to 'Toinette; she lived in a gay, continuous dream, quite apart from the harsh realities of eighteenth century France. When the inevitable revolution shattered that dream and then dragged her off to prison, the greatest fear that beset her childish mind was that an impending garden-party would be spoiled. But as her time grew shorter, and she saw the end of her kind and her world, she found the courage and noble manner that had been hers since her birth as a daughter of the empress of a vast and powerful land. The crowd that witnessed her execution was totally unprepared for what it saw. Instead of a screaming, unnerved queen, they saw a dignified, gray-haired woman go to her death. The woman who climbed the guillotine stairs was every inch a Hapsburg princess. History has preserved a fragment of a letter, written by a woman who saw the execution, describing the event to her husband: "The Queen was fourth to reach the knife. An ornament fell from her dress and was returned to her by the executioner. The Queen thanked him in a quiet voice—the only words she spoke. But before she laid herself on the board, she looked out at the mob, and without moving her lips or uttering a sound, she called us scum."



# Important Achievements of Simon Bolivar

JAMES RINGGER

*Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1942-1943*

**I**N THESE TIMES WHEN LATIN AMERICA IS PLAYING AN increasingly vital part in our lives and in our thinking, it behooves us to learn more about the almost legendary figure that led South America to its independence—Simon Bolivar,\* whose life is a saga of courage and cleverness.

All students of South American history agree that one thing—the military genius of Bolivar—brought about the liberation of Latin America from the tyranny of Spanish rule. Bolivar's achievements in the lengthy Wars of Liberation have ranked him among the greatest military strategists of all time, for with a tiny, ill-trained, ill-equipped army he defeated some of the world's finest soldiers, and completely freed Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia.

Much of the success of Bolivar was due to the seemingly mad risks he took on the fields of battle. So great and superior were the forces facing him, and so able were their commanders, that it was often only by using audacious tactics that he could gain victory. Many a desperate situation resulted in ultimate triumph because some daring sortie succeeded. At the bridge of Boyaca,<sup>1</sup> faced by Barreiro, one of Spain's ablest and most gallant generals, Bolivar, finding himself at a serious disadvantage, suddenly ordered his best infantry to charge a hill on which his opponent was entrenched. In the face of a withering Spanish fire this seemed sheer suicide, yet Simon's inspired patriots seized the hill and crushed their foes. Again, at the Battle of Carabobo, one of the most decisive in the war, Bolivar sent the pick of his Llaneros (Venezuelan cowboys) and the British Legion of volunteers to take a narrow pass—considered impregnable—which guarded the Spanish rear.<sup>2</sup> The cool, deadly valor of the British and the fiery, brilliant courage of the Llaneros broke the back of the enemy resistance, though at a frightful cost, and the great battle was won.

No one ever doubted the personal valor of Bolivar. Whenever the fight was crucial, whenever his men were faltering, Simon leaped to the van and "led the charges himself, changing saber from right hand to left."<sup>3</sup> At the

\*Pronounced—See-MOHN Bo-LEE-var.

<sup>1</sup>Ybarra, T. R., *Bolivar, the Passionate Warrior*, (New York, 1929), p. 203.

<sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 224-5.

<sup>3</sup>Waugh, Elizabeth, *Simon Bolivar*, (New York, 1941), p. 132.

Battle of Carabobo, after the aforementioned Llaneros and British had broken the enemy, Bolivar himself led the final, ferocious onslaught. His indomitable spirit in the face of defeat was ever a source of wonder to many of his officers who were willing to lay down arms at the first sign of disaster. Twice he was driven from the continent, once in utter defeat at the hands of the butcher Boves. Many times petty jealousies and insubordinations among his officers forced him to pass up an inviting chance or to lose a vital battle. Nevertheless, Simon Bolivar kept his goal—the liberation of South America—constantly before him, and where a lesser man would have given up in disgust, continued fighting to ultimate triumph.

Probably the key to the Liberator's success, however, was his wily planning. He was never without a strong plan of action; much of his strategy he invented on the spur of the moment. At San Jose de Cucuta Bolivar sent a small force to assault a strongly fortified town which he wanted. When this force was repulsed and retreated in apparent disorder, the Spaniards poured out of their stronghold to complete the victory. Bolivar, waiting with his main army in a nearby wood, swept down on the unsuspecting enemy, annihilated them, and seized the town.<sup>4</sup> The Battle of Taguanes gives an even more striking example of his cunning. There the Spanish were retiring in good order towards a ridge on which they would be unassailable. Seeing that they must not be allowed to gain the crest, Simon ordered each cavalryman to take on behind him on his horse a heavily armed infantryman and then to dash across the valley and seize the ridge. Faking a mere cavalry sortie, the patriot force reached the hill, dismounted, and opened fire on the unsuspecting Spanish, who, pinned between two armies, were soon beaten.<sup>5</sup> Another time Bolivar sent an Indian with supposedly valuable dispatches under orders to let himself be captured by the Spanish, who held an impregnable pass. The enemy general, reading that a rebel force was about to assail his rear, fled in haste, and Bolivar gained passage.<sup>6</sup>

Another characteristic which Simon exhibited enabled him to exercise undisputed control over his soldiery and to command their respect. He was one of those rare "born leaders." Perhaps the classic example of this ability for leading was his unbelievable trek over the highest Andes with his army. Such a trip is still deemed a miracle by present-day historians who retraced Bolivar's steps, for even today there are only goat-ledges over the icy, forbidding Andes. It was in this march that Bolivar demonstrated the power of mind over body. His army was composed of lowlanders who were accustomed to the torrid heat of the coastal plains. Food was scarce and adequate clothing did not exist. Despite these seemingly insurmountable

<sup>4</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 97.

<sup>5</sup>Vaucaire, Michel, *Bolivar, the Liberator*, (New York, 1929), p. 83.

<sup>6</sup>Waugh, Elizabeth, *Simon Bolivar*, p. 94.

obstacles, Bolivar successfully crossed the Andes, and a few days later won a mighty battle. During this nightmarish expedition the Liberator "was everywhere, tugging at some mule that would go no farther, helping to reload some animal whose burden had slipped. . . . He made jokes about their plight, and at night around the campfire sang gay, French songs to his exhausted men."<sup>7</sup> "Carrying the injured, he made innumerable crossings of the torrential mountain streams."<sup>8</sup>

Bolivar had another attribute of the real leader: he could mingle with his men and yet retain his dignity and superiority. It was this trait that endeared him to the aristocracy-hating patriots and enabled him to hold their complete confidence. Waugh says, "Bolivar in the field waged almost constant guerrilla warfare, lived the wild Llanero life; he seldom changed his ragged clothes, slept on the ground, was often hungry." Ybarra adds, "He acted as though there were no social or military gulf between him and his coarse, tattered Llaneros. He ate their food, joked with them, and knew all the celebrities among them. His flashing eyes and thundering voice were respected by all."

The Liberator's soldiers never lacked inspiration, for their spirits were always kept at the peak, whether by personal valor or by flaming oratory. Whenever a decisive battle was in the offing, Bolivar assembled his rebels and gave a fiery speech. Once during a battle, when a group of patriot recruits who had previously asked for a name for their battalion broke and fled before the Spanish, Simon went to them, "Soldiers of the 'nameless battalion,' if you wish weapons and flags, go and find them." Immediately these recruits, armed only with clubs, fell ferociously on a Spanish unit and utterly destroyed it, saving the day.<sup>9</sup> Later, when Bolivar needed the capture of Spanish ships controlling a river, he made a stirring speech. It so aroused the Llanero chieftain, Paez, that he led fifty cavalymen into the river, swam to the ships, and boarded and took them.

As if liberating South America were not enough in itself, Simon Bolivar actually CREATED it. Had he not also been a gifted statesman, all that was gained through his exertions would have been lost, and the Latin American states probably never would have evolved a stable form of government. Fortunately, though, he was able to see clearly South America's governmental needs, and he acted accordingly.

As are so many Latins, Bolivar was a wonderful orator, and he used this gift both as a warrior and a statesman. Often when he proposed some of his fantastic plans his officers refused to accept them. But soon the magic tongue of Bolivar had disposed of all objections and had the officers acclaiming his brilliant strategy. In civilian circles Simon invariably met oppo-

<sup>7</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 93.

<sup>8</sup>Ybarra, T. R., *Bolivar, the Passionate Warrior*, p. 236.

<sup>9</sup>Vaucaire, Michel, *Bolivar, the Liberator*, p. 116.



sition when he proposed his then radical governmental theories, yet always it was his theories that were finally accepted. He used this gift almost daily to keep his men peaceful and satisfied. "Bolivar had to act with finesse, to flatter the presuming and promise a great deal in order to get a moderate amount of help. The most important part of the war was to make the different nationalities realize that they were all part of the same country, and that they must devote themselves to the cause of liberty."<sup>10</sup> These things he did successfully.

Bolivar was the author of some of the world's greatest political documents; for his ability to write probably exceeded even his ability to speak. While in England as ambassador of the First Venezuelan Republic he wrote many editorials which brought support and sympathy to his nation. "The Morning Chronicle and the Edinburgh Review published impassioned articles, appeals to George III, and magnificent plans for an American confederation. When he left, 200 people accompanied him to the pier."<sup>11</sup> Among the great papers Bolivar wrote are the Constitution of Angostura, the Manifesto of Cartagena, and the Jamaica Letter. Each of these documents added supporters to the rebel cause and strengthened the determination of those already fighting for it.

Even to the present day the constitutions of South American republics reflect the ingenuity of Simon in governmental matters. He realized as did no others of the time that the Latins must have a carefully restricted form of government . . . democratic, to be sure, but nevertheless restricted. He said, "pure democracy can not be introduced into backward, chaotic Venezuela, where the population, treated by the Spanish for generations as little better than slaves, are pathetically remote from political enlightenment."<sup>12</sup> Although he recognized the advantages of the United States' form of government, Bolivar knew that it would not work in South America. To preserve any semblance of cohesion, the government must be strongly centralized. The correctness of Bolivar's beliefs is borne out by modern South American governing; all the South American countries possess a powerful central government, and nearly all follow his pattern exclusively. Bolivar himself drafted the constitutions of Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, and Bolivia; and Peru imitated these. The charters of these nations contain such of Bolivar's ideas as complete civil freedom and the maintenance of an hereditary upper house which acts as a stabilizing body.

As a gift of lasting importance Bolivar left to the Americas his plan for an American confederation. Few know that he, not a United States' "Dollar Diplomat," originated it. Bolivar saw early that, despite his warnings, South

<sup>10</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 86.

<sup>11</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 37.

<sup>12</sup>Lemly, H. R., *Bolivar, Liberator of Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia* (Boston, 1923), p. 179.



American countries were going to split up into many small, weak nations, and, to quote Waugh, "he desired to see all the republics of America united in one council chamber, presenting a united front for defense, to provide mutual assistance, not only against foreign aggressors, but also against the decaying political beliefs of the Old World. He dreamed of a great and permanent Congress which would meet at Panama to treat and discuss in the high interests of peace and war with the nations of the three other parts of the world."<sup>13</sup> In fact, through Bolivar's efforts, a Pan-American Assembly was called at Panama, but reverses in the war forced its early adjournment.

In the future this Pan-American union will, I hope, be taken at its true worth: the first attempt at an inter-nation confederation. Today's well-known Pan American Union is a direct outgrowth of Bolivar's dreams, and even now that organization plays a vital role in Western Hemisphere and world affairs. This was Simon Bolivar's parting gift to posterity.

*Afterword:* Having read this, one may feel that I am an ardent "Bolivarist," a hero-worshipper. Probably the manner in which this theme is written will leave that impression. In answer to this expected criticism I can only point to the title of my theme: Important Achievements of Simon Bolivar. This is no analysis of the Liberator's character, but a recounting of his great traits and deeds. Admittedly Bolivar was not perfect; his excessive vanity, his stubbornness, his notorious love for beautiful ladies all show this. Nevertheless, he had a profound influence on the world, and so is worthy of study.

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<sup>13</sup>Waugh, Elizabeth, *Simon Bolivar*, p. 132.

# Home for the Week-end

RUTH HUTTER

*Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1942-1943*

HOME—THE PEACEFUL REFUGE FOR MY OVERWORKED being, where Pop dashes around, endeavoring to change a five-dollar bill for his business; where Mom bustles around the kitchen, trying to serve meals on time; where four-year-old niece, Tiny, scurries through the rooms, knocking over vases, pulling doilies from table tops, and emptying the contents of the cupboards on the floor; where sisters Irene, Helen, and Betty congregate in a bedroom, discussing bridge clubs, babies, and Red Cross work; where brothers-in-law Howard, Al, and Max gather in the living room, arguing about the shortcomings of the war, the administration, and the football games. I love it! When I, Susy, the Co-ed daughter, come home for the week-end, though, Pop's business, Mom's cooking, Tiny's pranks, sisters' discussions, and the arguments of my brothers-in-law become secondary. I am the central attraction: the actress in the spotlight, the organism under the microscope. If Franklin D. visited our house, he wouldn't be more royally treated than I.

One of my hobbies is eating. Realizing that food is expensive, scarce, and none too delicious at college, Mom replenishes the supply when Susy comes home. Instead of the usual roll and coffee (not really coffee, but a somewhat muddy imitation of it) for breakfast, Susy has fruit juice, eggs, bacon, toast, cake, and genuine coffee at home. Meals at home are large, varied, and delicious, catering, of course, to Susy's desires. My special Austrian "dishes," "gehrsten soup," "zwetchken knoedel," and "apfel kuchen," are served. The refrigerator is also loaded with snacks, so that if there should be any room left in my body, I can fill it with fruit, beverages, or sandwiches.

Although no cameraman asks me to sit on a suitcase, cross my legs, raise my skirt a little, and smile "pretty," I feel like Marlene Dietrich when I arrive at the train station. Sister Helen greets me with outstretched arms, shouts, "Susy!", and lipsticks my face with affectionate kisses. Niece Tiny offers me some "dum" (baby talk for gum) and proceeds to try to empty the contents of my suitcase on the station floor. Mom comes toward me with a bouquet of roses in her arms, and shoves them at me as I try to embrace her. Susy's home from college!

I can't see any connection between coming home from college and the giving of gifts, but apparently my family feels that the two are related. Besides the roses from Mom and the "dum" from Tiny, sister Helen treats me to my favorite chocolate-marshmallow sundae with sliced bananas, and

buys me a box of miniature chocolates; sister Betty presents me with an Angora sweater; and sister Irene bakes cookies for me. Then, too, Mom gives me food (bread, jelly, turkey, and cake) to take back to college. Pop, fearing that my finances are declining, offers a little aid. If my birth certificate didn't specifically state June 19, I'd swear that I had another birthday.

Gone are the days when Susy was chief dish-washer, furniture-duster, and bed-maker. Now that I am in college, my hands must not be reddened by hard water, or ruined by dirt. When I go home for the week-end, I sit and watch others work. During pre-college days, Susy helped Pop in his tailor shop by waiting on customers. Now, I bring delicacies to the tailors, and talk with them as they work. I am the visitor rather than the fellow-worker.

My friends treat me in a somewhat different manner when I go home for the week-end. When I meet them, I feel like a missionary who has just returned from the jungles of Africa, having faced wild animals, having suffered from hunger, and having existed without the necessary cosmetics for months and months. Their eyes start at the curls on the top of my head, and travel downward until they reach my toes; then they rise up to my face again. Their faces immediately screw up disappointedly, and they exclaim, "Hiya, Susy! Gee! You haven't changed a bit!" Is that an insult or a compliment? By their conversation, I imagine that they are wondering whether or not I now smoke, whether I have turned "highbrow," or whether I have acquired a southern accent. They evidently feel that a change in environment necessitates a change in character.

Some of my friends greet me with wide-eyed enthusiasm, and ask, "Have you snagged a man yet?" That, to them, is the purpose of going to college. Further questions reveal that they are curious about the number of men in college, the kind of men there, and anything else pertaining to men. After the male situation is quite clear in their minds, they inquire about my classes, living quarters, pleasures, and acquaintances. Since another of my hobbies is talking, I gladly answer all of their questions.

Thinking that college people are overworked and underfed, my friends plan entertainment for me when I go home for the week-end. They generally take me either to a bowling alley, or to a movie. During the course of the evening we eat, not light refreshments, but solid meals. Sometimes we take walks, and stop at all the old "hang-outs" for refreshments. There's the corner drugstore with the curly-haired drugstore cowboy; the Blue Room, which features my favorite chocolate-marshmallow sundae with sliced bananas; and the Karmel Korn shop, which has penny candy: double-bubble gum, red whips, bull's-eyes, and Mary Janes. After an evening's entertainment planned by my friends, Mom has the bottle of Pepto-Bismol (it says on

the bottle "to relieve indigestion due to over-indulgence in food") ready for me. She knows my friends.

Having heard the recent events of my life, my friends proceed to tell me about their lives. They inform me that Earl Patrick, the "ooh-la-la" editor of our church paper, is now in the army; that Mitzi Keil journeyed to Texas and married her lieutenant; that Lois Matthews, the town's most beautiful June bride, has a son. All the news of the past few months is related to me. I provide a perfect outlet for all the "inside dope." My friends evidently feel that I have been cut off from civilization for such a long time that I crave all the news.

Going home for the week-end is more than a pleasure to me; it is an inducement to work hard, and to endeavor diligently to gain the most benefits from my college education. The fact that my family and my friends place me on a pedestal challenges me to make myself worthy of a place on that pedestal. And Susy accepts that challenge—she won't let them down!

## On Winning the War

FRED T. SIEGRIST

*Rhetoric I, Theme 15, 1942-1943*

**I**S THIS COUNTRY GOING TO WIN THE WAR? THE ANSWER to that question will affect every living citizen of these United States.

At first glance it would seem that we have the better team. The Allied Nations include most of the nations of the world. The more important ones are the United States, England and her Empire, Russia, China, the Netherlands, Free France, and most of South America. Against this formidable coalition, stand only Germany, Japan, and another little country. We can discount Italy completely when sizing up the active opposition against the Allies. The conquered countries, I am sure, are not cooperating wholeheartedly with the Axis.

When the facts are presented in this manner, they present a sorry picture for the Axis. Is the Axis really in sorry straits? No! It is a very misleading picture I have painted. It does not take into account many of the facts which must be considered in estimating the opposition. For instance: how do Germany's and Japan's supply problems compare with our own? How much longer has the Axis been preparing for war than have we? How many more battle-toughened troops and leaders has the Axis than have we?

Our supply problem, along with England's, is one of the worst in the history of warfare. To supply the troops fighting four or five thousand miles away is no easy job for the Army and Navy. The Axis nations, although



smaller than we, have built up a terrific war machine by starting early and by going about it in a thoroughly workmanlike manner. The job of catching-up with and out-producing the Axis will be one of the major battles fought in this war. Germany has another advantage in the fact that all her troops are battle-seasoned. Her generals have decided army policy while under fire, whereas our own generals have had to gain their experience in war games and by observation. However, we must not forget that Russian and British soldiers have been under fire.

Now, suppose the worst comes to the worst, and the United States of America collapses.

"What!" You say. "Why, that's impossible and unthinkable!"

But let us analyze the situation that faces America. Let us view with a pessimistic eye every possible catastrophe that could befall our country. There is no sense in ignoring these possibilities. We might as well admit that they can happen. If we understand them, we will be better prepared to fight back if affairs do turn against us.

The first outstanding misfortune that comes to mind is the collapsing of our national economy. Our national debt is mounting up and up and hovering over our heads in a most threatening attitude. Can this giant monster, which Congress is creating, be controlled? I am not qualified to say whether or not it can be. We have the words of our foremost economists and Congressmen, assuring us that no harm will come from this huge governmental debt. But these men are building their assumptions merely on economic theory. There has never been any such staggering debt in the history of our country or any other country. In other words, we are plunging into a vast economic jungle through which no trail has been blazed.

Another important problem is the farmer's plight. Is he going to be able to produce enough food in this country to feed our soldiers, the rest of the world, and also ourselves? In a short span of three years our productive ability has diminished. Of prime importance is the disappearance of skilled farm labor. In the early stages of the draft law, farm youths were drafted indiscriminately. Many other farm boys eagerly traded the drudgery and low pay of the farm for the big, easy money of the many defense plants which had sprung up throughout the country. It would be an easy matter to draft men to work in factories, but the plan to draft labor for farm work is proving unsuccessful because, whereas it takes only a couple of weeks to train someone to work in a factory, it takes a year to train someone to become a good farmhand.

All in all, these problems present a rather bleak picture to the average person, but since we must face the possibility of such catastrophes, let us stand squarely to the test and come out fighting. We all know we can win this war if we will cooperate wholeheartedly with each other, and not wait for the other fellow to do the job.

# Plays of the Second World War

JAMES COLLINS

*Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1942-1943*

I SUPPOSE IT CAN'T BE HELPED. I SUPPOSE THAT THESE plays were written with perfectly good intentions, for people with perfectly good intentions to see. If that is so, then the authors have accomplished their missions, for I have no doubt that many sad mothers, fathers, and sweethearts have shed tears after seeing or reading one of the Second World War plays, and have said to themselves, "That is what we are fighting for." Or, they have said, "That is why we will win." Or, from the earliest plays, they might have decided, "That is why we must get in the fight." In writing propaganda with good intentions for people with good intentions, the war-play authors have succeeded.

First, they failed because their receptive audience is limited to mothers, fathers, and sweethearts. The plays are all dependent upon strong emotionalism, both in the lines and in the audience—so what must be the reaction of the disillusioned cynic, or the young generation of nihilists? The well-intentioned people are undoubtedly very happy and proud as they hear Steinbeck's mayor, in *The Moon Is Down*, quote, to a German general, Socrates' denunciation:

" 'I prophesy to you who are my murderers,  
That immediately after my departure,  
Punishment far heavier than you have inflicted on me  
Will surely await you . . . '

(His voice grows stronger.)

'For I say that there will be more accusers of you than there are now.

Accusers whom hitherto I have restrained.

If you think that by killing men, you can prevent someone from censoring your lives—you are mistaken.' "

It is inspiring for the mothers and fathers to see this old man go to his death while foretelling the inevitable doom of the hated enemy, inspiring to hear Mrs. Valkonen<sup>1</sup> read the letter her husband had written just before his death:

" ' . . . Now the death of our son is only a fragment in the death of our country. But Erik and the others who give their lives are also giving to mankind a symbol—a little symbol, to be sure, but a clear one—of man's unconquerable aspiration to dignity and freedom and purity in the sight of God.' "

<sup>1</sup>Sherwood, Robert E., *There Shall Be No Night* (New York, 1940), p. 176.

That, rightfully, brings the tears of the mothers and fathers, while the sweethearts are probably more impressed with the linking of the lovers' souls in *Candle in the Wind*. Their tears probably come quicker when the lovers in every one of the plays decide that the cause must come first. They are impressed when, in the majority of the plays, one of the sweethearts must and does carry on alone after the death of his or her mate. Mothers, fathers, and sweethearts cry and feel proud and happy because of these war plays. But the disillusioned cynic has been unimpressed by emotionalism even more skillfully handled. And the young nihilist doubts the hero's courage, and wonders if the cause must come first.

Second, the plays have failed in furthering the art of drama because the moral or idea behind each play is either vague or weak. In the first of the war plays, *Fifth Column*, by Hemingway, the hero carries on his loathed job of counter-espionage in Spain, without knowing why he stays on the job. He is too much of a cynic to believe in any ultimate goal or victory, but he carries on because he "must." In *The Eve of Saint Mark*, a group of American soldiers choose death instead of a safe retreat, because something in them tells them "they must." Granted that these characters were not supposed to be sure of themselves, but the authors did not seem able to tell why "they must," or what made the fact that "they must" noble and fine. The authors could only hint that they thought the fact that their characters "must" was noble and fine; they didn't say why. To my mind, vagueness does not make good drama; it makes confusion. The main ideas behind the other plays seem weak, because they are a product of wishful thinking, and not of reason:

MADELINE—"We expect you. In the history of the world there have been many wars between men and beasts. And the beasts have always lost, and men have won."<sup>2</sup> [It can't have been too permanent a victory.]

KURT—" . . . But you will live to see the day when it will not have to be. All over the world, in every place and every town, there are men who are going to make sure it will not have to be."<sup>3</sup>

And so we find this hero fighting for a new world sans war, sans hatred. Beautiful thought, but hardly acceptable by those of us who were brought up on the fallacies of World War One, and who were taught to believe that the war to end wars has already been fought. These little speeches that unfurled the flags and crowded enlistment centers in the last war are hardly suitable now. Today's people are confused enough to understand the confusion of the hero in *The Fifth Column*, or the heroes in *The Eve of Saint Mark*, but if the audience are to decide from a play what it is they are working and fighting for, there must be more than mutual confusion between the

<sup>2</sup>Anderson, Maxwell, *Candle in the Wind* (Washington, 1941), p. 211.

<sup>3</sup>Hellman, Lillian, "Watch on the Rhine," *The Best Plays of 1940-41*, ed. Burns Mantle (New York, 1941), p. 91.



characters and the audience. The ideas must be more convincing than those which all of us have heretofore been taught are useless. The plays must have something more concrete than men dying because "they must."

Third, the plots, and the characters involved in the plots, are older than the *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, or *Ten Nights in a Barroom* plays. *The Fifth Column* (one of the weakest of the war plays) is an exception. This is because the author seems to decide, halfway through the play, that the war theme is not so important as the love theme. Therefore, in place of the standard villain, the hero turns his own sadist, and the play centers upon illicit sex à la Hemingway short stories. However, in the other plays, villains are continually whipping, and victims are continually clenching their teeth and muttering, "There'll come a day." Most of the time the victims live to see the day; occasionally they die. But they know their children, allies, or humanity will see the day. In *Candle in the Wind*, a German colonel continually upsets the heroine's plans to free her lover from prison. All the evils of the Nazi government are in his character, and all the virtues of courage, honor, and love (the United Nations), are in hers. Naturally she wins. In *Watch on the Rhine*, a blackmailer threatens the allies' cause and the hero's life. Through a series of ultra-dramatic sequences the cheat is killed, and the hero is able to return from the United States to Germany, and probable, but honorable, death. As consistent a character as the villain is the caught-in-the-hands-of-fate lover. In *Letters to Lucerne*, a young German crashes his plane and dies, purposely, so that he won't kill his sweetheart's people or let down his own. In *There Shall Be No Night*, the inevitable two young ones verbally rebel against a world that has demanded so much of them; but the hero goes to an honorable death for his country. In *Watch on the Rhine*, the married couple think they have found a haven in the United States, but duty calls the husband away from his family, and he returns to his diseased fatherland to fight for the human race. Another character, who appears in three of the plays, is the doubting Nazi, the man who recognizes the truth and beauty of the world he is fighting against, and who hates his position. The colonel in *The Moon Is Down* feels that his government will be defeated. The lover in *Letters to Lucerne* commits suicide so that he won't have to fight for something he doesn't believe in. A captain in *Candle in the Wind* helps a prisoner escape, and goes to the other side after he has "seen the light." There is nothing new about these characters. Certainly the right-will-win-in-the-end plot is not new. In dressing up old melodrama for propaganda purposes, the authors may have satisfied a few sentimentalists, but they have disgusted most of the theatre critics, and made people like myself (pessimists because of the last war) begin thinking thoughts unhealthy for wartime.

*There Shall Be No Night* and *Watch on the Rhine* have enjoyed most of the small success which the Second World War plays have had. The



very fact that two of the plays *were* fairly successful proves that it was not the war theme which defeated the others. People are willing to think and talk about the war; they want to. If a playwright can give them new ideas, or even shape their own satisfactorily, I am sure that his play would be well received. But mothers, fathers, and sweethearts do not make a sufficient audience, even if they are a receptive one. They are the ones that *must* cling to the hopes and philosophies of these plays. And they are not enough.

But if the others of us must have something new, and the government propaganda department can't give it to us, and we can't give it to ourselves, I suppose we can't ask the playwrights for the answers. I suppose it is better to have the mothers, fathers, and sweethearts comforted than no one at all. I suppose that the plays can't be much better until after the war—after we decide what we fought for. I suppose it can't be helped.

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## Happiness

I have only one *standard* for which I strive—happiness. Many people, at first, may think this a rather narrow and selfish goal. However, if one really stops to think about it, he will realize that happiness is an all-inclusive word. It is that intangible thing which makes life worth living. It is the pride a mother feels when her son wins his first high-school honor. It is the satisfaction a doctor feels when he has performed a life-saving operation. It is the sense of well-being a naturalist feels as he tramps through the green, dewy woods and marvels at nature's wonderland. It is the contentment a family feels seated around a blazing fire with the wind howling and roaring outside in the cold. It is the spirit of success and enthusiasm an athlete feels after he has won a championship game.

—BEN FISHER

# The Rubber Shortage Problem

GERALD L. HARMANSON

*Rhetoric II, Theme 15, 1942-1943*

BECAUSE OF THE SHORTAGE OF RUBBER BROUGHT ON by the war, drivers of automobiles have been forced to limit their activities. Those who formerly spent the greater part of their leisure time at the wheel find the curtailment a persistent annoyance, and, consequently, they gobble down with eager impatience any story of the production of synthetic rubber.

The rumor ran around that someone had discovered a process whereby rubber could be made from sugar. Thousands of people filled the streets with their lusty shouts of joy and anticipation, and fifty-six reportedly ran amuck, puncturing every tire they came upon and shouting, "So what!" This was indeed a gala occasion until some practical-minded soul, a kill-joy, no doubt, casually pointed out that sugar is as much in demand as rubber. Frustration and consternation reigned, and the fifty-six are enjoying a violent, yet hampered, existence at the expense of the State.

Manufacturers of grain alcohol, and certain Congressmen from the prairie states, are agitating for the use of alcohol instead of petroleum in manufacturing artificial rubber, declaring alcohol to be both cheaper and faster. Without knowing anything about the petroleum process, I want to endorse the alcohol side of the fight with every fiber of my being. I feel absolutely certain that you can make rubber from alcohol, and make it easily and economically. Anyone who went through the prohibition era with my uncle will agree with me.

There was alcohol in those glorious days that tasted like, or of, rubber—this was, in fact, one of the more common flavors. Some of the murkier fluid may actually have been rubber in the making. If eager hands hadn't seized it and mixed it with grapefruit juice, the secret of synthetic rubber might have been discovered then and there.

What my uncle recalls, with a racking shudder, was the alcohol made by amateurs. Eventually, the amateurs improved, and began turning out a high-grade product that tasted more like turpentine. It was in the earliest days that the rubber, or roofing, taste was strongest. Then is when the secret of synthetic rubber was begging to be discovered, and I have no doubt that some batches went the whole route, turning to rubber before they could be sold. If a few of these pioneer alcohol cooks could be rolled in the dirt again, they could repeat their performance.

The alcohol-to-rubber formula escaped discovery at that time for the obvious reason that no one was interested. A process to make alcohol from

tires would have received acclaim. Even if small pellets of rubber had formed in the glass, no heed would have been paid. You were regarded as a hypochondriac if you objected to anything smaller than a mouse. Those were no times to be fastidious. While the rubber flavor was occasionally clear, it was by no means the most popular. Shoe polish, cucumber, old carpeting, and ether were flavors equally common, with ether perhaps the prevailing favorite.

Any number of factors determined whether your tongue merely received an unusual sensation, or whether your digestive system caught the equivalent of ten thousand volts.

My uncle ascribes the rubber taste in the drink to the fact that the cowards who made the stuff were afraid to handle the potent commodity without rubber gloves. My uncle may be right (if anyone would know, he would), but the hint of potentialities is there, nevertheless.

The phrase "If I knew then what I know now" is of such sterling virtue that it should be chanted by a boys' choir in white tunics from the summit of a holy hill at twilight. I heartily recommend that steps be taken to retrieve those distillers previously mentioned, and offer them jobs. Since America's driving pleasure is at stake, none of these artists should be hired if their standards have slipped and they have become tramps or school teachers.

## I Become a Defense Worker

ROGER RUBIN

*Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1942-1943*

I FOLLOWED MY FOREMAN DOWN THE AISLE, ABOUT three paces behind. He walked fast for a short man, scooting his legs out in front of him in a frantic, frustrated manner. The roaring of the pipe machines on my left overawed me. On my right were enormous piles of loaded sacks; they looked as if they'd been there for years.

"What's those?" I asked, catching up.

"Scrap dust," he answered.

"Oh," I said, blankly.

They'd told me I was hired to pile pipes out in the yard. At present I was headed anywhere but toward the yard. We turned a corner, and I was confronted by some boiler-like monstrosities which barred our path completely.

"Now you'll move these," he said.

I snapped around incredulously. Oh, he was talking about a pile of empty sacks. He issued a string of further orders in a rapid barrage of

unintelligible staccato grunts, and walked away. "Slovakian," I thought. There was a pushcart nearby, and I dragged it over. I scooped up as many of the sacks as I could hold. I was immediately suffocated by an intense cloud of dust, and, dropping the bags, I staggered away, coughing spasmodically. I gazed about, distressed and embarrassed. There were only a few men in sight; they were wandering leisurely among the maze of machines.

After that I worked slowly and scientifically till the sacks were piled high and evenly on the cart. Then I put my weight against it. It didn't budge. Just then my foreman reappeared, and, with a look of disgust, tore half my pile down and started to push the cart down the aisle. I lent my shoulder, and after a few minutes of puffing and straining, we arrived at a mountain of bags similar to ours—only these were full, and some were torn and rotted, exposing a black, fibrous substance, which two men were digging out and shoveling into dry bags. Tony, the foreman, muttered some more and left. One of the men handed me a shovel and sat down on the bags. The other man sat down too. I filled a bag and gathered the top in my hand.

"What now?" I inquired.

One of the men laughed. "I dunno. We ain't never got that far before." Then they both laughed.

I thought, "Well, Hell," and sat down too. We chatted for a while, and I learned that Transite pipe was made from a number of different fibers from different parts of the world, and that this pile had been soaked when someone left the big doors open during a rain, and that Dominic was the only guy to look out for, and he was a bastard, and for God's sake don't let them put you on the pipe machines.

Finally we did a little work, and at ten o'clock Tony came over to lead me to a row of lathes. "You'll work with Antioch here," he informed me. Antioch was about twenty-five, five feet six, and built like an ape.

"First we'll move these pipes from over here to over here," Antioch said, motioning his arm in an indefinite arc. There were six pipes, each about thirteen feet long and nine or ten inches in diameter, resting on a steel tray about a foot high. He put his back toward one end, and I went to the other. "Two," he said. I gripped the top edge of each pipe. The edges were rather sharp. I jerked upward with all my strength. I was nearly thrown flat on my face. One of the pipes rolled a little to the right. Antioch turned around and gave me a look. I finally managed to lift the pipes a few inches. My knees were vibrating like a couple of tuning forks. I staggered across the tray, straining with more physical and mental force than I'd ever dreamed I was capable of. I managed to keep my back straight, but my shoulders felt as if they were being pulled out like corks. After I'd covered about thirty yards of this gruesome pilgrimage, I let my pipes clatter to the floor. The men on the lathes turned around and snickered, and



Antioch cursed me roundly. Since we had almost reached our goal, I managed to get them there. "Two more trips like that and I'm done!" I thought. The other two trips *were* like that, and I *was* done!

Finally, the noon whistle blew. Feeling very guilty, I fetched my lunch box from where I had left it near the washroom. I was afraid my foreman would accost me and ask me where I had been all morning. There was a row of men seated on some boxes nearby, and I saw Antioch among them. I self-consciously approached the group and sat down beside him. He looked up at me with an expression of suppressed amusement and outspoken pity. As if by way of greeting, or maybe judgment, he squirted a healthy glob of tobacco juice on to the floor at my feet. He mumbled, "Hi," and bit into a sandwich at least four inches thick. It contained ham, cheese, tomato, and lettuce. The tomato dripped out all over his pants. I opened my lunch box and found five petite sandwiches individually wrapped in wax paper. I also discovered half a fried chicken, two squashed plums, six chocolate cookies, and a thermos full of invigorating-looking coffee, which proved to be at least five degrees warmer than room temperature.

A young, husky kid got up and pranced back and forth, throwing plums twenty feet into the air and catching them in his mouth. The man on the ceiling crane above our heads threw an orange peeling down at someone and received a barrage of food and paper scraps. I had finished a sandwich and a half when the whistle blew. Back to work? I looked at my watch. Well, so we got fifteen minutes for lunch! I looked around for some obscure corner where I could sit down and let my food digest properly. I began idly to read the bulletin-board. There were signs about increasing production and avoiding accidents and keeping mum about defense secrets. There was the honor roll of workers in the services.

I wandered out into the blazing sunlight of the yard. Three men were standing by a big truck.

"C'mere, you!" one called. "A little help here!" I went over and started to help one man lift pipes up to the other two in the back of the truck. They started talking about the speed with which the pipes were going out to equip army camps and how the war was going and how they'd like to get a crack at those Japs. We were loading the pipes with increasing rapidity; the two of us were standing in a puddle left from last night's rain, and synchronized ripples appeared as we shifted our weights from one foot to the other. I could suddenly feel my patriotic muscles rippling superbly under my shirt. The axis was doomed already, smothered under a wave of American production, irresistible. . . .

My foot slipped, and I found myself sprawled face forward in the muddy water. I lifted myself slowly. "Yes," I thought. "There'll be great hardships, but we'll be equal to them!" I spat out a little mud and knocked some of the slime off my clothes.

# Dance Job

JAMES E. RINGGER

*Rhetoric II, Theme 15, 1942-1943*

FROM A CORNER OF THE GRIMY LITTLE DANCE HALL come the first shrill shrieks of a cornet; a pudgy little man in a faded "tux" lets out a few desultory wails from his trombone. Saxes ripple up and down arpeggios, while the pianist, a young, dreamy-looking high school kid, chords out some weird arrangement of his. Through the door walk the drummer and bass player, arm in arm, singing merrily. They unpack their instruments, then go over by the piano and begin "jamming." Soon they are racing gaily along on one of Will Hudson's rhythm-section "hot" numbers. The bassist takes a solo on the "break" strain, thumping and slapping vigorously as he twirls his bass back and forth. The kid at the piano, hands flying lightly across the keyboard, glances around, grins widely, and nods his head. One by one the other musicians gather around and join in the "jam session."

Several young boys, attracted by the irresistible noise, collect about the piano, wide-eyed and grinning. They snicker among themselves as they imitate the musicians. Soon they tire of listening and wander over to the equipment, piled in disorderly heaps in a corner. They finger everything and hold a whispered consultation on every discovery. Into the room strides a loudly dressed young fellow: "O.K., fellas, let's get set up; dance starts in five minutes. Hey, you kids, scram!"

Huge clouds of smoke swirl and eddy about the dingy, grey room, and the smells of warm beer and garlic permeate everything. Feeble lights from over the music stands can scarcely cut through the haze of cigarette smoke. An occasional red booth-light winks out of the gloom as dancers swing by.

The dance hall is packed, and the band is swinging a fast, "hot" tune. Dancers spin, glide, stomp, tramp about the little hall. Dresses swirl up about wildly gyrating legs; coats and jackets fly out carelessly in all directions. Perspiration beads the faces and arms of the dancers, and their clothes cling possessively.

The drum throbs, throbs, throbs; cornets shrill madly. The musicians, drenched in sweat (and now in shirt-sleeves), thump and stamp their feet heavily, and nod their heads in cadence to the pulsating music. They give themselves fully, freely to the music; a strange, fierce smile is on their faces. They are completely absorbed in their music. Dancers glide out of some gloomy corner, then melt away again into the all-pervading greyness.

Something eerie, wild, foreboding seems to enter the rhythm, as the music sweeps triumphantly into the last, fastest chorus. Suddenly one seems

to see a campfire, hear tom-toms, in a primeval setting. Glistening, half-naked savages dart in and out of the shadows around the fire, screaming and yelling madly in the climactic orgies of some weird dance. One seems to feel himself slipping from reality. The leaden, monotonous thud of the drum pervades everything.

Then, with a last defiant crash, the music ceases, and cruel lights flash on. Amid splatters of applause and titters of conversation, the dancers drift languorously back to their booths or to the bar. Bodies slide wearily into soft seats; voices call gaily for drinks. Perspiring musicians gratefully gulp down great, cool draughts of beer. It is intermission.

## Rhet as Writ

Why did she want to gamble all her chances of ever becoming a great star again by actions that is unbecoming and that would leave a bad taste in the eyes of the public.

. . . . .

The Socratic method is the method whereby the answer is obtained by means of the inquisitor asking the answerer questions, the answers to which usually answer the original question asked.

. . . . .

The introduction of the gas driven motor put the finishing touches on the end of the horse.

. . . . .

It is not surprising to see the banker's wife riding down the street on a bicycle or even the banker himself.

. . . . .

It (the "Beverage" plan) includes caring for the old, expectant mothers and babies.

. . . . .

Europe, a small continent when compared to most of the other six continents but large with trouble, is the core of the apple. The apple cart is very easily upset. Peace has come to parts of Europe. Peace has come and has gone like the "Good Humour Man." How can we start to have peace, if the "Good Humor Man" doesn't stop long enough to sell any ice cream? We can start to have peace by holding up a five cent piece and calling, "Hey, You with the pants on, one Skyrocket!"

## Honorable Mention

Jewens Craig: *The Job Ahead*

Donald Duvick: *Gullies*

James Gingrich: *Americans! Think!*

Leon Gottfried: *On Utopian Dreams*

Rosaline Grebetz: *Shorty*

Merton J. Kahne: *Long-Shot*

Dorothy Kelahan: *The War and I*

Jean Lovendahl: *Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever*

David Offner: *On Your Mark!*

Jo Ann Perring: *Alma Mater*

Lucille Teninga: *Let's Take a Walk*

William D. Warren: *Defender of the Indefensible*

Jane Williams: *Claustrophobia*

Neal Woodruff: *Jazz Today*





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Dr. Anderson

# THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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# Rain Fell

GERTRUDE ANDERSON

*Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1942-1943*

ALTHOUGH IT WAS VERY EARLY, THE HORSE COULD predict the type of weather there would be that day. Through the single narrow window of his cramped stall he could see the mists; he could sense the stillness and smell the threatening rain. The subdued rumble in the distance could have been thunder; but he knew that it was the low cursing of the waves that the wind had been tossing higher each hour of the night and was now throwing with heaving might against the rocks.

Even as the horse anticipated the coming, the rider appeared suddenly in the halfdoor. The creaking of the heavy stall door drowned out the customary words. The steel of the bit was cold on the horse's tongue. Down from the peg came the heavy saddle. The black horse stiffened as it settled on his back, the cinch straps slapping his sides. Through the martingale loop the cinch was drawn, and the leather strap pushed through the ring at the end of the woven cinch. Then the strap was pulled tight and knotted. The horse in protest sidestepped toward the planked wall as if to crush the man against one side of the stall. The man dodged what might have been a kick. He jerked the light rawhide trappings down and pulled the stirrups straight. Then he looped the single silver-studded leather rein over the saddle horn. Taking the reins in one hand under the black horse's chin, he led the animal down the ramp, ignoring the nervous tossing of the mane and tail which the horse exhibited.

The long damp grass seemed to clutch at their feet, and in the sheltered corners drowsed heavy-headed white and pink clover. The rider unloosed the chain from the white gate, passed through leading the horse, and closed the gate. With the reins ever tight in his left hand, he swung into the saddle. The black horse stiffened and then relaxed, and rider and horse blended in the graying light. Hitting the logging road south a bit from the gate, the horse eyed his footing. The spaces between the logs caught at his shoes.

The trees were close about horse and rider—only an occasional open place filled with wild raspberry bushes and purple fireweed; their jagged shadows fell on the road. Far back in the woods an old crow cawed mournfully. The horse peered this way and that as the trail twisted in and out and around. He seemed expectant and nervous. The rider hastily ducked as a pine bough jutted out at his head. It seemed that the horse passed under the lowest branches as though wishing to sweep the man from the saddle. The silence was a thick, heavy, oppressive quiet—one that hung as the deep stillness of deep woods hangs on every bough and dry autumn leaf.



But not all of the woods was silent. From the solid bank of undergrowth and black-barked virgin pines pranced a scary-eyed, frightened doe. She posed on the sand bank for a silent second and then plunged on spindly legs across the log road, a dash of spicy brown and fiery eyes, leaving an echoing path of hollow taps on the surface of the road.

The horse stared; and then that thing between sanity and insanity cracked. His hooves struck out into the dull woods light and beat a tattoo on the corded logs. The rider clutched madly at the horn of the saddle. His fingers caught, slipped, tore nails as his clutch was ripped from the leather. The reins were torn from his hand, and the horse, bolting into the damp air, hit the ground on four steel legs, sending the rider out into space. But the toe of one boot caught a stirrup.

The horse was in power; he ran, dragging the man on the cragged logs through the forest darkness. But the foot slipped, and the horse in a burst of wild rage stamped at the man, who groaned and tried to roll from the stabbing iron-shod hooves.

Blood colored the logs and stained the sand. The horse smelled it and sniffed the dead man, and, giving a last wild crazed leap, raced down the log road. And with a screaming snort as his shoe caught and the bones of his leg crunched he dove to the ground and lay in a sweating, heaving mass.

He had done murder; two would lie dead in that wood—man and animal. And the rain came down.

## The Forsyte Saga by John Galsworthy

JAMES JACKSON

*Rhetoric II, Theme 10, 1942-1943*

THE THREE NOVELS OF WHICH JOHN GALSWORTHY'S *The Forsyte Saga* is composed are predominantly studies of people. The great Forsyte family was a fertile bed of conflicting emotions, incredible stupidity, and an almost insane love for security. Through the three novels Soames Forsyte, the man of property, carefully finds his way, gathering to himself all that his money can buy and holding this property with all the stubbornness of a Forsyte. Indeed, one could say that the subdued, slow-moving story is fitted to Soames. His wife, Irene, means no more to him than does his new house. Both were acquired to show the world and to express his superiority over even his family. He makes mock

attempts to appear cultured by filling a room with statues and paintings and pondering his problems in their midst. Yet secretly he sneers at Philip Boisney, a true dreamer and creator, and calls him "the Buccaneer." Nor does Soames understand his wife. Yet he loves her at first, and perhaps he regrets the later divorce. He does not change a great deal. The Soames who cautiously weighs the advantages or disadvantages of every move in the first novel is really the same Soames who sees the gradual crumbling of his family in the last one. Perhaps there is a certain triumph in his slow way, for he has survived and prospered where other, more brilliant men have fallen.

In all three novels there is a shadow of failure on the lives of the colorful members of the Forsyte family. June is clever, resolute, unafraid. Yet the reader realizes from the beginning that she will be defeated in the attainment of her desires. The author hints at it by noting the unpredictableness of her lover and the seductive charm of Irene. June is defeated and becomes an old maid. Philip Boisney also fails. He deserts June for Irene, but the latter does not love him very much. Later he dies in an accident. Even the children of Soames and Irene by later marriages are haunted by the hatred of their respective parents. Their love affair is broken up; their lives are practically ruined. Thus the books are similar in that all proclaim the strength of dullness over brilliance, of tradition over the unusual, and above all of Victorian respectability.

The books are also similar in the incidental elements of setting, time covered, and description. Galsworthy is an extremely discerning character analyst. In the three books he devotes whole pages to the mood and feelings of each person as he meets the problems in his life. Yet strangely enough he gives no clear physical description of these people. The indecision of Soames over the building of a country home is especially well described, as are his feelings of inferiority when Philip is near. The setting for each event is constructed to give the greatest effect to the action in the scene. June quarrels with Philip in a gaudily decorated theatre and clashes with charming Irene amid somber shadows in a Victorian parlor. Soames dreams of a new house on a windy hill in autumn, and Fleur meets John for the first time at a rather shabby art exhibition. The time covered in each book cannot be measured accurately, for Galsworthy wrote all three as one continuous history of a family. Therefore, one generation counts little in the whole scheme.

Lastly, in none of the books does Galsworthy condemn the characters he created. Perhaps he smiles gently to himself at their clumsy attempts to find happiness, but he is concerned only with telling a story. Thus each novel is only a story, and although upon first glance the trilogy might appear to satirize the middle class it is essentially only the fascinating, sometimes boring history of one family from its greatest success to its inevitable end.

# First Date: A Social Document

DALE DICKSON

*Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1942-1943*

"O H, DAYUULL!"

"Huh?"

"Dale, my mother is having a birthday party for me and she told me specially to invite you to come. All the kids are coming, and I know you'll have a snazzy time. It's next Saturday night." Backing me into the corner, Gwendolyn Jacobs continued, "You can bring any girl you want. Will you come?"

Gwendolyn got 100's in algebra and history and sat next to me in class, so I said I'd come.

"Is Elaine Parks coming?" (Elaine was the prettiest girl in 9A, Beale School, Chicago.)

"Oh yes, Bill Toumey is bringing her."

"How about Betty Bridges?" (Betty was the second prettiest girl, same class.)

"Who're you asking?" (I was desperate by now.)

"Billy Swanson."

"Well, thanks a lot, Gwendolyn, but I just remembered. . . ." I started to sidle away.

"Just a minute, Dale; I just had a snazzy idea. My cousin Sally, I bet, would love to come with you. She goes to Englewood and is really cute."

I was stuck, then, so I said I guessed that would be all right. Gwendolyn, whom I liked less and less with each passing second, said that would be "snazzy," and that she would make all the necessary arrangements, just as the "tardy bell" rang.

All through Mrs. McGinnis' lecture on the Civil War I was tormented by a vision of a long, lanky, buck-toothed, glassy-eyed apparition. By recess time I had made up my mind to catch the next freight for the Yukon (I was going through the Jack London stage at the time), and leave the world, with all its Gwendolyns, behind. When I came back with my pockets bulging with Yukon gold, I'd show that old Elaine Parks who was the better man—me or that four-eyed Willy Toumey. When I drove up in my sixteen-cylinder Cadillac she'd be sorry. When . . .

"When a teacher is talking, Mr. Dickson, it is customary to listen, and not to gape out of the window," Mrs. McGinnis (Evil-eye McGinnis) said sharply.

The party was for the following Saturday night, and by that afternoon I was almost resigned to my fate. Gwendolyn had "fixed everything up," and I was supposed to call up this Sally to see when she wanted to go to the party. Some of my classmates were playing football in the vacant lot, and I joined them, playing with a ferocity they had never seen in me before. What they didn't know was that I was trying my best to break a leg, to get out of going to a party.

At dinner time I ate stolidly, not tasting my food, while Mother fluttered about laying out shirt, tie, socks, and my New Brown Suit. I was particularly proud of that suit because it was the first I had had that was expected to fit at the time, and not at some indefinite future date, when I had "filled out a little." I had been allowed to get it over the figurative dead body of my mother, who had been set on a double-breasted blue serge.

I took what was probably my first voluntary bath, decided not to shave, and put on my Suit. It was by then seven o'clock, and I still had not telephoned Sally. I finally decided it could be put off no longer. The ensuing conversation I have preserved for posterity.

"Hello."

"Hello."

"Is this the residence of Miss Sally Randolph?" (I had often heard my mother say that.)

"Yes."

"Could I please speak to her?"

"This is her—she—me."

"Oh." (I was dumbfounded—she didn't speak broken English!)

"Who is this?"

"This is Dale."

"Gail who?"

"Dale Dickson."

"Oh—hello, Dale."

Being able to stand the strain no longer, I came right out with it. "I will be over at 7:30. Is that all right with you?"

"Sure, that will be fine."

"Okay—'bye."

"Goodbye."

For the first time in a week I was not unhappy. She had a nice voice and I had hopes of a girl to match. I grabbed my coat and kissed my mother goodbye. Dad was sitting in the living room, reading the paper and chuckling to himself, while Mother was all over the place—fixing my tie, making sure every ten minutes that my socks matched, and in general, acting the mother hen. As I went out the door Dad said, "Have a good time," while Mother said, "Be good, son." They often had those little disagreements.



Sally lived about five blocks away, and when I got to her door I found that I was twenty minutes early. I knew this would never do, so I strolled around the block, slowly, five or six times. At seven-thirty I was back at the door. I then got a bad case of buck fever and walked around the block again. I think I could still, after five years, draw a detailed map of that block, down to the last fireplug-and-dog.

Even after ringing the doorbell, I was sorely tempted to bolt and run, when the door opened and a pleasant-looking lady said, "Oh, hello, Gail, Sally will be down in a minute." Not feeling up to defending myself against this scurrilous attack upon my gender, I went in for "a minute."

Twenty minutes later Sally came down. I was so pleasantly surprised I just sat for a couple of seconds. ("Always stand when a lady enters the room, Dale.") She was actually pretty! Long blond hair, big blue eyes, and a blue and white party dress. She looked like a fourteen-year-old Betty Grable. I was sure my tie was on crooked and I wished that I had shaved. With a goodbye to her mother we started for Gwendolyn's party.

Once outside, we talked of school, teachers, Gwendolyn, school, and teachers. To my surprise, we agreed on everything, and by the time we got to the party we were laughing and talking as if we had been buddies all our lives.

At the door Gwendolyn, with screams of ecstasy, pounced upon us, a bowl of candy in each hand. The crowd was having a hilarious time pinning the tail on the donkey, and after a few introductions we were pinning with the best of them. As the evening wore on, some of the bolder spirits initiated a game of "Post Office." When Sally called my name, I casually strolled in to her, overturning a small table in the doing. From then on I was glad I had not broken my leg that afternoon.

About eleven they turned back the rugs and everyone danced. I say "everyone" advisedly. Sally danced and I followed her in my own inimitable fashion. This was the year of the "Big Apple," though, and some of the others actually thought I was dancing a new step. Even my inspired artistry, though, held no interest for our happy little group when a few of Post Office's infinite variations were again suggested. At one-thirty (I had told my mother that I would be home by one) Gwendolyn's mother suddenly developed a moral sense, and came Tsk-Tsking in to turn on the lights. We then, naturally, started home.

On the way home I took Sally's hand ("Getting chilly out, isn't it?"), and we talked of life, love, people, life, and love. Even walking as slowly as we could, we were in front of her house in twenty minutes. We stood in her doorway, talking about life. Finally she decided she had to go in. She turned up her face, we kissed, and she went inside.

The next week her parents moved to Detroit. I never saw her again.

# Prelude

HORACE F. HARDY

*Rhetoric II, Theme 14, 1942-1943*

WHEN I CAME BACK INTO MY ROOM, FLETCHER WAS sitting on the bed reading one of my back numbers of *Film Fun*. "You got a date tonight?" I inquired.

He indicated the magazine. "I am acquiring my weekly quota of sex in an indirect manner," he said.

"That's the September issue, isn't it?" I said. "Look on page thirty-six if you want to see . . ."

He broke in, "I have already seen it. Very fine stuff. I will write my local congressman tonight and recommend that all available copies of this magazine be placed in the files of the Library of Congress."

"If you will get off your posterior," I said, "we will go down to Katsy's and get stoned."

"What a vulgar proposition, Blake," he said. "I propose that I read to you from one of the works of Milton or Chaucer."

I said, "Every time you say that on Saturday night, we have a devil of a time getting you home afterwards."

"I can drink you under the table any day," he said.

"Maybe we can get Sanderson to come with us."

"Sanderson would not appreciate the true value of getting stoned. That boy has no perspective."

"That same boy has the money," I reminded him.

"If Sanderson can be induced to set us up tonight," Fletcher said, "I will be only too glad to include him in our party. I have enough perspective for the two of us."

"Sanderson is notoriously close-fisted," I said. "We must conduct our campaign with great sagacity."

Fletcher got up and stretched. "I wonder if he has a date," he mused.

"Questionable. He is a . . . what is that word for 'woman-hater'?"

Fletcher opened the door and said, "All I can think of is 'megalomaniac,' and I'm sure that's not it. Come on."

We went upstairs and pounded on Sanderson's door. "Cut that out," he said. "I'm coming." We heard him slide back the bolt.

"What's the idea of keeping your door locked?" I asked.

"You see what gets in when I open it?" he said, looking at us.

"Sanderson," said Fletcher, "we want you to come to Katsy's with us."

"What you mean is, 'We want you to lend us some money,'" he said bluntly.

"Get your hat and coat on," Fletcher said.

"Hunh-unh," Sanderson said. "I like it here. It's warm, and I can save my dollars."

"Sanderson," I said, "you will never know how much our souls cry out for your company."

"I also will never know how much your wallets cry out for my lettuce," he informed us, but he was casting his eyes around for his coat.

"You are a skeptic," Fletcher said. "Besides that, I only owe you eighty-five cents. Blake only owes you a dollar and a quarter."

"I am getting a check from home tomorrow," I assured Sanderson. "I will be able to repay you post-haste. This embarrassment is merely temporary."

"You sure you're getting a check?" he asked suspiciously.

"Of course," I said. "Would I lie to you?"

"Only on occasions like this," he said, putting on his coat. "Why am I such a sucker?"

We didn't know. After getting our coats on, Fletcher and I and Sanderson went down to the bus stop and waited. The bus was slow about coming.

Fletcher said, "It's nine-thirty. We'll get there about right."

"Some night," Sanderson said, "we'll get started earlier and really get plastered."

"Two hours are enough," I said. "If you mix your drinks with care, there is no limit to the state you can reach."

"Misogynist," Fletcher said suddenly.

"What?" I said.

"Woman-hater," Fletcher said.

"Aah," I said.

"What's this about?" Sanderson wanted to know. "If you guys are starting out the evening by riddles, God only knows where it'll end up."

"A misogynist is a woman-hater," I said to him.

"All that is very fine, I know," he said, "but so what?"

"You wouldn't understand anyway," said Fletcher, "so don't worry about it."

"I'm not worrying," said Sanderson. "I am merely curious."

"Here comes the bus," I said.

"You got enough money for fare?" Sanderson wanted to know.

Fletcher said, "I have eighteen cents and Blake has twenty-two. Blake, if you will treat us to fare on the way down, I will treat us to fare on the way back."

"As you will tell us that we are all too drunk to go home without walking there, you will be . . ." I started.

"Blake!" he said reproachfully. "You know . . ."

"If you two will just get on the bus . . ." Sanderson said. We got on; I dropped a nickel and a dime into the slot, and the bus lurched forward. I was thrown into contact with a blonde, and her escort glared at me murderously.

"I beg your pardon," I said.

"Of course," she said.

"I didn't hurt you, did I?" I asked.

Sanderson said, "Blake, you idiot, come back here." Fletcher, more direct, clutched me by the coat and pulled.

"What's the idea?" I asked peevishly.

"No women," Fletcher said. "Women and gin do not mix."

"You're acting drunk already," Sanderson said.

We clung to the straps in silence after that. Eventually the bus let us all out. We stood on the sidewalk and looked around. "How much money have you got?" Fletcher asked.

"About fifteen dollars," Sanderson said.

"That should do it," I estimated.

"It's about got to," Fletcher reminded me.

We walked down the street to Katsinas' Cafe, entered, and advanced upon the bar.

## Snappy Slogans Sell "Stuff"

JO ANN PERRING

*Rhetoric I, Theme 12, 1942-1943*

MEET MR. GULLIBLE AVERAGE, THE MAN WHO IS THE advertiser's staff of life because he literally "soaks in" all that is handed to him. He must not be too hastily condemned. After all, he does have feelings and reactions; smooth sayings, catchy rhymes, and stirring appeals leave him rarin' to go—that is, rarin' to go and give that product a try.

Suppose we look in on the Average family as they settle down after a rationed meal for a quiet evening of relaxation. Poor Mr. Average, worn out after a "hard-day at the office," picks up the magazine at hand, and from this point on goes slowly mad. Of course, Gullible doesn't jump up in a frenzy and sprint to the nearest grocery store as the radio announcer advises, but even so this quiet evening will have a marked effect upon him—wait and see!

Being very systematic about the whole thing, let us first consider those language appeals such as rhyme, rhythm, alliteration, and onomatopoeia



which Gullible succumbs to. Before the magazine even has a chance, that blood-curdling conga chant, which sounds like "Dazzle Razzle Root Beer," but is really "Dad's Old Fashioned Root Beer," blares forth from the radio. This of course brings out the hep-cat in Father. (Mother thinks the whole thing is idiotic.)

After reading the repetitious phrase "No Brush, No Lather, No Rub-in" a few times in a singy-songy undertone, Mr. Average rubs his scratchy chin and decides it isn't such a bad idea. For Mrs. Average, Houbigant, cosmetic manufacturer, makes the magic promise, "One, Two, and a Glorified You." It has rhythm, we grant *that*.

Kellogg's onomatopoetic "Snap! Crackle! Pop!" is supposed to make the reader actually *hear* how fresh Rice Krispies are. Even Gullible smiles at this. But then a blustering phrase, such as "Bullet Belching Monsters by Bendix," seems to bring out the primitive man in him.

The radio interrupts us again to hiss "Whizzzzz—Best Nickel Candy There Isssss," and Mr. Average shudders. With a *coup d'oeil* he notices Pullman's good-sense rhyme "Sleep Going—to Keep Going," and Nestle's happy "Start the Day the Happy Way," but since Gullible is neither traveling nor hungry these don't impress him at the moment.

Across the page he spies, "Keep Cool with Kools," decides it is a good idea, and reaches for a Chesterfield. Power of suggestion is a wonderful thing. And there's a snappy slogan—"Singer Sewing Services Help Save—" but as Mr. Average glances at the little lady busily darning socks he quickly turns the page.

Gullible beams proudly as he sees the next page. Yes, indeed, pride is a sure-fire way to "get 'em," and in these days of "Slap the Japs" every man around the hearth likes to be appealed to. Makes him feel he's doing his part when he buys everything from Vitamin B to tweed suits—all "vital to victory," naturally. And if the recent Parker slogan says, "You have a *duty* that this new pen was born to share!" by golly, he'll do his duty. Besides, Mr. Average needs a new pen anyway.

He mumbles in his beard when the good old appeal to beauty is turned on, but nevertheless Gullible doesn't turn the page on any of the coy cuties who sparkle with Woodbury's "Camellia Clear Complexion," or Coty's "Perfume Parfait." Clever advertising! It's not what they say; it's who is saying it.

Thoroughly awakened from his drowsy stupor by America's glamor gals Mr. Average is now quite steeled for a good joke. Old Gold "hits the jackpot" with its clever series of "Something New Has Been Added" cartoons and quips. Of course, no one but a man would get such a kick out of General Tire and Rubber Company's "new substitute for rubber"—the hopeful co-ed's cupcakes! This will amuse him for fully five minutes, probably while he reminisces over his own honeymoon experience.

And now at last we come to the appeal to the stomach. After this strenuous evening of wear and tear, Gullible lives up to his name at the sight of some tempting dishes. In fact, the lure of food becomes too strong, and we must leave Mr. Average, for he has thrown down his magazine and is groping his way to the kitchen with a half-starved expression on his face while Mrs. Average mutters, "That man!"

The harm has been done, the germ has entered, and once again snappy slogans have sold "stuff," as Mr. Average goes blissfully along, "readin' and believin'!"

## True Victory or Isolationism

JEWENS CRAIG

*Rhetoric I, Final Examination, 1942-1943*

MOST OF US ARE DOING ALL THAT IS POSSIBLE TO bring victory as soon as possible; we do not care to think of what lies ahead of us after this victory is achieved. There is little doubt that the period after the war will be the most trying in our history. We shall have our own readjustments to make, and we must also solve the problems which will arise all over the world when the last gun is silenced.

We have only to look at the years following the last war to trace our future course. Bitter soldiers will return home and attempt to rebuild their lives. Factories will close, and haggard men will roam the streets. Children will starve, and crime will flourish. Farm prices will fall to their lowest level, and the transient farm workers will increase in number. America will again become the land of two classes, the very rich and the very poor.

This picture is black, but it is no blacker than the reality of a depression. The only thing that can save us from these horrors is an intelligent planning for peace by every individual. We should be conserving in all things, and our leaders should now be making plans for something to take the place of the war industries which will disappear. The only possible solution will be a complete end of all isolationism; we must mix with the rest of the world for our own salvation. At the end of the war, other nations will need help and by supplying this help we can keep our own economic stability.

There is no proof that we will be able to go through a depression, similar to the one following the First World War, without losing any of our democratic principles and ideas. If we draw ourselves into our shell after this war, we will have lost that for which we are fighting just as surely as if we were defeated in battle.

# Tragedy

JOHN A. LIBBERTON

*Rhetoric II, Theme 14, 1942-1943*

THE HEAT WAS TERRIFIC. THE HOT SUMMER SUN BEAT down upon us as we pushed away from the pier in my small rowboat. We were going to have a good time that afternoon, for it was the twins' birthday. The two boys were now fifteen and they were celebrating by taking a long rowboat ride on Lake Geneva.

The boys took turns rowing and enjoyed it so much that they refused my offers to lend a hand. They had never lived near a small lake and they were therefore enjoying a new experience.

It was not until we had gotten into the middle of the lake that I noticed a peculiar pink color in the western sky. I began to feel uneasy, and then sensing that something was about to happen, I jumped to the oars and began to row as fast as possible toward the shore.

After about two minutes of hard rowing I noticed that a heavy black cloud was moving rapidly over the lake. Suddenly the cloud blotted out the sun, and at that moment a blast of wind converted the lake from peaceful tranquillity to a mass of gigantic waves.

The little boat was tossed from the crest of one wave to another. I frantically tried to keep it away from the large waves while the two boys clung screaming to their seats.

Without any warning a huge wave swept down on us. We felt its terrific force, and then we found ourselves gasping for breath and bobbing among the waves.

I yelled to the twins to swim for the capsized rowboat and to hang on, but they could not reach it. With each futile stroke they were swept farther and farther away. Then a wave washed me toward the overturned boat, and with a superhuman effort I managed to reach it. My instinct of self-preservation had caused me to forget about the twins, but now I began to worry. I glanced about me, but I could see nothing of the two boys. I yelled their names above the roar of the storm, but there was no answer. . . .

All I did from then on was to cling to the boat and wait for the storm to subside. After what seemed like hours the wind ceased just as suddenly as it had come. A speedboat quickly sped away from the shore, and in a short time it was beside me. My parents and those of the twins were in the boat, and I managed to tell them what had happened.

The lake bed was dragged in an effort to find the bodies of the two boys. One body was found on the second day. The other was never discovered. I shall never forget that terrible experience.

# Death at Monticello

JAMES RINGGER

*Rhetoric II, Theme 14, 1942-1943*

GAY, GAUDY LIGHTS FLICKER AND GLITTER OUT OVER the placid, ebony waters of Lake Shafer. From the packed dance hall drifts slow, dreamy, distance-muted music. Shouts of laughter from the carefree week-end crowds mingle with the clatter from the roller rink, the wild roar from the toboggan slide, and the jangle of machines in the amusement arcade. Wending their way through the jostling, hilarious throngs are white-aproned young vendors.

Inured by now to the beach's riotousness, Don and I paddle about luxuriously in the cool, deep water under the diving boards. We exhibit fancy dives from the low board, and wrestle playfully for a rubber ball. A well-aimed dash of cool water splatters on Bill, the lifeguard, who is dozing blissfully on a bench; Bill bolts after the culprit, catches him, and, amid spluttering protests, ducks him vigorously. Don and I, both good swimmers but poor divers, dare each other repeatedly to dive from the high board, but neither of us has the necessary nerve.

Then the clock strikes nine, and yelling a hasty "so long—don't drown yourselves," I dash for the bunkhouse, hoping to be changed and on duty by 9:15. Having changed clothes quickly, I am just elbowing my way through the dance-hall crowd when the lights suddenly flicker and go out. A tense hush hangs momentarily in the inky blackness, and then muffled voices begin to mutter queries. Continued darkness alarms the mob, and they instinctively head for the door. Just as I step out ahead of the main rush, I see a flashlight's thin, pale beam jerking rapidly towards the pier, and I hear above the increasingly loud grumblings of the crowd a faint flurry of yells from the waterfront. Followed by a few other curious ones I race towards the beach, and as the lights suddenly flare back on, I see a small group clustered about a figure lying on the dimly lighted pier.

Soon a silent, wide-eyed ring of faces circles the little group. A tanned, husky man in trunks bends methodically and mechanically back and forth over the prone figure. Three other swimmers, Don among them, are huddled nearby, whispering among themselves. In the crowd heads turn, whispers stir and speed about.—"What happened?"—"I don't know"—"Someone said he was electrocuted!"—"Electrocuted? How?"—Preceded by a boy stammering explanations, the beach manager shoves through the watchers, and, armed with rubber gloves and a wire-cutter, climbs up and cuts the wires to the diving tower. The manager's face is pale, and his multitudinous



freckles stand out fiercely; his hands shake as he climbs down and hurries to the victim's side.—“Guess a bare wire charged the tower 'n' electrocuted the poor fella”—“Oh, how horrible!”—“Will he live?”—“They been workin' on him fer twunny minutes, an' he ain't moved yet; must be dead.”—More and more people arrive; the whole beach is covered with a milling, shoving throng of people, each of whom is standing on tip-toes trying to see the victim. “Gee, ma,” a little boy says in an awed voice, “he sure looks awful white, don't he?”

Then a doctor arrives, and a wide corridor opens miraculously for him through the pressing people. All eyes are on him as he makes a brief, peremptory inspection; then he mutters softly to the small clusters of swimmers, who are now visibly shivering, either from shock or cold.—“I hear the lifeguard sent somebody to turn off the lights so's he could drag the poor fella away. Must be a brainy kid!”—The victim, clad only in sodden black trunks, lies limply face down on the wooden pier, arms and legs sprawled out. His face, blanched and chalky, still holds a pained, surprised grimace. Soaked hair strings down over the man's face, and a small scar over his right eye stands out lividly in the cruel glare of concentrated lights.

The doctor opens his little, black grip, and takes out a long hypodermic needle. After some delicate adjusting, he injects it carefully over the man's heart.—“Adrenalin!”—A sympathetic shudder ripples through the crowd, and a woman standing in the inner ring faints with a low moan.

On the roof concession silent people sip their beer and look down. A few bold souls, trying to stir up courage, talk overloudly, and a waiter, white and obviously very nervous, drops his change on the floor, where it jangles loudly and hollowly. The whole scene there below seems somehow ghastly and unreal. Red lights from the nearby Ferris wheel mingle with pools of velvety fog drifting in from the lake, casting a weird, faint red aura over everything. Scrawny beams from a score of twitching flashlights flicker and glow in the haze. A motor boat sputters up to the pier, its glaring spotlight pinned on the unconscious man.

Beads of perspiration dot the head of the man working on the victim. A wide-eyed young waiter gingerly slips a towel under the limp head, held up by a bystander. Suddenly the doctor bends over the body, then signs to the worker to cease his slow, rhythmic pushing. The doctor rises slowly, shaking his head, while the lifeguard drops a blanket over the body.—“Oh, he's dead!”—

Suddenly, brusquely, efficiently, the police arrive, and begin dispersing the crowds. Groups break up and people start for their cars; once the spell is broken, dispersion is quick. The people, depressed and wordless, hurry away.

# A No to the Yes-men

MARY LOU DRUM

*Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1942-1943*

A BOARD OF TRUSTEES CONCERNS ITSELF WITH MOST university affairs, especially reserving for itself the final word on the hiring and firing of instructors. And a Board of Trustees usually has a policy about how these instructors should pursue the task of enlightening their students. And a Board of Trustees is usually very unhappy when an instructor has a different policy. Then after a little while it is the instructor who is unhappy, as he looks for a new place in which to instruct.

Just what is the situation concerning the instructor who will not bow down and say "Allah!" to a Board of Trustees? By upholding his own ideals is he doing the students a favor or an injustice? My answer would be emphatically on the side of those who say he is doing students a favor.

It is his purpose to educate young people. An education has three definite aims. They are, first, to give students a broader, more comprehensive viewpoint of the world in which they live; second, to bring understanding of the ways of others, and with this understanding, tolerance; and, third, to do away with prejudice and supplant it with knowledge.

A yes-man instructor represents the exact antithesis of all these aims. How can he give students a broader viewpoint if his own extends only as far as the "Thou shalt not" sign on the council table of a Board of Trustees? What good is it to anyone if he has understanding and cannot use it to present to the students the fruits of his experience? Where are the students going to learn tolerance in a regime which does not tolerate individual differences of opinion? How can he analyze and remove prejudice when he is suffocated by it? Where is the source of knowledge if the instructor is not free to impart to his students what he knows?

Knowledge has to come from someone who already knows. The generally accepted source is the textbook. But the textbook may be colored by the personal opinions of its author, opinions which may be highly divergent from those of the instructor. And if the instructor is free to express his own opinions, the students will see varied sides of the subject and will gain a broader outlook. Thus aim number one of an education is accomplished.

Lively discussions are the very essence of progress in education. Students learn to respect the opinions of their fellow classmates and their instructor. They are willing to tolerate them for the sake of gaining new ideas. But how can discussion be stimulated if the instructor does not occasionally dissent from the majority, and encourage students to do likewise? In an interesting discussion aim number two is greatly forwarded.

Aim number three, the dispersal of prejudice and the acquisition of knowledge, is accomplished gradually in conjunction with the other two. If they are lacking, then aim number three has no chance of being realized.

Therefore, I will reply with a definite *no* to people who ask the question "Should there be yes-men on the faculty?"

## Aim of a University Education As I See It

ANNE TALBOTT

*Rhetoric II, Theme 1, 1942-1943*

THE OTHER DAY I GOT A LETTER FROM A FRIEND AT Michigan State. In closing, he said, "Don't let your books interfere with your education." Don't let them interfere! I thought they were the education. But a second thought cleared my reasoning power. I want a liberal education, and I mean liberal.

I mean good, old, solid book learning—page and a half math problems, tough research work, heated class discussions, and grades that look well on a permanent record card and speak well for the student.

I mean good instructors, modern and tolerant. The instructor makes the subject interesting, and guides the student along his educational pathway. I want instructors that I will like now, and will still remember and thank in years to come.

I'm not slighting the social side, either. Blind dates give a student confidence, and beer parties give him a chance to "let off steam." Formal dances give him knowledge that he is master of the situation, and coke dances give him fun. It all goes into his liberal education.

Along with his learning comes a startling realization. He is not all-important at all. He is one of eight thousand other students in this university, and one of the many, many people in the world. No one is going to look after him; he has to do it himself. No bright and special star shines over his head. He can get ahead, but he has to dig. Some people would call this realization "growing-up."

His life in the university is part of his education. He learns the best manners, and has to use them constantly, so that they become part of him. He learns a respect for his elders—his house-mother, instructor, or employer. He even learns some new beer-drinking songs, which he will probably remember all his life. He learns the limitations that the lack of money can

really exert—a very painful and often repeating process. He becomes a well-rounded, liberal-minded, likeable person, giving the more important things the most notice.

That is how I see a university education, and what I want from mine. Give me a liberal education—personal style.

## I Cannot Swim

CLARK BEDROSIAN

*Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1942-1943*

CONSULTATIONS HAVE BEEN HELD OVER ME. EXPERTS have been called in. But people will not grasp the fact that I am one of those boys who constitutionally cannot learn to swim. To any critic who says that I have not been trained by the proper method, I reply: I have been trained by all methods. There is no device under heaven that has not been tried upon me. But I cannot swim.

When I know that a swimming lesson is in store, I cower behind the bathhouse door until further delay would mean a searching party. Then I try to advance to my fate with assurance. Evading my oldest brother's outstretched, clammy arms, I throw myself hysterically into the lake.

I shall not attempt to describe all that happens next. I cannot answer for the subtleties of teaching a non-teachable, non-aquatic animal to swim. I try to follow orders. But I cannot help sinking. I sink with the firmness of a submarine submerging; I sink unanimously, not head first, not feet first, but horizontally and as a whole. Then I am fished up and arranged carefully once more upon the waves and bidden yet another time to strike out. Strike out! Oh, attitudes most unorthodox and frog-like. I have learned to strike them all. Not, however, upon the surface.

Drugged by lake water, I struggle on, only mind enough left to wonder what great faith supports this brother of mine that he should spend an hour launching me and dredging for me with morose persistence. Just as the last glimmer of intelligence is about to be drowned out, my respite comes. My sister, surging by, calls, "Make him go in. He ought not overdo when he is just learning." Make him go in! With an ironic cackle I laugh terribly between chattering teeth and wade out.

Many people have condemned as artificial George Meredith's figure of speech which describes walking across the garden as "Swimming across the grassy lawn." I support Meredith—if one must swim, the best place is, in my opinion, on the lawn.



# Under the Shadow

BOB PEABODY

*Rhetoric I, Theme 12, 1942-1943*

LIGHT DESCENDED IN A STARKLY BRILLIANT CONE FROM the huge, white-globed lamp, glaring against the sheet-shrouded table in futile search for an unnoticed speck of dirt. The light rebounded against the spotless walls and shone upon the freshly scrubbed floor. Immaculate nurses moved about in its brilliance, carrying stacks of snow-white towels and trays of gleaming instruments. The room was flooded with light, but above its arc the dark shadow stood, motionless, as if it were waiting. . . .

A door swung open, and a group of white-robed figures came slowly into the room, escorting a cot bearing the sheet-covered form of a man. They wheeled it to the table and carefully transferred the man and covered him; then they left.

Another table, spread with steel-bladed instruments, was wheeled beside the operating table. A large machine was brought into position. Towels were arranged around the figure of the man. Then everything was ready, and the nurses paused, tensely quiet.

Again the door swung open, and the surgeon, clad in speckless white, entered. Others followed, their subdued chattering stopping as they followed the doctor to the table.

The surgeon pulled back the sheet and stared for a moment at the silent figure. "A bad case," he murmured authoritatively but sadly. "He's badly off, the poor devil." The figure beneath the covers groaned as if in agreement. The shadow above the light deepened. The doctor called to his assistant, "Get him ready. We've got to operate at once."

A white-clad figure bent over the man, a mask in his hands. The groans stopped. White hands stripped back the sheet, revealing a gaping hole slashed darkly against the white skin of the abdomen.

The surgeon returned, drawing a sterilized mask over his ruddy cheeks. He picked white gloves from boiling water, drew them on carefully. He went to the table; his assistant went to the opposite side. A nurse came to stand at the head; another was at the surgeon's side, beside the small table of instruments.

For a second the surgeon stared at the wound. A boiler had exploded, and the flying fragments had struck the man in the abdomen, ripping open his belly. It was the surgeon's task to sew together the lacerated intestines, remove the steel, and clean the wound of infection before the man died of shock and the loss of blood.

The surgeon drew a breath and expelled it quickly, as if he had decided on his plan. He glanced up; the dark shadow above was menacing. Then he moved decisively.

He gestured for a knife, and, with flying hands, cut the purple tissue from the edge of the wound. He called for clamps and thread and needle, and began to sew, his assistant setting the clamps and cleaning the blood in his path. No one spoke; for words meant undue breath.

The man's breathing quickened. "He's going fast," the nurse at the head announced simply. "Oxygen and adrenalin—quick." The doctor answered her unasked question. The nurse turned, and an electric motor started, giving vent to its exertions in a soft chugging.

Blood, crimson and horrible in the bright glare of the lights, drained out onto the sheets. Dark red splotches dulled the keen brightness of the steel. The white hands of the surgeon were red. But he never noticed. He worked on absorbed; his hands seemed slow, but he worked with incredible speed.

The surgeon made the last stitch and removed the clamp. But he did not stop. He called for new clamps and began to place them carefully in the wound, pressing apart the bleeding intestines.

Finally he stopped, peering into the dark recesses he had made. He looked up and asked for the large forceps. The room was suddenly very still. The shadow seemed to draw in a little closer. The only sound was the sobbing gasps of the man.

Cautiously the emotionless fingers of the surgeon inserted the forceps into the abdomen. He worked slowly; finally he seemed to find what he was searching for. His fist convulsed. His hand emerged, then the forceps, and then the blood-covered, jagged-edged fragment of steel. The frenzied breathing of the patient choked, gagged, and stopped. The shadows deepened and advanced until they seemed very close. The machine chugged. The surgeon waited. The shadow drew closer.

And then the man was breathing again, in short, panting gasps, attempting to suck the oxygen into his lungs. A nurse turned away, biting her lip. The assistant looked up, awe in his eyes. But the surgeon had resumed his work. He applied the sulfanilamide, the destroyer of death. He drew a rubber-like sheet over the wound. He covered it with cotton. The breathing of the man eased. The machine lost momentum, died. The white light flooded the room, driving the shadow back into the recesses, where it stood, waiting. . . .

The man was wheeled from the room. Nurses gathered up the instruments, towels, compresses busily. The red-soaked sheets were taken up, and fresh, crackling ones laid down, glaring in the white light.

The surgeon removed his mask and gloves slowly. He blinked his eyes tiredly. The nurses stepped back to let him pass. He dragged himself from the room, weary beyond belief.

# The War and I

DOROTHY KELAHAN

*Rhetoric II, Theme 15, 1942-1943*

I DIDN'T INTEND TO WRITE ABOUT WAR. I DON'T EVEN want to. But it seems there's nothing else to think about anymore. The war is everything, and there's not a single, solitary being on earth whose life isn't tied up in it.

I'm sick of it. I'm so sick of it that I could go raving, screaming mad when I think of it. And yet, who am I to feel like this? I don't even have to fight this war. I'm only one of the women at home. I'm not even a WAAC or a WAVE or a SPAR. I'm just a nineteen-year-old college girl who has been dividing her time between studies and fun, and now I'm crying like a disappointed baby because the enjoyable part has been taken away from me.

Just give me a little time to get used to the idea. I will, if I can just have a little time to think things out. I promise you, I'll develop as great a hatred as anyone else for Hitler and the Japs, and everything connected with their part of the war. I'm working up to it now. I never hated anything or anybody in my life, but I'm learning fast. When something comes smashing into the peaceful orbit of your uneventful but satisfying way of life and blows it to smithereens, hate is something you can grit your teeth on while the tears roll down your cheeks.

That's why I'm building myself a beautiful wall of solid hate. I laid the foundation when my oldest brother went off to war. Every long interval that elapses between the times we hear from him provides another stone for my wall. Each new gray hair on my mother's head cements a chink between two stones. Those new wrinkles on my father's face, and the sudden relaxation of those shoulders that never drooped before began the second layer of stones, and when my second oldest brother went into the Marines last month, that part of the wall was finished. In a few weeks, my youngest brother will leave for what he is young and foolish enough to think is a great adventure. Magically, the third layer of stones, heavy with hate, falls into place.

Today, I broke all former records in my building. I was talking to my Bill, who is scheduled to take his part in the massacre sometime in February. This fact alone is enough to make the wall top my height. But it's what he said today that swelled the proportions so much. He told me that he wasn't going to ask me to marry him, that he wasn't going to give me a ring, or his pin, or anything like that, because he doesn't feel that it's fair to tie any girl down with a promise now, when the odds are ten to one that he won't

come back. I don't want it that way, but I can't argue with him when I can see why he feels as he does.

And there goes my wall of hate, towering above the mountains. I can't control it anymore—it's out of my hands. If the day ever comes when I shall have to open a telegram that begins with the words, "We regret to inform you . . .," I'll leap this wall and fling myself at my enemies with such fury that the foundations of my wall will crumble and send the stones rolling down to crush me and my enemies with my hatred.—That, after all, would not be an unsatisfactory ending, for I am a coward, and I do not want to live in the world that this will be when the war is over.

## Idiot's Delight

J. RICHARD KELLER

*Rhetoric I, Final Examination, 1942-1943*

DEAR MOM,

It was cold tonight—colder than it ever was before. My two-hour guard duty seemed as if it lasted throughout the entire night. The moon was shining full force and lighted up the white snow. I still can't understand why there were no planes after us—it was perfect bombing weather.

Tonight in the barracks we started talking about something we had all been thinking about, but somehow never mentioned—Just what are we fighting for? It made quite a discussion. You'd be surprised how many of the boys are fighting just because they feel they ought to defend their country. But, Mother, I'm sure there is much more to fight for than a body of land.

Mom, I think we're fighting for an idiot's delight—the most glorious idiot's delight in this world. Remember last summer? Remember those picnics in the woods, those glowing sunsets on the river, and those strolls by the edge of the water? Remember how Father would swear at the New Deal and how he would become almost speechless at the mention of Felix Frankfurter?

And then there was Spud—his long black ears dangling to the ground, his cold stub nose. I think Spud enjoyed our Sunday rides more than we did. Remember how he would run along behind my "bike"? How sad and bewildered he always looked whenever I punished him.

You said that your bridge club has been making bandages for the Red Cross during its regular meeting time. I suppose it won't be long until the dozen and one other clubs you belong to will be doing the same thing. What



will you do if the Phidian Art Club decides to camouflage tanks? Really, Mom, you've got to admit that your clubs are your idiot's delight.

Margie told me that they had given up basketball at their high school so that the boys might work every night at the defense plant. That must be tough on the kids. I'll never forget our last game with Sterling. I yelled until I was hoarse. I still think we should have won, but it was a good game. After each game we would go to Tony's for cokes. If we lost, we would listen to the "juke box"; if we won, we would sing every song that would pass the self-imposed censorship. That was my idiot's delight.

It looks as if Father is the only one who has salvaged his comfort from the war. He wrote that the *Tribune* says the administration is bungling the war effort. Somehow I think Father has chosen the greatest idiot's delight there is.

When the boys come home—and they *will* come home—all that they'll ask for are the great little things that I've called our idiot's delight. I know that's all I'll ask for. Please keep them for us.

Until then,  
DICK

## Village in August by T'ien Chün

MARIAN COHEN

*Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1942-1943*

AS JAPANESE BOMBS RAIN HAVOC AND DESTRUCTION upon China, as thousands writhe in the agonies of bullet wounds and cholera, and as thousands more rot from starvation, Chinese culture continues to expand and bear fruit. The explanation for this phenomenon—a renaissance in the midst of death and slime—is found in the desperate need of the Chinese masses to supplant the conviction of futility permeating men's minds with a conviction of compelling purpose.

Soldier-author T'ien Chün has molded the *pai hua*—the people's vernacular, as opposed to the classical language of the intellectuals—into a rich vehicle of literary expression. With unadorned simplicity Chün has captured the blatant ribaldry of the soldier, has laid bare and unashamed the sensual warmth of man as a physical being, and has lightly touched that mysterious thing called the soul with the supple fingers of an artist.

But Chün's utter simplicity has done far more. It has clarified the basic issues of the war against the aggressor and has inculcated these issues in the mind and heart of the common man, in the minds and hearts of all of those

common men who constitute "the people." Chün sees clearly that the Japanese soldier who rapes the Chinese girl, the "fat-bellied money lenders" who suck the life blood from the farmer, the opium smugglers who peddle degradation and death are within the grasp and scope of understanding of every man, woman, and child in China; whereas abstract promises of "self-determination," "equality of opportunity," "brotherhood of man" carry no connotation. Are not the former merely concrete manifestations of the latter?

*Village in August* personifies the new spirit of the new China—that spirit voiced in Walt Whitman's passionate cry, "Then courage! . . . revolter! revoltress!" Revolter and revoltress—Anna and Hsiao Ming—fighting, learning, sorrowing, sharing side by side on a basis of wholesome equality. It is the new spirit of pure democracy—the unity of the worker, the soldier, the farmer, regardless of race, color, or creed; the respect for human life as a sacred trust—a respect instilled deep into the consciousness of the soldiers of the People's Revolutionary Army—a respect that makes the shooting of a common soldier, be he Japanese or Chinese puppet, a negation of principle and cause. Chün's is the China of the people, opposed on one hand by the bourgeoisie, on the other by the Japanese militarists—of the people who "must make each shot count for a hundred of our enemy's!"—those people who will drive the Japanese and their "running dogs" from their land or perish in the attempt!

Chün's psychological insight adds depth and pathos to this story of the struggle for human freedom. Though Seki Moto has been told again and again that "The soldiers of the Great Imperial Japanese Army must be loyal to our Celestial Emperor throughout their lives!" an undercurrent of imperious questioning runs beneath his cold veneer of loyalty and patriotism. Seki, a product of his environment, mutilates and kills and rapes with the blind, but always he probes the flimsy foundation of this "greater glory" that tears him from his home, his sweetheart, his very life. Chün's implications are of the utmost significance in that this doubt, this sickening, this despair is the first manifestation of a series of undermining inroads which spell ultimate collapse. But neither is Chün's picturization of the Chinese a rosy spectacle of supreme beings struggling against seemingly insurmountable obstacles for a noble and altruistic "cause." Hsiao Ming and Anna find temporary peace in each other's arms. Little Red Face dreams nostalgically of home and a comfortable pipe, and old Tsui quaveringly pleads, "Comrade Hsiao, that fine world you tell of, when will it come?" And yet, though this "fine world" is a speck on the horizon, a firefly in the night, these people fight on—hungry and weary they fight on.

Chün's China has learned with General Ch'en Chu that "when a mistake has once been made, remorse for it is useless." China has made many mistakes and it will make many more. But the rallying cry of the new China is Chün's, "We must prepare for tomorrow!"

# The Young Man's Game

BOB PEABODY

*Rhetoric I, Theme 15, 1942-1943*

**F**AST BREAK BASKETBALL! A SLIM FIGURE DARTS down the sidelines, reaching for the ball that comes like a bullet to meet him. He breaks into the center, dribbling, and feints to the left of his panting opponent, who is back-pedaling furiously. Then he cuts suddenly to the right, and drives on into the basket, leaping high in the air, laying the ball gently against the backboard so that it falls through the hoop. And the crowd is on its feet again, yelling wildly again and again. . . .

. . . .

Fast break basketball—the rather silly game of trying to put an air-filled rubber ball through an iron hoop but slightly larger. But it's the fastest of sports, and it has captured the fancy of the sport-loving American till his demands to see it played have made it the best-seller of them all.

I like sports—the sweat and the labor and the beautiful simplicity of a fine team doing a difficult task skillfully. And basketball is the best of all, because it is the most demanding of all and because it returns to the players the greatest benefits for the hardest work.

Basketball is a hard game to understand and a harder one to play. Besides the fundamental necessities of being able to run, throw a ball, and dribble, a good player must have stamina, initiative, and intelligence. It takes many hours of laborious practice to make a good basketball team; it takes the personal traits of sportsmanship, courage, and determination to make a good basketball player.

This alone—the demonstration of personal prowess—would make basketball a fascinating game. But teamwork, teamwork that makes each play develop and each man perform a specified duty, is the factor that makes a basketball fan a fanatic on the subject of his sport.

Basketball appeals to the aggressive spirit in man, and the sport performs a vital aid in helping every participant curb that spirit and make it serve him instead of ruling him. Sportsmanship is a greatly overworked word, but every good basketball player must be a good sport also. Sportsmanship is really a demonstration of the person's respect for his opponent's ability, and there has never been a basketball star who has not had a healthy respect for a good foe.

These things are the factors that make every moment of a basketball game—of every basketball game—absorbing. But the final aspect of the

game as a whole is even more thrilling. There is the beautiful precision of two fine teams playing the final minutes, fast but unhurried, exerting their best, coolly, ably. There is the glory of an upset, of boys playing over their heads, of taking advantage of every break, of playing all over the floor, every minute of the game. There is the tradition of old rivals—color, and spirit, and determination.

The commercialization of major sports, both college and professional, has robbed them of the grandeur that basketball still holds. But basketball is still fresh and young, a sport for young men who have spirit and determination and a desire to do their best.

## The Moon and Sixpence by W. Somerset Maugham

JACK SOLOVY

*Rhetoric I, Theme 12, 1942-1943*

**D**IRK STROEVE WAS A BUFFOON! BUT UNDER THE outer bark, which deceptively covered his inner makeup, flowed a sap that was the life-line of his true character. He was highly emotional, sincere, generous, sympathetic, kind and lovable. Yet his appearance deceived all whom he came in contact with—he looked ridiculous to them. He was fat with short legs. He was prematurely bald. He had thick red lips which matched his fat apple-like cheeks. Nature has done many strange things, but she did the strangest when she united the outward semblance with the inner qualities of Dirk Stroeve. As W. Somerset Maugham puts it in his book *The Moon and Sixpence*, "Dirk Stroeve had the passion of Romeo in the body of Sir Toby Belch." He may best be characterized by his associations with two people, Charles Strickland and Stroeve's wife, Blanche.

Dirk Stroeve was an artist, but he was never more than third-rate. In Charles Strickland, Stroeve recognized genius. Dirk Stroeve was uncanny in recognizing the traits of a person which are buried deep in the cavity of the soul. Yes, in Strickland he recognized genius. Strickland was a man, oblivious of his surroundings, whose thoughts were deeply embedded in his mind. He had a deep passion for painting and was constantly striving to express this passion, but he didn't know how to attain the goal he was seeking, and didn't care whom he had to trample in order to accomplish his desire. To Strickland, Stroeve was a "damned fool who was forever making



an ass of himself." Strickland said this even after Stroeve had taken him to his own home, when Strickland was deathly ill. Strickland said this even after Stroeve had nursed him back to health, when he was on the verge of death. Strickland said this even after Stroeve's wife wanted to go away with Strickland, but Stroeve gave up his own home, so that his wife would not have to live in Strickland's barren attic-studio. Strickland said this even after he had driven Stroeve's wife to committing suicide, and after Stroeve had offered to take Strickland with him to his home in Holland, thinking this might change Strickland's attitude toward life. When Strickland was asked why he still made fun of Stroeve, he answered, "The absurd little man enjoys doing things for other people. That's his life." Stroeve looked ridiculous even when he tried to help someone. After his wife's death, he went to his Holland home, disappointed and heartbroken. He was in this condition not because of his own loss but because he was sorry that he couldn't do anything for a man like Strickland.

Perhaps Blanche Stroeve left Dirk because his love only excited her passion without satisfying it, and perhaps in Strickland she found what she needed. Blanche, who was a governess in the household of a prince, met Stroeve in Italy. She was seduced by the prince's son, who she thought was going to marry her. The people put her out. She was ready to commit suicide because she was going to have a baby. Stroeve found her and married her. At the time she told Stroeve she was going to leave him and live with Charles Strickland, Stroeve said, "Goodbye, my dear. I'm grateful for all the happiness you gave me in the past." As he recounted this incident to his best friend, he was told that he lost his vanity. Stroeve answered by saying, ". . . when vanity comes into love it can only be because really you love yourself best." Stroeve would not leave town after his separation from his wife, for he wanted to be near if anything happened to her. He knew that inevitably something would happen. During the period of time his wife was away Stroeve followed her every movement, trying to get a glimpse of her. He sent her notes in which he forgave her all her misgivings. He wrote that if he was a bad husband he would do everything in his power to make up to her. This was to no avail. When she was on her deathbed, after trying to commit suicide, he implored her to let him see her. She would not acquiesce. While his wife lay in the hospital, Stroeve said to a friend, in a shrieking voice, "Oh, if you knew how she's suffering! I can't bear it. I can't bear it."

There you have Dirk Stroeve—short, fat, with a round head and red cheeks. A man who possessed the love of beauty. A man whose soul was honest and sincere. An emotional, excitable, kind, pathetic man who wore gold-rimmed glasses that were always slipping down to the end of his nose. Yes! Dirk Stroeve was a buffoon.

# Good-Bye to All That

DAVID HENSON

*Rhetoric I, Final Examination, 1942-1943*

LAST OCTOBER I THOUGHT THE FUTURE HAD NEVER looked brighter. My father had decided to retire from the bench and to join a leading Chicago law firm. At that time, I thought that the next time I walked into the Field Building at 135 South LaSalle Street it would be to take an elevator to his office on the twenty-second floor. I also thought of myself becoming a member of the firm when I graduated, for it was my place if I wanted it. Yes, last October I had a lot to look forward to.

Then the unexpected happened. Toward the end of October my father became critically ill with a rare heart disease; he died on November 1, the day before he was to have entered his law firm. I had never had such a shock; nothing else could happen which would affect me as that did. At first I thought everything was gone, and the future was so uncertain that I dreaded to face it. I didn't want to come back to school, but, knowing there was nothing else to do, I came back and made up my work, feeling rather fatalistic about everything all the while.

November brought another problem, too. That new problem was the army. I had to make up my own mind, for I had no one at home to ask for advice, and so I joined the Enlisted Reserve Corps. As a result, uncertainty has ruled me ever since. We are told nothing but conflicting rumors, and no sooner do we prepare to go into the army than we are told to stay in school. Working in the face of conflicting emotions is really difficult, and it breeds a careless attitude which is hard to overcome. Many fellows feel that it is useless to work now when they probably will be in the army in a month; they want to have all the fun they possibly can.

In the midst of all the chaos and confusion we need something to look forward to. I don't know what it will be, but I'm sure it won't be the taxes we will be paying for the rest of our lives. The idea of a saintly world-society has been advanced during this war, as it has been numberless times in the past, and it has failed every time with no more encouraging prospects for the future than the past has shown.

It seems to me that if a fellow wants something to live for and fight for and die for, it must be something personal. Some fellows have wives and children to think of; others have mothers and dads; some have businesses and jobs and hopes. Every individual, in his own personal way, has a secret hope for something in the future which will make it better than the past.

Seemingly, some fellows have very little to look forward to, in a material way, and yet they have the greatest faith in the future. Perhaps that is the only way to feel. Regardless of what we have had in the past, we can say good-bye to all that, and look forward to tomorrow with hope and faith, trusting that it will bring something to each of us which will make our lives richer and better.

## What It Means to Be Poor

MARIE HINTON

*Rhetoric II, Theme 4, 1942-1943*

ARE YOU POOR? I AM. OH YES, I HAVE TWO GOOD hands, two good feet, and two good eyes; adequate food, shelter, and clothing; and I have freedom, which makes me rich, or so the romanticists would have me believe. They also would have me believe that I can be just as happy, perhaps even happier without money as I can with it. I'm going to show you some of the things it means not to have money.

First of all, it means that one member of the family, probably either the father or mother, has control of what money there is, and each time you want some, you have to ask him or her for it. The first two or three times aren't so bad, but gradually you begin doing without things rather than ask for money. It is the hardest, most embarrassing thing that I can think of.

It means that the first thought you think when someone mentions getting something or doing something is, "How much will it cost?" It means trying desperately to get out of going for a coke with friends, having to refuse their well-meant offers of a loan or of "This one is on me," and then making yourself as unnoticed as possible while they have one, hoping that expression in your eyes doesn't look like longing for one, because you *didn't* want one!

It means buying a stamp for a letter each time you mail one, instead of having a sheaf of stamps in your desk drawer, because you hate to put down the necessary lump sum of money at one time. It means not taking pictures with the camera you got for graduation because it costs thirty-seven cents for a roll of film and twenty-five cents to get it developed, and that adds up to sixty-two cents—almost a dollar! It means getting a ten-cent bottle of nail polish, and not using it very often, because every time you do, there's that much more gone and then you won't have any. It means getting a good magazine about twice a year instead of having one sent to you every month. It means not smoking, because a pack of cigarettes costs

eighteen cents, and a pack doesn't last long. It means dreading Christmas and your friends' birthdays because you have to look for "something under a dollar, please." It means not having a penny bank, because you don't have any spare pennies. It means putting a nickel in the church collection sometimes, and sometimes not. It means getting the \$3.98 dress even though the clerk and your common sense tell you that the \$10 one will wear longer and really be a saving in the long run. It means not having a good sun tan like the other girls at the end of summer because you are in the sun only occasionally, and when you are, you don't have sun tan lotion. It means waiting for the change from an occasional soda check instead of leaving it for the waitress. It means—oh, it means *so* many more little things like these. Things that you *have* to do, and yet make you feel like a cheapskate. Things that undermine your sense of security. Things that ruin your poise. Things that make you feel like telling the "The best things in life are free" people to go jump in the lake!

## How Blissful Was My Ignorance

ROSEMARY WHITE

*Rhetoric I, Theme 14, 1942-1943*

I WAS APPROACHING THE TENDER AGE OF TWELVE, AND was still under the influence of the "Horatio Alger" series, when I first decided to become a great journalist. Like all unsuspecting youth, I considered myself the possessor of exceptional ability, which the world, to its own disadvantage, chose to ignore completely. To me, it seemed a shame that my genius should be wasted on such things as mathematics and science, and I spent the great part of my eighth year in school composing short literary gems.

One of these earliest stories, "Give Me a Ring," was, to my young mind, the criterion of American humor. Never dreaming that it would be rejected, I sent it to *Colliers* magazine and waited confidently for a reply. Within the next two weeks, my manuscript was returned with this note attached: "We appreciate your interest in our publication; however, since *Colliers* magazine is nationally read, we seldom print articles or stories written by unknown authors. We hope you will understand that this does not, in any way, reflect on the merit of your work."

Disgusted with the stupidity of the firm to which I had so generously offered my services, and dissatisfied with my next two attempts at humorous writing, I decided to change my style completely. As a result, there



flowed from my pen such masterpieces as "The Corner of Death" and "For Tomorrow We May Die," both short novels (though that may be a slight misuse of the term). I considered the latter the better of the two. Its opening paragraph went something like this: "The gory fingers of the Underworld reach out to snare unsuspecting victims, pulling them down, down, down, into a sea of iniquity." My favorite words in those days were *gory* and *iniquity*, and I used them every time I could conveniently fit them in. I also liked to write about some horrible, unseen powers which descended menacingly on all of mankind.

Making use of this more dramatic style, I wrote a short masterwork which I called "The Stranger." Though it pains me almost beyond endurance, I present it here in its original form.

### THE STRANGER

The man stumbles forward as if his last ounce of energy has suddenly been removed by some unseen force. There is no light—only darkness. In dread anticipation, the moon and stars have hidden themselves away as, with head hung low, this miserable creature struggles through the blackness. An eternal conflict is raging within the inner man. Can it be the perpetual quest for gladness of heart, or does it rise from the attempt to find peace in the midst of chaos and confusion? Calm eyes of the night are turned toward the bent figure as he struggles onward. His frantic cries, echoing in the stillness, fall on unhearing ears. "Oh, you fools, you stupid fools!" Suddenly the man sees a point of light in the distance. It is warm, like the hand of God outstretched to a little child. The man pushes himself toward the welcome beam. For hours, it seems, he pursues it, moving forward, yet never coming nearer. He lifts his arms to the silent heavens, again screaming frantically. At last, the stranger falls upon the ground, exhausted, and covering his face with his hands, sobs uncontrollably until his soul is torn apart with the anguish of his heart. After a time, he raises his tired body and gazes searchingly into the void behind him. The road on which he has traveled is gone. The growth of iniquity has covered the dust upon which his aching feet have trod. There is no choice but to go on, ever searching, ever hoping. As he turns again to follow that dim light, he sees that it is gone. The road that had stretched before him is barred. Gory, distorted figures are strewn along the way he would travel. All about him are the unsightly evidences of greed and sin. He falls back in horror, and the wild wind screams savagely above his head. The ghost-like trees look on in silence as the stranger is borne away by the foolishness of his kind and the unseen powers of destruction.

I will never know what I meant when I wrote this, or what I thought to accomplish by it. When I proudly presented it to my English teacher for approval she read it slowly and, when she had finished, stared at me for a long moment. Then she shook her head sadly, and walked out of the room.

## A Bit of Reverie

DALE TEEL

*Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1942-1943*

MEMORIES OF MY MOST ENJOYABLE CHILDHOOD EXPERIENCES always lead me back to the visits which my younger brother and I enjoyed with our only intimate cousins. They were boys only slightly older than ourselves, and accordingly their interests were more or less parallel to ours.

My earliest recollection comes from a time when I was probably not more than four years old. I had stayed overnight with my cousins during my first week of grade school. The only thing I remember is that on the way to school with them the following morning I dropped my lunch into some cow dung while I was straddling a fence. Memories of scenes thereafter rush overwhelmingly and perplexingly to my mind, in such a manner that it is very difficult for me to isolate any one experience definitely.

We lived in the country some five miles apart, and each pair of us brothers had a pony. In those days we lived unrestrainedly in our fancies—in a world limited not at all by fact and logic, but colored and perfected by that wonderful phenomenon called imagination. In that world nothing real was real to us—and to this day I wonder which world is preferable, the child's or the man's. Certainly we were content: there was never a physical situation which could not be construed to be something more desirable.

For instance, if the four of us, seeing only the realistic side of our lives, had considered having to go far into the "bottom land" to cut "sprouts," undoubtedly we would have had a miserable, wretched time of it. But to us no task was work; all was adventure. On such a day we would rise at dawn and, after having done the morning chores, mount our ponies, riding double, and proceed to the "bottom." We always wore gun belts with cap pistols. We worked alternately in pairs; invariably the younger cousin and I were together. While one pair of us chopped, piled, and burned sprouts, the other pair were braving the wilds of a fancied jungle, shooting lions, or capturing outlaws. At the end of a day's labor (which, by the way, was not entirely insignificant), we would ride home again, and sleep, exhausted, either four-in-a-bed or sprawled over the entire living-room rug.

On other days, when there was no work to be done, we often went to the creek to fish, or played softball or a game of our own called "suck-egg-donkey." The outlandish name is of unknown origin, and the game itself is perhaps as unusual as the name. It was played in teams; one of us would mount his teammate's shoulders and try to unseat his opponent, who was

perched on the shoulders of his comrade. Rough and tumble it was, yet the vigorous, wholesome competition was extremely delightful.

In the whole length of our experiences together, I can remember absolutely no time when there was enmity or bitterness between us; it should have been so. Our quixotic adventures, although fantastically including hatred and lust for blood, would allow no actual strife.

Today we have a very different reunion when, by chance, the four of us can get together. The cousins have "girl complex"; I seem to have developed a curious habit of looking on the serious side of things; and my brother is yet in that stage of adolescence which does not harmonize, somehow, with mine or that of the cousins. There is little more entertaining that we can do than to recall the "good old days."

## Rhet as Writ

Some believe we are descendants of the ape, whereas others believe that we are here through spontaneous combustion.

. . . .

She was living in monandry and not bigotry.

. . . .

It was proven that during the last war the population dropped off heavily because of the lack of fathers for the unborn babe.

. . . .

Any person who would deliberately kill another is undoubtedly lacking in character. Such an act shows a sign of weakness, of being ill-bred, uncouth and selfish.

. . . .

When I first came to the University I didn't think I was going to like it as well as I thought I would.

. . . .

Fraternities believe that if fraternity men go out for extra-circular activities, they will be more well-rounded.

. . . .

Her dinner guests took the dessert for granite.

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A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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# Dreams of a Postwar World

JAMES G. JOHNSTON

*Rhetoric II, Theme 13, 1942-1943*

TODAY WE HEAR MANY PEOPLE SPEAK OF A POST-war world of brotherhood and lasting peace as they would speak of some hazy miracle which is to drop out of the heavens the moment peace is declared. Hirohito is going to fall lovingly on Churchill's neck, Stalin is going to be a good boy and not try to grab the world, and such unwanted characters as Hitler, Franco, and Tojo are going to disappear in a cloud of fire; following which all the nations are going to join hands and dance around the Hague palace, joyously singing something to the tune of "Heigh-ho, the witch is dead!"

To condemn such an idea entirely is far from my intentions; I merely wish to discuss some of the fallacies in this reasoning and to point out some of the difficulties involved, a few of the hurdles to be taken, before such an admirable state of existence can be attained. In the first place, a brotherhood of nations based on mutual understanding is one of the most unlikely outcomes of any war. In wartime, racial hatreds are increased to the point that nationalistic prides and prejudices become more and more powerful. In the last war the prime example was the United States, which quickly crawled back into its shell of isolation and tariffs following the armistice, ignoring its president's plans for a League of Nations and a new world. Secondly, we must realize that much of the current talk about "world union, democracy for all" is only the voluble ranting of politicians who wish to attract public approval in these hectic days when no Congressman can be too sure of his permanent stability in the public limelight. Promises and pledges of this sort are easily made, but their fulfillment is another matter. Of course, this is not to say that all the tentative plans we read and hear of are just so much talk, plans laid with no intention of being ultimately carried out. On the contrary, I believe that such men as Franklin Roosevelt and Anthony Eden are really interested in the problem, as is evidenced by their recent conferences in Washington.

Before entering on any postwar plans, it is wise to consider just what a permanent world union would entail. Countries like Great Britain, Germany, and the United States must forget all the nationalistic prides and traditions that have been carefully nursed for centuries. Race discrimination cannot exist alongside brotherhood and democratic living. The Englishman must swallow his pride and forget his professed superiority. The Jew can no longer be driven from one end of the globe to the other. The Negro must be assured a definite position in society alongside his southern neighbor.

In addition, all economic, political, and financial policies must be formulated in terms of the greatest benefit to the greatest number of nations. Capitalistic business practices embodying the Cartel system of Europe must be displaced by free trade and equal business opportunities for all nations. Tariff wars must be stopped, and advances in science which promise to benefit the people in any way must not be withheld solely for the benefit of one nation, a practice for which Germany has long been infamous. In her I. G. Farbenindustrie the discovery of sulfanilamide was kept quiet for many years, while thousands of people who were suffering from pneumonia, streptococcus, and gonorrhea might have been saved by its immediate announcement. An adequate exchange system must be developed to facilitate the increased international trade that will develop. These are but a few of the many problems to be solved in providing a working basis for the reciprocity of nations.

The political problems are just as challenging. To begin with, all nations must be willing to accept the decisions and policies of the international governing body to be set up. Every nation's leaders must have faith in this body as a wise, competent, understanding, and vigilant group representative of the desires and policies of each nation, and with a real interest in securing peace and accord among the nations of the world. Moreover, the men making up this governing body must be men of high principles, unbiased and free from political intrigue, with an unselfish devotion to the betterment of mankind. Unless they meet each of these qualifications, and many more less important ones, we will see the organization degenerate before our eyes into the weak, inefficient body that the League of Nations became. One of the first and more important tasks of this body will be to dissolve the old hates and prejudices in a Europe which has become a hodgepodge of conflicting desires, a Europe which feverishly arms itself to the teeth at the slightest sign of a snarl from one of its neighbors. The tangled skein of belligerent Germany, proud and haughty England, conglomerate Switzerland, and struggling Poland must be unraveled with due consideration for each thread. Demobilization must be urged on them as the only hope of ever establishing a mutual trust among nations. All this and more we must do to realize the dream of the lasting peace which the Congressmen in Washington so easily roll off their tongues.

In spite of what I may appear to say to the contrary, I firmly believe that such a world union is possible and practicable. If man were not capable of bettering his own lot there would not be much reason for his continuing to exist. A static, unprogressive civilization is merely a step away from a decaying civilization. Furthermore, we can see that a world union is the next evolutionary step in this rapidly shrinking world. For the past fifty years improvements in transportation and communication have drawn the nations

of the world closer together in commercial, financial, and cultural relations. A political world union would complete the process of integration that we have been seeing performed before our eyes.

The formulation of a world union will require practical planning and execution. As is true of all worthy goals, it is not a thing that can be accomplished within a year or two. The world must be made ready for such a radical change in government. In the process of preparing the world for lasting peace, universal education is of vital necessity. Only through education can the people come to realize the importance and necessity of such a project. The popular antipathy toward persons who "meddle in other's affairs," an antipathy which is the foundation of the isolationist's credo, can be overcome only by educating the people to a broader social outlook. Until everyone is convinced of its practicability, an enduring world union cannot be formed. To overcome hatred, violence, and struggle; to fight for Christian love, understanding, and cooperation — this is a task worthy of the greatest efforts of men, a fitting tribute to a discouraged and disillusioned pioneer, Woodrow Wilson.

## My Great Adventure

Private ARNOLD RUSTIN

*English 111a, Theme 6, 1943*

ENOUGH OF THIS DRAB LIFE, THIS ETERNAL PORING over tomes of fine print, this continual snubbing by even these Illinois farm girls — for my three days' furlough, I am going to the Houseboat on the Styx. The Houseboat on the Styx! Place of fact and fancy, where the great and near-great of all ages gather round to talk, to argue, to make merry. I would take these three precious days on the Houseboat and live them in full — completely and soundly.

The first day I would devote to the Mental Me. I would sit in the learned council of Aristotle and Plato, Voltaire and More, Emerson and Marx. I would sit there quietly absorbing their words of wisdom. Then, leaning on the prerogative of a guest, I would introduce a question. Cognizant of the diverse philosophies of these great men, I would ask them what they thought of the world today, and what suggestions they could offer for a long and continued peace.

When tired by the heavy talking, I would take leave of these philosophers and would mingle with my favorite poets: Shakespeare and Milton, Coleridge and Keats and Browning, Poe and Whitman and Kipling. I would



relax completely as I heard these bards compose new and even more glorious verse. I would take Whitman — honest, booming Whitman — aside and ask him that eternal question of English students, "Did Bill Shakespeare really write all those magnificent plays by himself, or did Bacon do the actual work?"

I would leave my poets and philosophers, and accost Newman and Euclid. I would put on an air of feigned indignation, and in my best New Yorkese would say, "O. K., youse boids, on account-a-you, I got troubles a dog shouldn't have at the Univoisity of Illinois. Youse guys started that fizzies and madth stuff — so shoot it to me straight — I gotta get it — ." With quiet chagrin, they would sit down with me, and over a bottle of sparkling Burgundy, they would explain the mysteries of physics and mathematics.

My second day would be devoted to the Spiritual Me. Because of my intensive training in the natural and physical sciences, I have come to disregard religion. Although I have brushed it aside as the superstitions of a primitive people, at times I have cried out for guidance and love, and the ability to believe in God.

I would sit with Aquinas and Bonaventura, Spinoza and Hillel, Paine and Marx. While these men presented their clashing opinions on religion and life, I would sit by and attempt to draw a logical conclusion. Then, if I could find Moses on that fabulous boat, I would walk with him along the cool, quiet river bank. I know that he would weep for this lost son of Israel. Perhaps with his wisdom of the ages, he would show me where I have been wrong and foolish. Perhaps I could understand why generations of Jews preferred to die rather than give up their Bible. Perhaps he could guide me back into the paths of righteousness.

On my third and last day, I would devote myself to the Physical Me. I would begin this great day with a sumptuous feast; and I would laugh to myself as I thought of the rationing on the drab Earth. I would sit between Henry VIII and Louis XIV, for here would be the best and most delicate viands. Like a true gourmand, I would snub the conventional dishes and feast on *pâté de fois gras* and roast hearts of physics teachers seasoned with the sharp sauce of English teachers' tongues. Oh, I imagine that that fellow Lamb would come around and try to persuade me to eat some pork cracklings — but not I; I would rather relish munching on the souls of my original Draft Board.

For my after-dinner speech, I would relate the story of the "Schoolmarm" who insisted on outlines. I can hear Robert Burns roaring with laughter at that story. " . . . Made you write an outline, did she, Laddie? An' after ye had already writ yer theme? Aye, Laddie, that's rich, it is . . ."

At the conclusion of the banquet, when the women had left, and the men settled back to enjoy their mellow cigars and pungent narrations of conquests of former glorious days, I would seek out Cyrano de Bergerac.

"M'sieur de Bergerac, *s'il vous plait*, you will observe that I am indeed featured after your honorable self. Unfortunately, M'sieur, I am neither as intelligent nor as witty as you. Could you please tell me how to distract the view of *une belle jeune Mademoiselle* from the nose to the golden voice? Ah, M'sieur, a million thanks, a million thanks."

Later, I would mingle with the greatest lovers of the ages: Jupiter and Amphitryon, Cellini and Casanova, Valentino and Fairbanks. They would coach me in the gentle art of lovemaking. They would teach me how to caress a woman gently and tenderly, how to enchant her with voice pictures, how to make her yearn for me. With these lessons from the masters, I would try my new techniques on the fairest women of all times. Imagine my waltzing with Marie Antoinette; or drifting down the River Styx with Cleopatra while Caruso, my gondolier, sang for us; or gently wooing Jeanne du Barry while Fitzgerald recited his inspirational Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Ah! What a time I would have — such a wild and happy night on the Houseboat on the Styx!

And then, at the conclusion of these three momentous days, I would return to Illinois, a better and wiser man. As I related my adventures, all would incredulously ask, "Just how did you manage to get to this Houseboat on the Styx, and how did you meet these wonderful people?"

Then, in a sly manner, I would reply, "In exactly the same way that my Rhetoric instructor got me that three-day pass."

### . . . to deaf pillows

A bed is one of the most underestimated objects in the world. When I say "bed," I am not thinking of that lovely mahogany set in the window down at the furniture store; I am thinking of the place where a man sleeps, whatever that place may be. A soldier's bed may be nothing more than a muddy foxhole, around which shells are bursting and the air is stagnant with the smells of powder and death. But to the soldier it is a haven, a place where he can ease his tired body, and where he can refresh his strained mind by allowing it to drift far away from all spoliation and into whatever dreamy world he may choose to place it. He may rest, if only for a few short hours, with a peaceful quietude which hardly exists even at his home thousands of miles away. Whether a hole in the ground or a massive innerspring, a bed is still a place where men can escape from the grim and sordid realities of their environment and find refuge, hope, and courage in their own inherently good, untainted minds. Shakespeare's aphorism, "Infected minds to deaf pillows pour out their thoughts," is truer than most of us realize. For who of us has not lain in bed and indulged in thoughts, plans, hopes, or opinions which he would not divulge to any mortal? That luxury is one belonging to all. When we stretch our aching bones, close our inquisitive eyes, melt into our pillow, and ease ourselves asleep in a private domain open to no other man, we exist only within our human selves, and not as a part of the bewildering world about us.—Private TOM WAHL

# Mr. Smith of Deerfield

Private STEWART G. TUTTLE

*English 111a, Theme 6, 1943*

EVERY SCHOOLBOY INVENTS OR INHERITS A PITHY collection of names with which he addresses his instructors, either behind their backs or, if he has courage, to their faces. It was in 1938, if I remember correctly, that I met "The Beaver" (or Charles Dana Smith, as the yearbook called him), and I believe that no more descriptive name has ever been applied to any man. He was an old professor — so old, in fact, that the headmaster had to dispel publicly the rumor that he had been conductor on the first train to run between Amherst and White River Junction in 1865 — but his attraction lay not in his age but in his white goatee and moustache, which he wiggled up and down with such vigor when he spoke that he definitely resembled a beaver. And, of course, slightly protruding teeth that made him whistle when he spoke did not discourage the comparison.

His bearing and manner, however, bespoke both a martinet and a New England Yankee, and it was in this role that he filled his assignment as instructor in Latin and Greek at Deerfield. His hair was snow white, and it trembled when he shook his finger at a lazy student. His stiff and formal bearing, his high, white collar, and his severe, black suit were symbols of his preciseness and discipline.

His classes were formal. If a student arrived five seconds late, he was not admitted. There was no excuse: "The Beaver" was school timekeeper, and his clocks were never wrong. He boasted that he once returned a watch because it lost seven seconds in one month. Each student recited by standing up beside his chair and looking alternately at the teacher and at the book as he translated an assigned passage. At the end of each week the best scholar was sent to the back of the class, and the remainder, in their order of merit were arranged in front — a paradoxical procedure which "The Beaver" initiated, I think, with the full realization of the terror he inspired within the students in the front row.

His activities did not cease outside the classroom, however. Daily he would wander around the school collecting books and hiding them in numerous closets to teach students to care for their belongings, and periodically he would chase underclassmen who walked a little too quickly through the halls. On several occasions he had walked from one end of the school to the other during the interval between classes to prove that excessive speed was unnecessary and, to his way of thinking, uncouth and impolite.

His memory was remarkable, and the stories it gave rise to were all dull. He could and would recite the names of all the graduates from his class at Amherst in 1892, of all the townships in every county in Massachusetts, and of all the flora and trivia of the surrounding countryside. No new locomotive ever escaped his comment, and no class ever graduated without learning from him the identification marks of the various types of engine, both archaic and modern, that ran on the New York, New Haven, and Hartford.

He was, in short, a Yankee professor: disciplinarian, storyteller, and teacher. He retired two years ago, and I believe that his loss was appreciable. Now Deerfield has no timekeeper, book-keeper, authority on trains, and instructor in Latin and Greek. And I doubt that it will ever find another one.

## Time to Rake Hay

PAUL TOLPIN

*Rhetoric I, Theme 12, 1943*

THE HAY HAD BEEN DRYING FOR A WEEK, AND TODAY the sky was filled with the warmth of morning-sun and the gray-blue of depth and clearness. It was time to rake hay.

We watered the horses, Prince and Bob, down at the lake. It was very cool and lonely there. Then, we led them up to the barn to harness them and to hitch them to the hay-rake. The bits made a clanking sound as Rich slipped them into their mouths. The horses didn't gag. He put the rest of the harness on and led them out into barnyard. Some chickens were already out, moving about with short, hesitant chicken-steps, their heads jerking while they searched for stray seeds and bugs. We fastened the tong of the rake between the two horses. You had to be careful with Prince; he was blind in one eye and frightened easily. The sun was becoming stronger; by ten o'clock it would be up to ninety. But you couldn't wait till cool weather came; that was asking too much. Lucky it didn't rain and spoil the dry hay altogether.

Riding out to the hayfield was fun. We raised the tongs of the rake, and Rich and I sat together on the narrow seat while the horses raced downhill. As the wheels crunched over them, the stones in the road clanged against the metal. The dust behind us was too thick to see through. We bounced up and down and nearly fell off several times, but we just shouted and laughed and held on tighter.

The hay in the field had been cut a week before, and it was left lying where it had fallen loosely, in thin heaps on the ground, so that it would



dry more quickly. Our job was to rake the hay into neat, parallel piles about ten yards apart for the entire length of the field. A few days later we would come back again to pile it into haystacks for easy loading onto the hay wagon. Now, we tightened the bolts that held the flexible, half-circle steel rods into the rake, and oiled the raising lever so that it would work easily, and adjusted the tongs so that they wouldn't dig into the soil and make the horses tire quickly. Rich held the reins; I sat on the rake-seat and worked the levers. "Gid-ap." It was about eight.

The rake dragged along gathering up the dry hay and finally became full. I stepped on the release-lever forcefully, quickly, and the tongs rose up, leaving a mound of warm, sweet-smelling hay about four feet high and twelve feet long. Hundreds of insects disturbed by the rake jumped about noisily, diving into the protective coloring of the earth. Dried grass and dust flew about, sticking to our faces, slipping down our shirts, and making our eyes tear. When we had finished a length of the field, we turned around and started back, dropping new rows of hay even with the first rows so that when we finished they would all be in straight lines. The sun blazed now, and our clothes began to stick. Shimmering waves of dry heat rose from the field. Dust and hay picked up by little gusts of hot wind moved round the field in whirling, tornado-like funnels. I bent my head back and looked up into the sky. It was infinite and moving. The sun baked dirt into my skin. I could see the dust pouring up from behind the rake, blowing diagonally across the field, dissolving into the air, disappearing below my eye level, choking, hazy. I swayed with the rake. It was monotonous, sleepy.

Rich and I changed places after lunch. Now, I walked back of the horses, watching their muscles strain as they pulled, moving the reins now and then to remind them that I was there. I worked through the sweltering afternoon, conscious only of the heat and dirt and clang of the rake as it methodically released hay. Rich and I seldom spoke. We worked mechanically. The horses let their heads hang low, and their bodies rocked slowly from side to side as they walked. We just kept on through the field, moving from one end back again, following the hoof prints of the horses.

Evening, and a cool wind came. Our sweat evaporated, giving us little, quick shivers. The whole field was ridged with straight, uniform piles of hay. Neat, dark shadows were thrust out from behind the stacks, and the field looked very bare and very precise. The crickets made a great deal of finding one another in the twilight.

We drove back up the road to the barn, first silent, then regaining vitality in the chill air, and talking and laughing and speeding back up the road. We unhitched the horses and let them into the pasture to graze and to roll in the cool, damp grass. Then we raced to the well and washed in the cold water. We were cool and refreshed again. Supper was waiting.

# Our News Commentators

HELEN PALMER

*Rhetoric II, Final Examination, 1942-1943*

NEWS COMMENTATORS HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY that we all want to hear. The public demands it or there wouldn't be so many of them. But have you noticed how different are their ways of saying what they have to say? These men are either highly irritating or extremely pleasing, depending on whether or not you like their voices and selection of material.

Anything Gabriel Heatter says in his lugubrious voice of a fifth-rate, broken-down preacher is annoying. His sad, measured intonation varies not, regardless of the news. It's a dying world, Ladies and Gentlemen — you'd better run out and get some Kreml hair tonic, his voice seems to say. He takes Kreml quite as seriously as an American invasion of the continent.

To the other extreme is John Holbrook. Nothing can jar him from his rosy dreams. R.A.F. bombs Berlin — fine! The Germans bomb our positions — the same hearty voice carries this message. Cheering or not, his news is told cheerfully. Now, although he seems so happy over our setbacks, I don't believe he is a Nazi spy. It's probably just a habit, but an annoying habit to anyone who hears death behind his words.

As a relief from any sort of sentimentality are the clipped, careful sentences of a Prussian militarist, Kaltenborn. But as I have listened to him over a period of time, I have discovered he too has his method of coloring the news. His is omissions. He knows so well we are going to win the war that he neglects to mention too many discouraging details. And he finds a silver lining to the blackest cloud. He is optimistic by main force, and sometimes when I know things aren't going well for the United Nations, this is a trifle insulting. Also, this optimism at such times is so forced as to be more discouraging than the simple facts.

William Shirer, Raymond Gram Swing, and Ed Murrow are apart from all of these. They give facts. They interpret them. And they give personal opinions; but they don't try to slip them over on you. They assume that you have a brain and can think if they give you the materials to think with. They also assume that you are a rational being and respect their greater experience, so they give a few pointers. But they don't tell you what to think and how to think. A dose of Ed Murrow is especially the thing when your efforts seem too big — he makes them seem too small. He talks poetry and inspiration.

In a class apart and below are the hacks who give out A. P. dispatches. They don't particularly give a damn; and if they did, they couldn't do it

skillfully. They are of no good, except that they will keep you from going back to sleep in the morning.

We all want to hear how the war is going. We hope it's going well for us; we can take it if it isn't. But why do we have to have it diluted and twisted by someone's sentimentality? Why aren't people like Murrow and Shirer and Raymond Gram Swing given more time? We need more good commentators. Well, at least we need fewer bad ones.

## Let's Face Reality

DONALD RAPPARLIE

*Rhetoric II, Final Examination, 1943*

IT WAS UNCOMFORTABLY WARM IN THE THEATER. THE man behind me crackled a cellophane bag and crunched some peanuts. On my left, a woman cleared her throat loudly and took another cough drop. On the screen, an American convoy blew up in the midst of the Atlantic, a squad of young Russian soldiers blasted away with a fieldpiece from a camouflage cover of branches and dirty dry leaves; near by a body lay caked with leaves.

For an hour, tanks, jeeps, and armored cars surged across the screen. Then suddenly the grey images vanished, and the screen was illuminated with color. Donald Duck! Good old Donald Duck! The audience breathed a sigh of relief. Behind me, the man helped himself to more peanuts. Others in the theater began to chuckle.

I got angry. Much as I like Disney and all of his works, I wanted to jump up and shout, "But Donald Duck doesn't come next. That wasn't a show you just saw. Ships are going down. Men are dying. This is no dream." I didn't give my pent-up emotions a chance to exhibit themselves verbally. If I had, everybody would have been annoyed because I had interrupted Donald Duck.

They say we are a luxury-loving, selfish, indifferent people. I don't think we are. We simply are unwilling to face reality. After twenty years of dreamland, we simply haven't heard an explosion loud enough to jar us into reality. We have filled no lamps with oil; we have merely pushed a button. We have trudged no long rocky roads; we have stepped on the starter. We have chopped no wood, built no fires; we have merely turned the thermostat. We have cleaned no springs, have drawn no water from a well; we have merely turned the chromium faucet. For twenty years we have heard the voices of the world merely by flicking a switch. We have seen all things good and bad flashed on the screens of our moving picture houses. Good and bad — all of it to us has had equal value.



When will we awaken and take the war more seriously? Not as long as this ghastly war is translated into dream stuff — images on the screen and voices from a plastic box. Not as long as a pushbutton is pressed and a lever is pulled and the reality of the stern earth is blurred by foolish nonsense. Not until the danger is realized. Not until every man, woman, and child is working or marching.

Soldiers and sailors who taste the salt of blood on their lips are aware of the seriousness of this war. Men and women who taste the salt of their sweat in the industries of America are also aware of the serious task before us. Who will awaken the rest of the population?

### **Snare Drumming — A Fine Art**

With the aid of instruction books and help from a few skilled drummers, I began learning the basic strokes. When the drumstick hits the drum, it always makes either a single beat or a bounce (two beats). These are called downstrokes, upstrokes, or taps, depending on whether or not the stick hand is moving toward or away from the drum when the note is struck. The downstroke gives the drummer a heavy, powerful beat, the upstroke gets his hand in position for a downstroke, and the tap varies, filling in the notes between the downstrokes and the upstrokes. The drummer must practice the single beat and the bounce until he has perfect control and can play either or both at will, in rapid succession. Combinations of these two make all of the other essential or basic strokes. An upstroke hit just before a downstroke produces a single, broad note called a flam, and an upbounce just before a downstroke is called a drag. A long series of bouncestrokes, made by rapidly alternating the sticks, is called a long roll, and a certain number of bounces ended with a beat is called a stroke roll — the five-stroke roll, the seven-stroke roll, etc. The roll produced by a rapid series of beats is called a single stroke roll, or a ruff if it is short — the three-stroke-ruff, the four-stroke-ruff, etc. These essential strokes and their combinations can be used to produce all rhythm patterns and all types of drumming. The accomplished drummer is skilled in producing these strokes. Without them he could only beat time. — JAMES VENERABLE

### **America's Sixth Sense**

Among the human characteristics that have been termed "sixth senses," the attribute of "common sense" is glorified above all else in middle-class America. It represents the epitome of what the United States citizen seeks from education and experience. Common sense is the twentieth-century version of Aristotle's "golden mean." But it is also more. Aristotle abhorred any extreme. Common sense abhors nothing practical. It rejects alike too much intellectualism and too much of itself. It seeks only the efficient answer to the problem at hand. Judgment, discretion, and wisdom as applied to everyday living are its tools. While it is a universal goal, respected among all peoples, it is typically American — sprung from a race that had to exercise it to keep alive in an unfriendly and dangerous new world. An American youth has won his spurs when it can be truly said of him that he is "dry behind the ears" — when he independently begins to exercise common sense. — PHIL ZIMMERLY



# Life in an Amish Community

BARBARA REEDER

*Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1943*

ALTHOUGH FEW OF THE STUDENTS REALIZE IT, THERE is a community within forty miles of this university which is as different from other towns in the United States as if it were in a foreign country. The people who make up a big part of this community are the Amish, a religious sect of German-Dutch descent. The Amish speak a language which is definitely theirs alone. College German students who have tried to talk with them have found that modern standard German is not always understood.

When I first moved to Arthur I was quite fascinated by the queer habits of dress among the Amish. The Amish women are clothed in a much more distinctive manner than the men. They do not believe in wearing prints but dress only in drab, plain colors. Even on the hottest summer day they wear two or three full cotton skirts and an apron of the same material. Their dresses are always quite long and reach nearly to their ankles. They think it is wrong to wear buttons, and so all of their clothes are fastened by snaps or pins. At all times the Amish woman wears a small white bonnet under a heavy black bonnet. The white bonnet is never removed, but the black bonnet is taken off while the woman is indoors. At one time I sat behind an Amish woman at a town gathering, and I was very much surprised to see a bald spot on the back of her head which showed through her bonnet. I was told that bald spots are frequent, for the women wear the bonnets all the time. As soon as a baby is born the parents buy a bonnet for it which is identical with its mother's. The women also never cut their hair but wear it braided and put in a knot on the back of their necks. Even a child of two years is not allowed to let her hair hang but has it fixed in tiny braids. In the winter the women do not wear coats but have heavy black shawls which they throw over their shoulders.

An easy way to distinguish an Amishman is by his haircut. It is plain to see that he uses a very ingenious method of cutting it. He simply puts a bowl over his head and clips the hair around it. Another identifying feature of the Amishman is his long, shaggy beard, which he starts to grow as soon as he is married. The men wear black hats which have a crown like that of a derby hat and a very wide brim. They wear denim trousers supported by broad suspenders.

The outward appearance of the Amish homes is very different from that of the other farm homes. They are always large, square, white frame houses, often with a screened porch across the front. Plain and severe, they never

vary from the same general pattern. The interior also bears out the same simplicity — it is neither beautiful nor cozy. There are no rugs and often no curtains. Some of the Amish are getting away from the latter habit and have put pieces of plain cotton cloth across the windows. When the son of an Amish family marries, he brings his bride back and builds a house in the yard at the side and in back of his boyhood home. This house is built as nearly like his former home as possible. The older house is always known as the "Grandpa House."

The way of living of the Amish is dominated by many quaint beliefs and customs which are a result of their religion. They do not believe in having any of the modern conveniences, such as the radio, telephone, or automobile. Recently an Amishman bought a large country home which had formerly belonged to a man who believed in enjoying all the comforts of modern conveniences. As soon as the Amishman moved into the house, he had the furnace, telephone, and bathroom facilities taken out. It seems strange to many people that although the Amish will not own these things themselves, they will use those that belong to others. It is quite common to see an Amishman riding in someone else's automobile or using someone else's telephone. One summer day I was sitting in the front room when an Amish woman came to the door and asked me if she could use our telephone. I let her use it, and she kept up a continuous chatter in German for about five minutes. It sounded as though she were gossiping with a woman friend, but I could only guess, for she was right when she said as she left, "You didn't understand anything I said, did you?" Another strange custom of theirs is that they will not have their pictures taken. They believe that there is a passage in the Bible which says that they should not make an image of themselves. They are always glad to lend their clothes, however, so that others can be photographed in them.

One of the outstanding characteristics of the Amish is the fact that they always use horses and buggies. On the outskirts of Arthur on all sides are signs which read, "Caution, Horse-Drawn Vehicles." Such warnings are necessary, for driving is quite dangerous when the buggies are on the road at night. Since it is almost impossible to tell how far away a buggy is, the motorist is upon it before he knows it. Many accidents have been caused in this way and also because the Amish often refuse to use lights. Only the married men are allowed to have buggies with tops on them. It is a common thing on Saturday night to see two young Amishmen out riding in their topless buggies with their girls on their laps — there is no room in the seat.

Saturday is the big shopping day in Arthur, for then all the Amish come to town to get their week's supplies. On one Saturday one hundred and fifty buggies were counted at the hitch-racks which are situated at various spots around the town. It is quite a sight to see all the buggies when they

are in a group. On Sundays the barnyard of the house where church is held is a vast array of black buggies. At funerals or weddings entire fields are often filled with the vehicles.

Most of the Amish families are large, with from six to nine children. As soon as the children are old enough, they are put to work at the numerous tasks to be done on a farm, for the Amish are very hard workers. At one time an Amish woman came to see my grandfather, who is an osteopath. She told him that she had been working in a strawberry patch from the time the sun rose in the morning until it set at night. She was so stiff that she could hardly move. Because of this industry, they make a great deal of money. This wealth they watch very closely and will use only to buy more land, which they prize highly. Because of their thrift they drive a hard bargain and will sometimes argue over a few cents. One example of their frugality is shown in the following incident: My mother was teaching for a week in one of the Amish schools in the country. On one very cold morning a small Amish boy came up to her and volunteered the information that a rat had been found frozen in their milk can that morning. "It is certainly a shame that the milk will be wasted," commented Mother. "Oh, it won't be wasted," said Jonas. "It will just be made into butter."

The Amish are great believers in intermarrying. As a result there are very few different Amish family names in Arthur. This is not only true in our town but also in all the Amish settlements in the United States. In my work at the newspaper office in the summer, I read the Amish newspaper, which contains news from all the Amish communities in the country. In each of the local items I found the same names: Yoder, Borntrager, Beechy, Helmuth, Schrock, and Yutzy — all names that I would know anywhere as being Amish.

The Amish do not have a church building of their own but hold church at a different home each Sunday. Their church starts early in the morning and lasts all day. The children go no farther in school than the eighth grade, for they are needed to work on the farm. Often they are excellent students and their greatest desire is to go to high school, but they are not allowed to go because it is against the law of the church.

One of my favorite pastimes is to sit and watch the Amish children who live behind our house. This family is one of a small group which has broken away from the church and gone over to the Mennonite church. The people who belong to this group have a church building of their own, often live in town, and have a few of the modern conveniences. Although they have broken away from the Amish church, they still retain a large part of the Amish characteristics. The children speak English in the schools, but they unconsciously lapse into German as they play. It is quite amusing to listen to them when they get angry. Out of the volley of German words, the only



time I can understand them is when they occasionally call each other by name or their mother calls out, "Now, Rueben and Jake, you leave Katie and Susie alone."

The relation of the Amish to the other people of Arthur has taken on a different aspect since the present war began. Because of their religion the young men refuse to go to war and the church pays their way in the conscientious objector camps. Many of the other Arthur people resent the fact that the Amish own so much of the land and refuse to fight for it. Some of the young Amish have made remarks about not having to go to war that have excited the ire of the young men who have to leave. As a result of this, there has been much agitation and trouble. Recently some unknown persons set fire to an Amish buggy and started all the excitement. Since then many of the Amish buggies and barns have been painted a brilliant yellow. The greatest outrage was when someone painted huge yellow swastikas on the four sides of the Mennonite church. There are still signs of agitation although they are now a little less open. I hope that soon all the trouble will be over and our little community will settle down, with peace once more between the "Arthurians" and their quaint neighbors.

## Chicago — My Home!

LUCILLE TENINGA

*Rhetoric II, Theme 13, 1943*

"HOW CAN YOU LIVE IN CHICAGO?" PEOPLE ASK, their voices full of surprise and pity. I don't know that I particularly approve of Chicago. Yet, like thousands of others, I find in this unlikely spot a congenial, abiding place, a home.

The world is full of all kinds of people, and it seems that some of them have to live in town to be happy. There is the person, for example, who needs company at mealtime. Temperamentally, he is unequipped to eat anywhere except in a restaurant. To eat quietly in the privacy of his dwelling makes him restless and gives him a sense of defeat. I know one man in Chicago who has lived and worked in the city for many years; in that entire period I don't suppose he has eaten a dozen meals at his own board.

And there is the opposite type, for whom Chicago seems equally well suited: the mousey little body who never took the slightest interest in her mother's kitchen, but whose domestic instinct suddenly flowers in the exquisite inconvenience of preparing a meal for two on a gas flame in a tiny kitchen with the paint flaking off the walls and sifting gently down into



the mashed potatoes. Every night in the year, in the great city, someone is committing unbelievable kitchen privileges in non-housekeeping one-room apartments, in bathrooms, or in closets. I have had many memorable meals amid such unwholesome surroundings.

Because the Chicagoan has denied himself the abundant life which would be his if he lived anywhere else — sunlight, trees, flowers, limitless sky, white snow — he frantically invents the urban equivalent of his natural inheritance. He becomes a gardener, a nature lover. There being very little greenery in his world, he paints the walls of his apartment green and tortures an ivy plant and several cactuses into a thriving existence over a radiator. He is conscious of all the seasons and, being at the mercy of florists, is always one or two jumps ahead of nature. His living room is full of pussy willows at Christmas, lilies on Washington's Birthday, and lilacs at Easter. Indeed, to the city dweller the countryside, when he occasionally gets out into it, always appears slightly laggard, for he sees repeated again the blooms which were thriving weeks ago in his own vases in the city.

Chicago satisfies the need of persons who require that life be in a concentrated form. I am such a person. I enjoy life most when I am arranged in a few cubic feet of space, as in a one-room apartment or on a thirty-foot boat. I understand my emotions and desires and love my existence. Give me a sixteen-room house in the middle of fifty acres, and with so much to command I would find my attention scattered, my love lessened. Among hundreds of trees, I would not come to know one. In the city, a house — for the average resident — simmers down to a room, a garden to a geranium plant, and an orchard to a cherry tree. Life, concentrated as in a capsule, is collected and arranged in a small amount of space.

My neighbor across the building discovers a patch of roof outside his window; it becomes, for a short time, the compelling force in his life, awakening in him a dream for seedtime and harvest. With the first warm days of March he is out there, seeing to his land. On his ten-foot ranch he feels in command of the situation. This year, perhaps there will be a goldfish pond or a flower garden. I understand my neighbor's emotions and share his fervor. Chicago, with its extremely restricted space, satisfies an urgent need of my simple nature — the need of boiling life down. I can plant a bean and lavish upon the growing vine an attention little short of fanatical, but give me a whole row of beans and I lose interest.

Chicago satisfies another need: it accents the present. When I lie by a tree in the forest, or linger in a meadow, or walk in the dreary outskirts of a suburb, I almost always hear in the wind intimations of the long dead past and the eternities ahead, the rumble of centuries, the long sigh of forever. But when I walk in the city among the shops, I receive no news of the past or forecast of the future, but instead I feel a glad, almost childlike, recognition of the present. Chicago has many moods, but most of them are con-

cerned with Now. Thus, by sticking to the present, Chicago puts another weakness in our character. Only the strong can make a steady diet of remembering the past and listening to the future. The city gives us today with all the good and evil that exists in it.

The restlessness of the town is contagious. The whole city quivers. Even the lifeless objects of art in the quiet museums move slowly across their shelves in the course of a year, feeling the constant vibration. I like to think of them as I hurriedly trot down the Avenue. This thought gives me the assurance that my journey means something, however spurious it may be. Descend, if you please, into the Illinois Central Station at a quarter to nine on a winter evening. The room probably contains more persons on errands of doubtful importance than any other place in the United States, yet you sense the air of great goings-on. Under its roof, among the conversations of the busy people, spreads the news of their destinations. Life becomes charged with all this noise and disturbance, and it makes a choice of the many exits—through the door to a malted milk, down the stairway to a private dressing room, or down the street to a movie.

"But how can you live in Chicago?" I have heard persons ask it—men who have worked in the city every day of their lives without ever having discovered what the place is like after hours, without ever having heard it on a foggy night, lying in bed: the boat whistles full of the evil grief of their departures, taxis locking fenders in the stillness of the night, and trains wailing farewell on the South Side. I don't understand these people. Imagine coming to the greatest fair in the country in the morning, spending the day, and then rushing home at the end of the afternoon, merely because dinner is waiting at the other end of twenty-five miles of track.

Away from Chicago, I miss all its interesting things. I miss the smell of the lake breeze and the taste of the water that welcome every stranger to this city. I want to see again old ladies wheeling baby carriages full of parcels; I want to hear again the quavering sound of my neighbor's flute, playing Italian songs at midnight. I want to see the season's effect upon the city. For each season has its sport and each holiday its observation. I see pumpkins and Pilgrims arrayed along the streets on Thanksgiving Day. I see Christ reborn prematurely in November in all the department stores. During the winter I watch red, white, and blue hockey players beating one another fiercely with sticks on the colored ice. Every Fourth of July I see the Chicago sky flower into noisy color. From the top of a springtime bus I look down and view a young girl in red marching pajamas, going happily homeward after the May Day parade.

When I am absent too long from Chicago, the foreign air anesthetizes me, and I am quiet and discouraged. I need the stimulation which Chicago gives, and no one need wonder how I can bear to live in this city.

# University of Illinois— First Semester

ROBERT N. RASMUS

*Rhetoric II, Theme 2, 1942-1943*

**M**Y FIRST SEMESTER AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS made me understand what my father meant when he said that his years here were the happiest of his life. As far back as I can remember, I have heard my father at the dinner table speak glowingly of his teachers, his engineering courses, his college friendships, and his college life in general. There was an *Illio* on the top bookshelf and a football sticker in the window, and there were other constant reminders that this was an Illinois man's home. Of course, it was taken for granted that I, too, would some day study engineering at Illinois. This was never stated in so many words, but it was nevertheless true.

At the end of my first week at the University, a sweltering week of entrance examinations, of agonizing registration, and of physical and motor fitness tests, I was beginning to wonder about my father's joyous memories. Certainly this bedlam was nothing to get sentimental about. It seemed to me that it would be impossible for me ever to work up even a half-hearted feeling of love, or loyalty, or school spirit, or whatever it could be called, for my father's Alma Mater.

Several weeks later, I was in the chemistry laboratory, "solving" for an unknown quantity. My first analysis had been wrong, and I was working after the class period, trying to obtain the correct answer. I was cudgelling my brain; little beads of perspiration were creeping down my forehead. Suddenly, about closing time, when I was ready to admit defeat, the correct solution flashed into my brain. It was with a high feeling of exaltation that I copied my results into the lab manual and prepared to go home. Then, for the first time, I experienced that sensation which my father had so often described. This laboratory, these chemicals, this building, this whole University with its campus, its teachers, and its heritage were mine. I realized that I was just one among many, but somehow I knew that the living, pulsating University was my other home.

And I felt this deep sense of warmth and affection several times after. It didn't come during football games. The thrill of a football game reaches great heights in any young American, but this emotion which I am speaking of is one which is infinitely more intense, striking the very soul. When I arrived at the correct solution to the problem in the chemistry lab, I experienced a sensation which can come only after personal labor and achieve-



ment. It is the feeling that came when I lifted my blueprint out of the chemical bath and gazed at it with glowing eyes. This drawing was the consummation of a week's hard labor, and it warmed my heart to see its blue and white symmetrical beauty.

Yes, I came to know that I was one with my father in his love for our Illinois. That deep-seated love I cannot clearly define, but the inscription by Cowper high over the entrance of Smith Memorial Hall might give a hint:

Some chord in unison with what we hear  
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.

## Berlin Diary by William L. Shirer

WILLIAM HANISCH

*Rhetoric II, Theme 14, 1943*

WILLIAM L. SHIRER'S BOOK *BERLIN DIARY* IS THE absorbing journal of a foreign correspondent in Europe from 1934 to 1941. The kind of a job he had gave him a somewhat unusual opportunity to set down from day to day a firsthand account of a Europe that was already in agony and that, as the months and years unfolded, slipped determinedly toward war and self-destruction. He watched with increasing fascination and horror this Europe plunge madly on toward the inevitable. The principal cause of the Continent's upheaval was one country, Germany; and one man, Adolph Hitler. Most of the years Shirer spent abroad were in that country and in proximity to that man. It was from this vantage point that Shirer saw the European democracies, with the exception of Britain, falter and crack one by one. He observed, too, how Hitler went from victory to victory, unifying Germany, rearming it, smashing and swallowing up its neighbors until he had made Germany the military master of the Continent. These things he saw and noted, preserving for all time a firsthand account of the turbulent '30's in Europe.

After reading Mr. Shirer's book, I cannot help feeling that the tragedy of this war is that it was ever allowed to begin. The democracies had numerous opportunities for swift and decisive action that could have crushed Hitler and brought to an end all danger of another world war. Instead of seizing these opportunities the democracies retreated from one bastion to another until they could no longer make a stand. At a time when action could have saved the day, their confidence and judgment and will were paralyzed. Mr. Shirer cited several examples proving this fact.

One striking example is the occupation of the demilitarized zone of the Rhineland in 1936 by Hitler's troops. Shirer learned on absolute authority



that the German troops which marched into the Rhineland had strict orders to beat a hasty retreat if the French army opposed them in any way. They were not prepared or equipped to fight a regular army. Hitler staked all on the success of his move, and it would have been his end if the French had humiliated him by occupying the west bank of the Rhine. Most of his generals opposed the move, but consented to go along on the theory that if the coup failed, it would be the end of Hitler — they had no love for him or the Nazi regime; if it succeeded, one of their main military problems was solved. The French army could have struck a death blow to the Nazi regime that day, had they marched. Instead Hitler got away with it. France did not march. It appealed to the League!

Again, in 1938, when Hitler demanded Czechoslovakia, the democracies had the chance to stand up to him. Instead of presenting a united front against him, however, the British and French "appeased" Hitler by selling poor Czechoslovakia "down the river." The Czechs were ready to fight to defend their homeland. The German people did not want war then and neither did Hitler, but he put up a bluff and it worked.

Other opportunities presented themselves, but the democracies were too stupid or paralyzed to act. Yes, William L. Shirer forcefully and emphatically outlines the prevention of the disease called World War II — after the disease has struck.

## John L. Lewis Deserves ———

HENRY A. SNYDER

*Rhetoric II, Proficiency Examination, 1942-1943*

JOHN L. LEWIS DESERVES — TO BE HANGED. PROBABLY one of America's most disliked men, he has done more than any saboteur to impede the war effort. However, let us not condemn the man without knowing all the facts. Let us give him a fair trial.

Mr. Lewis wants more pay or shorter hours, and improved working conditions. He claims that the miners' living quarters are abominable, and that the price of food is beyond the miners' wages. He claims that, on top of this, he is forced to submit his beliefs for approval to a War Labor Board that is prejudiced against labor, and against which he therefore has no chance. He says that the mine owners are making more in unfair profits than any men or group of men have a right to in time of war. That, says Mr. Lewis, is why he ordered the strikes.

Let us now consider the question from the mine owners' point of view. They say that the miner is already getting more money than he deserves for

his type of manual labor. They have built new apartment houses for the miners, they say, with rents as low as sixteen dollars a month, but the miners refused to live in them; and those who did try, all moved back to their shanties. Lastly, they believe that the miners are taking unfair advantage of the fact that they belong to a powerful union, and are asking for something which the owners could not possibly refuse, without forcing the national catastrophe of coal production stoppage.

Let us now consider the facts and find a basis for condemnation of Mr. Lewis. What he claims about the living conditions in the mining communities is apparently true. However, the miners could have improved their quarters themselves, if they had spent a little less money on alcoholic beverages, and a little more on room and board. As to present working conditions, they are about as good as they can become. All shaft mines are provided with gas detection equipment, lights, and first-aid kits. There is nothing that can be done to remedy an occasional cave-in. That is a natural accident, the same as lightning-caused forest fires, against which man is powerless. Next, by far the most suitable method to get better food or cheaper food would be to demand an immediate price reduction of green vegetables and meats, rather than to try to get higher wages.

However, it is not for any of the above-mentioned reasons and facts that John L. Lewis should be condemned. We must not blame him for his desires, but for the method used in trying to satisfy them. Mr. Lewis may be right in his beliefs, although I do not believe so, but he had no right to order complete abandonment of coal production by striking, thus tying up our war effort. The higher wages Lewis demanded for his miners would serve no purpose except to further "water" the currency, and hasten us on the road to inflation. Mr. Lewis is right: The War Labor Board and the government *are* unfair—but not to labor. The present administration has done more for labor than any other, and at no other time have the working men had such a high standard of living. Upon these facts, then, I base my conclusion that Mr. Lewis should be hanged as a traitor to his country.

Just what is a traitor? The Constitution says that anyone who "commits an overt act against the United States" is a traitor, and is punishable by death. Mr. Lewis has committed an overt act against his country. He has taken unfair advantage of his power in his union to order the halting of coal production, thus bringing our war effort to a standstill. This is certainly giving aid and comfort to the enemy, which act the Constitution also defines as treason. Taking all these things into consideration, the only just course of action would be to accuse Mr. Lewis of being a traitor to his country, and deal with him accordingly. Let us not forget the old proverb: For want of a nail (coal), the shoe (production) was lost; for want of a shoe, the horse (ammunition and equipment) was lost; for want of a horse, the rider (an American soldier) was lost.

# Battle of Dunkirk

DON HAMER

*Rhetoric II, Theme 2, 1943*

ONE OF THE GREATEST BATTLES THE WORLD HAD seen up to that time was witnessed in the small area around Dunkirk, France, in the late spring of 1940. The British were very decidedly the underdog, as they lost thousands of men and untold amounts of equipment. The greatness of this battle lies in the wonderfully heroic (and wonderfully successful) attempts of the British Expeditionary Force to get their boys safely home. All of the equipment was lost, but War Minister Eden stated that about 80 percent of the men were saved.<sup>1</sup>

The scene for the disaster was set when King Leopold of Belgium gave himself and his troops up to the invading German forces. His act opened the whole battle line from the French frontier to the sea. This left the French and British forces in a bad way. The whole British left flank was open to attack. The alert German forces immediately started their advance, slashing continually at the vulnerable communications and supply lines of the English. "To the rear, with the Nazis rapidly driving at it from both north and south, lay the only port of Allied escape — Dunkirk."<sup>2</sup>

The Allied armies immediately saw their plight, abandoned their old positions to the south, and started their heroic cross-country smash toward Dunkirk. They made the Germans pay heavily with expert rear guard action. "The English, in fact, put up so much resistance that Berlin spokesmen, who had predicted annihilation of the Allies in a few hours following Leopold's surrender, went out of the way to pay tribute to the defense being put up by the British."<sup>3</sup>

The Belgians and French tried to stop the relentless advance of the German forces, but to no avail. The mechanized German army just couldn't be stopped. One reason for their surprisingly rapid advances here and prior to Dunkirk is made clear by the report of a foreign correspondent who rode with the Germans. According to him, the Germans, with their eye to the future, bombed only the roadsides — not the roads. The German officers stated that the shrapnel from the bombs bursting near the roadway could do much damage to the enemy without destroying the roads. The German columns were used to advancing at a thirty- to forty-mile-an-hour clip. The French and Belgians made earnest attempts to blow up bridges, but the

<sup>1</sup>"Nazis Bearing Down on France," *Newsweek*, XV (June 10, 1940), p. 16.

<sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 13.

<sup>3</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 14.

ingenious German engineers had substantial steel bridges up again in twenty-four hours or less!<sup>4</sup>

As the British arrived, they opened the flood gates, flooding great areas of land. This formed the basis of the Allied defense. But if it were not for a remarkable piece of luck, the story of Dunkirk might have been the same as Poland's or Holland's: as the British Tommies started to arrive, a thick fog came in from the Channel, forming a protective curtain from the ever-present German bombers. This fog lasted for three days. Each morning the sun rose, heralding a clear day, but in a short time the fog came rolling in from the Channel.

The port of Dunkirk is situated on a shallow, sandy beach. The harbor is artificial. At first the transports and destroyers came directly up to the docks and loaded troops by the thousands, but by the end of the first day the terrific pounding by the German Air Force reduced the harbor and docks to a shambles. It was clear that this method of evacuation could no longer be used. Shortly afterward appeared one of the strangest flotillas of seagoing craft ever to be seen. Under the protection of a fleet of warships came hundreds of transports, motor launches, ferries, fishing boats, and even tugs pulling long strings of barges. Onto these craft scrambled thousands of British, French, and black Senegalese troops.<sup>5</sup>

The whole process was carried out with a remarkable lack of confusion. The troops would wait their turn for hours, slowly moving from houses and shelters down to the beaches. As a boat pulled up for a load, an officer would call out, "How many?" A number was called back, and exactly that number of soldiers quietly waded out to the waiting boat.<sup>6</sup>

The orderliness of the evacuation was quite remarkable when one considers what the troops had been through. For weeks the Allied forces had been subjected to a terrific pounding, and on arrival at Dunkirk most of them had been without sleep for several days. All that most of them had left were their rifles. The troops were pounded mercilessly from the air. Every two or three hours thirty to ninety German planes would raid the harbor and beach. There was little food or rest for most of the boys — all they could do was wait.<sup>7</sup>

The evacuation was covered by a fleet of cruisers and destroyers anchored out to sea. "With their eight pound 'Chicago pianos' (pompoms) and larger antiaircraft guns peppering the sky, they beat off attacks ranging from thirty to ninety planes."<sup>8</sup> The bigger guns on these ships formed a protective "curtain" for the Tommies. They lobbed shells over their heads into

<sup>4</sup>Fisher, John R., "I First Saw the Ruins of Dunkirk," *Life*, VIII (June 24, 1940), p. 37.

<sup>5</sup>"Nazis Bearing Down on France," *Newsweek*, XV (June 10, 1940), p. 14.

<sup>6</sup>Phillips, E. H., "Eye Witness Account of Dunkirk," *Fortnightly*, CLIV (July, 1940), p. 25.

<sup>7</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 23.

<sup>8</sup>"Nazis Bearing Down on France," *Newsweek*, XV (June 10, 1940), p. 15.



the midst of the Germans. In places the Allied naval boats and German tanks were actually in combat with each other.<sup>9</sup> The British R.A.F. bombed the German forces more heavily than they ever had before, but this seemed to have no effect.

Much heroism was shown by the defending forces of Dunkirk. The anti-aircraft gun crews had about the hardest job of all. With air raids every two or three hours and with so few guns to protect themselves from the German planes, the anti-aircraft crews were kept pretty busy. Most of the crews spent the whole time on duty—in the blistering hot sun with scanty rations and no sleep. The A.M.P.C., non-combatant workers, were also very heroic. They had one of the most dangerous jobs of all, their duty being the unloading of supplies. This put them right in the thick of the air raids. Over 50 percent were casualties.<sup>10</sup>

As soon as the ships were loaded with men, they headed for the British coast, where they immediately unloaded and returned. "One destroyer, its super-structure riddled and its decks covered with blood, made seven shuttle trips."<sup>11</sup> When the Tommies arrived home they were in poor condition. Most of them, minus half their clothing, were cold, hungry, and dead tired. Many fell asleep as soon as they were landed. Despite all this, their morale was extremely high. The boys all cheered when they landed. The most frequent replies to inquiring reporters' questions were: "Just give us another go at Jerry" and "For God's sake, give us more planes!"<sup>12</sup>

The destruction wrought by this battle is hard to comprehend. The exact statistics have never been told and probably never will be told, but estimates were that about six hundred thousand Allied troops fought against eight hundred thousand Germans on the ground and against thousands more in the air. "The result was a scene of carnage and valor more concentrated in space and time than anything modern history had ever seen."<sup>13</sup> True figures, of course, were not given, for the sake of morale, and probably were not available because the arithmetic was next to impossible; but it could be safely said that not less than five hundred thousand men were killed, wounded, or captured in seven days on a patch of ground about the size of a United States county. Additional casualties to civilians were inestimable.<sup>14</sup>

The Allies were simply outnumbered. They didn't have a chance. An English prisoner, referring to the battle of Belgium, told an inquiring reporter: "I never saw our Air Force during all that time." He claimed that for three days straight he did not fire a single artillery shot, and that when

<sup>9</sup>"Most of B.E.F. Escapes the German Trap," *Life*, VIII (June 10, 1940), p. 31.

<sup>10</sup>Phillips, E. H., *op. cit.*, p. 20.

<sup>11</sup>"Nazis Bearing Down on France," *Newsweek*, XV (June 10, 1940), p. 16.

<sup>12</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 15.

<sup>13</sup>"Battle to the Sea," *Time*, XXXV (June 10, 1940), p. 24.

<sup>14</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 26.

the opportunity finally arose to lambaste the German tanks, a French artillery officer forbade firing — mistrusting the British ability to fire over the French infantry.<sup>15</sup>

By the time the last possible man was evacuated, Dunkirk was a mass of wreckage. There was actually not a single building left standing! The streets were completely jammed with debris. The mark of death was heavy. An indication of the desperate brand of fighting used by the Allies is given by the following description: "At Dunkirk harbor Frenchmen lay where they fell, their bodies bloated, legs and arms blown off, guts hanging out. Sprawled in groups, they fell behind their machine guns, the gunner still holding the trigger. The horrid stench of the dead was overpoweringly nauseating."<sup>16</sup> This was only a few hours after the German occupation. There were thousands of dead lying around. William L. Shirer reported that two months later the Germans had not been able to fish all the bodies out of the numerous canals and ditches.<sup>17</sup>

As usual, the Germans made prodigious claims about the damage they inflicted on the Allies. On May 30, the German newspapers claimed that the British tried to send over fifty transports to rescue their troops and that German forces sank sixteen transports and ten warships, and damaged twenty-one transports and ten warships. Each day the Germans made bigger and more fantastic claims (as many as fifty ships sunk in one day). Mr. Shirer, on his tour two months later, said that along a twenty-mile stretch of beach along Dunkirk he saw the wrecks of two freighters, one destroyer, and one torpedo boat. All wrecks would have to be plainly visible because of the shallow water. If this is so, it is evident that the Nazis were "fibbing." It was later revealed that only three British destroyers, the *Wakefield*, the *Graftsen*, and the *Grenada*, went down.<sup>18</sup>

The Germans, it seemed, abused quite heavily the Red Cross sign. When correspondents visited Dunkirk they were shocked to see the charred remains of long lines of British ambulance trucks that had been waiting to unload their cargo. These trucks had been bombed and strafed from the air. The large Red Cross sign on the tops of the trucks could not have been mistaken or overlooked.<sup>19</sup>

"In Flanders the Allied armies had been dealt an appalling blow. Their loss in men and material was enormous—enough to wreck the home-front morale of less resolute countries than Britain and France. Yet this disaster that had befallen them was a considerably smaller one than Adolph Hitler

<sup>15</sup>Fisher, John R., *op. cit.*, p. 88.

<sup>16</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 88.

<sup>17</sup>Shirer, William L., *Berlin Diary*, New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1941, p. 472.

<sup>18</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 387.

<sup>19</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 442.

had intended. From the German trap at Dunkirk<sup>20</sup> more than half the B.E.F. escaped—to live and fight another day.”<sup>21</sup> Surprisingly, this great disaster seemed to build up rather than lower the British morale. It seems that all they needed was a jolt like this to “set” them right. All in all, the passing of Dunkirk saw a much more determined, resolute, and revenge-seeking British people than Adolph Hitler had ever known—or cared to know.

<sup>20</sup>Although the main evacuation took place at Dunkirk, brief action also took place at Boulogne and at Calais, where a British garrison had held out. Food had to be parachuted to them.

<sup>21</sup>“Most of B.E.F. Escapes German Trap,” *Life*, VIII (June 10, 1940), p. 31.

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#### Switchboard Suzie

As the neophyte switchboard operator progresses in her world, she realizes that the inane questions she found on the application blank — “Is patience one of your virtues? Are you of a nervous nature? Do you smoke?” — had a purpose above mere curiosity. Suzie herself would have added other requirements: height six feet; patience, stamina, endurance unlimited. From her own experiences, Suzie knows that the immense height of most switchboards would call for an extremely tall operator. “Little” girls who try to keep one position of the “A” board going find that they must spend much of their time standing. One consolation of these girls is that “exercise develops a more graceful figure.” However, torn blouses, scratched fingers, and calloused hands are more typical of the telephone operator’s rewards. From the time she places the metal headset over her curly locks till her day is done, the operator is a fast-moving mechanical doll with a mechanical voice. Movement is rapid. Action is sure. There is no lost motion when she connects Greenleaf 4585 with Regent 4000. She knows where the Regent trunk is. She has memorized the block form of numbers. It remains for her to select the proper circuit, insert the shell of the cord in place with her left hand; while she records the customer’s number, the correct time of the call, the station he is calling, and the charge, with her right hand. Speed is the keynote. The split-second service that the I.B.T. Company offers is pleasing to the subscriber. He may remark, “That’s what I call service!” and marvel at the efficiency of modern machines. In reality he is patting Suzie on the back for her ambidextrous display. — MIRIAM STREED

# Fore!

Private ARTHUR JACOBSON

*English 111a, Theme 7, 1943*

THERE WAS A JOYOUS PROMISE OF SPRING IN THE air one day in the early part of 1940, and it made my mind turn to thoughts of summer diversions. Instead of getting out garden tools, however, or rod and reel, I decided to buy a set of golf clubs and learn to play golf that summer.

The thought soon became the deed; my pockets were heavy with earnings from my first job, and after all, I knew from my caddying experience that there was not much to the game; you hit the ball, walk, hit the ball, and then walk some more. Shallow reasoning, perhaps, but youth cheerfully takes life and sets it over the simple denominator of blissful ignorance.

Winter grudgingly gave way to warmer days, and it was time to try my new clubs. I played alone the first time — fortunately, as no doubt one has surmised that I was quickly awakened to the fact that golf is not mere child's play. My score reached astronomical figures, since the ball and I could not come to any agreement on the correct course to the green. It seems to me that most of that hectic first round was devoted to forcing my way through thick underbrush and high grass, and one need never have played golf to understand that a ball cannot be stroked very accurately or very far when it nestles devilishly among twigs and the bases of shrubs. Clubs, balls, and I suffered a sound beating that memorable day. My lack of skill did not discourage me, however, and as I played the game more and more, my enjoyment of it grew.

My liking for golf is shared by many others. The game has increased tremendously in popularity during the last fifteen years, and has thereby come to achieve the prominence it deserves. But why shouldn't the game be popular? You and a few others drive out to the course dressed in comfortable polo shirts and slacks, and josh one another about the trouncing each is to receive. Upon arriving at the course, you take a long, admiring look around and drink in its green beauty. Rolling fairways stretch out over many acres, and you can't help thrilling a little to the scene as you see the white dots of the sandtraps and the dark smears that are the trees bordering the edges of the fairways. A few wagers are made on the first tee, and then the cracks of hard-hit drives ring out. You stroll down a lush fairway and feel the spikes on your shoes crunching into the soft turf. The skies are clear, the sun is warm, and there is a comradely spirit in the air.



As the match progresses, you forget all cares and other interests. Golf is King for those short hours, since the game is extremely difficult and demands the utmost concentration. Precise control must be maintained over a long club that whips downward with great speed. Any slight error will be magnified considerably, so that the ball either will be missed completely, or will veer off from the true direction. The correct stance must be taken, and then hips, arms, and shoulders must synchronize with split-second timing and coordination to obtain a good swing and an accurate shot.

When the final putt drops into the cup on the eighteenth green, the match is officially over; so you empty pockets of balls, tees, pencils, score cards, adhesive tape, and other odds and ends, and put away your clubs. However, the proverbial nineteenth hole is then visited, and there, over refreshing drinks, each shot of the day is replayed. Excuses, stories, and memories of great shots made previously are all brought forth, and you explain in detail why it's a mathematical certainty that you can "break" ninety — next time.

## I'm the Preacher's Kid

ESTELLE SHARPE

*Rhetoric II, Theme 10, 1943*

TO THE ORDINARY GIRL, THE OCCUPATION OF HER father is of little or no importance in her life. He may be Joe, the bartender, to the boys, but he's just Pop to her. Or he may be a LaSalle Street broker or a leading physician, and it still doesn't have any overpowering effect on her life. There is no such type as a bartender's daughter or a doctor's daughter. But my father is a minister, and therefore I am a type.

A minister's daughter can be only one of two things in the mind of the public — try as she may, she's a wild girl or a prudish goody-goody. "She must be. All I know are." Since the beginning of ministers, probably, their daughters have been forced unwillingly into one of these two categories: there seems to be no middle-of-the-road policy.

The wild girl gets her name very easily. Maybe she affects too much mascara, although mascara in the smallest amount is enough to ruin her. Maybe she had the misfortune to be with the Walters boy when he was arrested for speeding. They say, my dear, that he was drunk. . . . Or didn't Mrs. Green see her smoking in that downtown restaurant? . . . Her parents, dear souls, have such a trying time with her, I hear. . . . But, of course, it

might be true what I heard about her mother — Obviously the wild girl is the delight of the older church members in their intimate sessions.

The goody-goody offers a fine target for the scorn of the younger members. Have you ever seen such horrible looking clothes? . . . She just doesn't have any style . . . I thought I'd die when she looked at the beer bottles on the table . . . Doesn't she look like a perfect angel when she plays the piano in Sunday School!

So there are only two classifications for me, the unfortunate daughter. Before I tell my deep, dark secret, I may appear perfectly normal in the eyes of my contemporaries. But immediately after the surprised comment, "Are you really!" a new attitude develops. The surprised person must file me immediately under prudish or wild in his mental card catalog. It's a losing game for me; I'm beaten from the start.

If I don't go to church on Sunday, it's a reflection on my father. Women have demanded of my mother the reason her children are not in the congregation every Sunday. What if no other six-year-olds come — the minister's children are supernatural at this age and should like church. My whole life must be spent in doing the right thing. Most of the prejudice stems from this. The preacher's child has to be an example to his more erring kindred. So I've taught Sunday School, shrieking the lesson over the loud yells of the second-graders, maintained the young people's society singlehanded, and sung faithfully — if in no other way — in the choir. Any enjoyment I may have felt is purely coincidental. And wherever I go in the city in which I live, my conduct must be exemplary. The all-seeing eyes of our church members are everywhere. Even if God didn't see me light up a Lucky, I'm sure Mrs. Frost would.

"Poor as church mice" is a phrase too true to be funny to me. It seems that this is what most ministers have always been and always will be, if their parishioners can help it. If a raise in the pastor's salary is suggested, someone immediately refers to the poor Olivers, who need the money more than the minister does. Why, only last Sunday Mrs. Minister's Wife was wearing a new dress. (That it was her first one in two years makes no difference.) In our large community this should not affect me greatly, but even here there seems to be a widespread feeling that the minister and his family should be respectably shabby.

So I start out with some disadvantages. I bear the label "Preacher's Kid," which keeps me under some restraints. I have certain obligations to my father's church which I must perform. And I may not have so much money as some of the young people with whom I associate, or if I do, I cannot display it too freely. Then what are the advantages of my position? Are my disadvantages really advantages?

I have a host of friends. Some of them may be critical, but because my father is their minister they are prepared to love his children. I know that if I needed anything, there are over three hundred people to whom I could turn. All of them are interested in my accomplishments, no matter how small, and I am sure of praise from them as from my own family. I have obtained, perhaps unwillingly at times, the finest of backgrounds for life. No one who has spent time in service to a church can come out of his experience without benefit. I have learned to like people and to enjoy helping them. More important, now I can understand them and their troubles. I have grown up with a faith which I trust will never leave me, for I have had the opportunity of seeing some of the bravest people in the world face danger with never a qualm. I've seen deserted wives, happy brides, orphaned children, and bereaved old men facing life with such complete trust that their trust has become a part of me.

This reasoning is strictly personal but very conclusive. If my father *had* been Joe, the bartender, or Dr. Furness, the physician, I would love him still. But because he is a minister, I love being a minister's daughter.

### Let's Take a Walk

In the first place, a walk should never have an objective. If you have it firmly settled in your mind that you are on your way to a rhetoric class or that you are going to Kamerer's Drug Store, the awareness of this objective will gnaw constantly at your subconscious mind and dull your sensibilities. In the second place, a walk must never be a premeditated action. It must be as spontaneous as a sudden smile. One of these days, while you are quietly reading, or listening to the radio, or grading theme papers, the notion will suddenly and unaccountably flit across your consciousness that it would be pleasant to take a walk. You must act upon this notion instantly. Do not attempt to think up reasons or objectives for the walk. Open the door and walk out.

Learning to abolish from your mind every one of your usual worries and vexations is the most difficult of all requirements for successful walking. If you start out with a mind overloaded with worry about theme papers, for example, the rhythmic motion of your legs will resolve into a kind of ghastly refrain, ringing into your inner ear, "I should be grading papers; I should be grading papers." Instead, say to yourself, "Now, for a few magic moments, I am going to step out of my stuffy surroundings into the glorious outdoors. I am going to escape into an enchanting world where worries are unknown." Then, having made this effort, proceed with a firm step and a mind set free. Neither hurrying nor idling along, open your awareness to the wonders of this universe, which in your everyday life you have never had time to see. Look at the bare bark of winter-stripped oak and maple trees. Look at the starry flakes of white snow; stare up at the shapes and patterns of the grayish blue clouds, and feel the sensation of the wet snow under your soles. Let your nostrils be receptive to the fresh air that floats through space. Ponder upon the birds flying to the heavens, upon the light of afternoon shadows, the feel of the wintry breeze against your cheeks, and the Providence of God.—LUCILLE TENINGA

# The A. S. T. P.

Private STEWART G. TUTTLE

*English 111a, Theme 1, 1943*

THE ARMY SPECIALIZED TRAINING PROGRAM, THE most recent development in the United States Army's effort to train skilled men, is an effort of the Washington general staff to accomplish something—exactly what is hard to determine. According to one captain in a S.T.A.R. unit it purports to train specialists as quickly as possible and as intelligently as possible.

The New York *Times*, however, contends with no enthusiasm that the program is a Washington lobby by colleges and universities to force the government (in this case, the army) to provide a program to prevent their bankruptcy. But, it continues, whatever be its motivation, its results are disappointing: the engineers produced are fit for neither civilian nor army needs, the psychologists are clerks, and the language students are sadly lacking in conversational aptitude.

Whether we accept the optimistic opinion of the captain or the stoical observations of the *Times*, our specific knowledge is still vague. Add to this confusion the theories of dialectic materialism, which insists that the A.S.T.P. is prompted by the inner workings of the House of Rothschild; and pure Hegelianism, which contends that the program is the ivory tower dream of economists planning for universal higher learning; or, anticlimactically, the opinion of the *Reader's Digest*, which envisions the A.S.T.P. as the idealistic postwar planner.

Needless to say, the program consists of classes in English, chemistry, physics, history, geography, military science, and physical education; and, as the student advances from the fundamental work required for all the subjects offered, additional and more specialized courses are added. This, however, is all that can be said. Originally, engineering, psychology, medicine, and language-study were to comprise the subjects to be given, but recently more have been added. Changes have taken place in every aspect of the A.S.T.P., so that at present no one can definitely say how long each course will be, how many subjects will be given, what the A.S.T.P. "graduate" will do upon graduation, and why the program was ever set up.

My first contact with the program was at Stanford University, where I was majoring in psychology. My professors informed me that the A.S.T.P. would permit me to continue my studies under its supervision, and I was enthusiastic. Of course, I now know how false their impression was, but a week in my reception camp taught me to enjoy such experiences. My enrollment itself was the culmination of a series of eight classifications, each of



which countermanded the preceding one. Found to have an astounding lack of mechanical ability. I was sent to the Air Corps to become a mechanic. I was terrible. Nothing daunted, however, I switched to cryptography, cooking, and interviewing in the space of two weeks. The Air Corps, much as they relish paper and forms, grew tired of my personal messages home and my uncooked snacks and sent me, pen in hand, to college.

Exactly what the A.S.T.P. will do for me is a question obviously related to what the A.S.T.P. is and what it does, neither of which I know. I should guess — possibly very wildly — that the program will train my brain to work precisely and with meticulous attention to detail. Also, it should regulate my body to respond to external stimuli, whether in the form of commands or exercise, far more readily than it did in civilian life. But to predict any great and important changes is as impossible as to say with any accuracy what the A.S.T.P. is.

## Rhet as Writ

The Rocky Mountain National Park is the nation's largest game refuge for the now practically extinct Big Horn Goat.

. . . .

All she did was wine and complain about her sickness.

. . . .

The fabulous Rockefeller, subject of unnumbered articles, is examined and picked apart from top to bottom.

. . . .

The Signal Corps is often referred to as the nervous center of the army.

. . . .

No doubt they (women in war work) received a great deal of satisfaction in learning that they were no longer dependent on the male as a source of loveliness.

. . . .

Dante was an Italian poet who wrote the first poem with a little comedy here and there.

## Honorable Mention

Norma Jean Andrews: *An Open Letter to Mussolini*

Alfred Bennett: *Rain*

Shirle Dodds: *The Merry-Go-Round*

June Fluegge: *I Like Living*

Dorothy Johnson: *Suez, the Jugular Vein of the British Empire*

Private William Marti: *My Three Companions in Hell*

Bernard Miller: *I Am*

Rosemary Presson: *Herman Melville and Moby Dick*

Roberta Schmaling: *My Queen — Cleopatra!*

Private Edward Tucker: *George Bernard Shaw, Iconoclast*

Private Tom Wahl: *My "Jekyll-Hyde" Professor*

Private Robert Wallace: *Why I Like to Walk*

David Wexler: *Life at Our House This Year*

Mathew Wilensky: *For Freedom*



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A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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# The Merry-Go-Round

SHIRLE DODDS

*Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1942-1943*

NO ONE COULD REMEMBER JUST WHO HAD FIRST introduced this couple into "the crowd." Suddenly, there they were—going to all the parties, entertaining in their turn, and offering a new, refreshing outlook on life. Although no one understood them, everyone sought the company of Tillie and Michael, who, in passing by, proved that people are quick to acclaim, quick to imitate, and quick to forget.

Michael was a short, dark man, with the egotistical walk of a pigeon. Tillie was a large, blondish woman, who somehow managed to convey to you her own impression that she was quite good looking. They were both extremely friendly people, and after a few cocktails, rather talkative.

Although Tillie and Michael had backgrounds as different as day and night, their marriage was completely happy. Tillie was born in Arkansas, and laughingly, but with a touch of pride, talked of her "hillbilly" ancestry. She had many amusing stories, which she related upon the slightest encouragement, about her childhood and home in the hill country. There was one, in particular, that always brought a laugh, of how she had stolen a stay from her mother's most valued possession, a corset, to use as a fishin' pole, and of the punishment that resulted. To accent her stories, Tillie would sing coarse "hillbilly" songs. An ambitious girl, she had put herself through nursing school, but it was not until her later life that she had met Michael.

Michael was born in Italy. He was orphaned as a child and came to America, where he worked as a stable boy on a large estate in Virginia. The owner of the estate, a maiden lady of many years, took a liking to the young Michael. She adopted him, sent him to a good prep school, and then on to Harvard, where he earned his degree. Michael was gifted with a beautiful voice, and would have sung in opera, had it not been for his slight stature.

Perhaps Tillie's and Michael's temperaments, which were very similar, were what drew them and held them together. They were both true individualists. They lived according to their own beliefs and desires, ignoring conventions. Tillie would think nothing of wearing a play suit or slacks to an afternoon bridge luncheon. Michael was often dangerously frank in expressing his opinions. If something displeased him, he did not hesitate to say that it did. Yet their very individuality was responsible for the attraction and interest they held for others.

They were both of a rather artistic temperament. Michael sang beautifully, and wrote poetry and music. When that small man stood in someone's living room, and boomed out his favorite "Road to Mandalay," he held

his entire audience spellbound, and he himself seemed actually to grow in inches. Tillie, in her own clever way, composed and recited original pieces. Sometimes she and her husband seemed almost to be contending with each other for the acclaim of their audience—Tillie, in her coarse, throaty, mocking poems, and Michael, in his magnificent, ringing tones.

No matter what the outside world might think or do, these two were completely happy in themselves. Financially, they were either on the top or on the rock bottom, hitting no medium. If they were wealthy, Tillie went on extravagant shopping expeditions. It was on one of these tours that she purchased a Chinese pajama outfit of brilliant orange and green, which she wore whenever it struck her fancy. Michael worked when and if he pleased, but they seemed equally happy in poverty or in wealth.

Although people sometimes criticized them for defying conventions, their happy, cheerful dispositions made them welcome any place. Although they frequently "dropped in" and stayed for dinner on four consecutive nights, on the fifth night there would still be a place for them.

They both seemed to have a flare for making life exciting and interesting. They gave an impression of living on the luxuries of life, ignoring the necessities. If there was not even bread to eat, Tillie would still be wearing her expensive perfumes.

Tillie and Michael had a great, although momentary, influence on the lives of their friends. They were always sought after for parties, for because of their talent for entertainment, any party with them as guests was successful. Everyone laughed at Tillie and Michael, accepting them as they appeared, and enjoyed living because their own love of life and its adventures was stimulated.

Strangely enough, no one was offended by their frank and carefree manner. The women were soon imitating Tillie in her casual attire. When Tillie wore Girl Scout shoes, her friends smilingly donned the thick-soled footwear. When Tillie, at the outbreak of the war, put on a white nurse's uniform and took courses in nursing, it became "the patriotic thing to do" within her circle. Unconsciously, some even began to imitate Tillie's voice and mannerisms. Certain of the men, following Michael's example, became bolder in expressing their opinions, and likes and dislikes. They affected his good-natured, yet dynamic personality, although naturally their imitation never achieved the subtleties of the original.

Occasionally, someone would attempt to delve deeper than the glamorous exterior that Tillie and Michael presented to the world at large. "Tillie and Michael" was always a topic for lively conversation. Questions would arise . . . can they really be so completely happy in such an uncertain way of living? . . . doesn't Michael seem, at times, like a stubborn little boy, with his likes and dislikes? . . . are they different because they want to be, or is it self-defense? . . . wouldn't that constant gayety be a strain? . . . isn't

that poise and worldliness just a shade too studied? But no one could ever really answer the questions, for no one could find the keyhole through which to look into the hearts of Tillie and Michael. Someone would remember Tillie's fondness for fresh flowers—she always wore one—and wonder if perhaps there was a note of wistfulness in her voice when she told of her childhood home. They would wonder if maybe Tillie would give up her precious Chinese pajamas and her expensive perfumes for a house and garden that would outlast Michael's jobs. Who knows? But then Tillie and Michael would arrive and those who questioned would put away their doubts, ready to start having fun—ready to climb on the “merry-go-round” again.

As suddenly and unexplainably as they had entered, Tillie and Michael withdrew from the lives of their friends. Some said that they had retired to a farm in Indiana. Others said that they had been divorced. No one seemed to know exactly what had happened to them; soon they grew tired of talking and wondering about it, so they just stopped. The era of “Tillie and Michael” was forgotten, and those who had known them, or had thought that they had known them, went instinctively back to their old ways of living.

## George Bernard Shaw, Iconoclast

Private EDWARD TUCKER

*A.S.T. English 111a, Theme 5, Summer, 1943*

ONCE THE WRITER OF UNSUCCESSFUL ESSAYS, THE expounder of trifling notions, George Bernard Shaw has since come into his own with the satirical comedy, and with this type of entertainment he has remained. He uses his plays for his ideas, and of the latter he has a great abundance.

Shaw fights against sham; he despises hypocrisy. He designs characters in his plays to show these qualities; then, he makes fun of these characters. The Christian martyrs in *Androcles and the Lion* are shown to be no more than ordinary men, dying, not for Christianity, but for fame. The condemner in *The Showing-Up of Blanco Posnet* becomes a worker for hypocrisy, a character greatly inferior to the condemned, a character for whom hate was made.

Shaw, to express his idea that all men are the same, has placed in local surroundings characters of history—great people infected with idiosyncrasies that are still peculiarly modern—and he has made them live. Cleopatra in the first part of the play *Caesar and Cleopatra* is shown as a naive young



girl, full of silly ideas, afraid of everything: later she is pictured as a woman of great depth, truly worthy of her name in history. Caesar, the blustering, swaggering conqueror, is shown as a hero, but, at the same time, also as a "heel." In *Saint Joan*, Joan of Arc is a woman of vision who, after seeing her saints, goes forth to win for herself the glory of fame, allowing nothing to stand in her way.

Modern woman, under Shaw's skilled hands, comes into her own. Superman, who, incidentally, is woman in *Man and Superman*, sees her man, chases him, and finally catches him, but not until the man has played hard to get and to keep. In the only perfect play he ever wrote, *Candida*, Shaw creates his only perfect woman—Candida, a woman in her early thirties, brilliant with the brilliance of scholars, wise with the wisdom of leaders, beautiful with the beauty of queens. She alone will remain after all else is gone; she alone will rival Shaw for everlasting fame; he is Pygmalion—she is Galatea come to life.

Shaw, the predecessor of many a president, hates war. He shows the good soldier in *Arms and the Man*, but the good soldier is the professional soldier, able to realize his desired wants, glad to live in the midst of ghastly battles. Shaw's war hero is a victim of circumstance; he is not a hero, but a man led to do something great through his own involuntary action. In *The Devil's Disciple*, the man of leadership is not the hero; the only true hero is the rascal.

Shaw, a cyclist, a vegetarian, and an iconoclast, knows his audiences from beginning to end. He places his plays for them; he glories in their rebellions; he secretly laughs at their mocking; but he continues in his same way. His readers must be either for him completely or against him completely; there can be no half-way mark. Certainly, Shaw's ideas are iconoclastic, but they set him apart, and, incidentally, they bring him fame.

## My "Jekyll-Hyde" Professor

Private TOM WAHL

*A.S.T. English 111a, Theme 6, Summer, 1943*

THE CLASS LEANED FORWARD EXPECTANTLY AS Professor Herbert entered the room. None of us had ever seen him before, and we all were eager to find out just what sort of person was going to take us, during our first nine months of college, deep into the enchanting realms of English literature. Professor Herbert was an elderly gentleman

who, in spite of his baggy tweed suit, was stately and almost extremely dignified. All of us had heard certain unrelated facts about him—that he had numerous degrees, including one from Oxford, England; that he had a lovely family; and that he was one of the closest friends of the then living and irrepressible Alexander Woollcott—and our first view of him fitted right in with the general impression most of us had already formed. When he spoke, it was with a beautifully cultured, almost effeminate voice, and we all knew that here we had a man who thought in the language of Shakespeare, inhaled the sensuous beauties of Shelley, and lived in the dream world of Spenser.

As the weeks passed by, Dr. Herbert made the course grow increasingly interesting. We all marveled at the easy manner he had when he quoted long passages from Chaucer and Pope or when he explained a difficult passage from "Il Penseroso." The way he flitted around the campus, with his long gray cloak enveloping him, and with "Spike," his French poodle who never missed a class, running in front of him, made him venerably regarded as a campus character, respected and admired by all of us.

My first impression of Professor Herbert was doomed, however. Early one Sunday morning, when I was preparing to go to bed in the fraternity house after a rather difficult Saturday night, I heard a loud commotion come in the front door and start making its way up the stairs. Thinking that several of my brethren were coming in after an ordinary evening of drunken revelry, I went on with my ablutions. I was brushing my teeth in a dazed manner when—WHACK!—I was hit on the back with a jolt which nearly caused me to swallow my toothbrush. I spun around and choked at the sight of Professor Herbert standing there with sparkling eyes, the usual baggy suit, a partially filled glass of Scotch whiskey in his hand, and a small group of laughing upperclassmen surrounding him. He seemed to enjoy the look of amazement which had come over my face, for he laughed loudly and then shouted with a voice which still bore traces of his Oxford refinement, "How the hell are you, Wahl, you old ———?" I stammered out a reply to the effect that I was quite well, "thank you, sir," and that I hoped he was too. He turned to the youths with him and made a remark which caused my face to grow red, although the other fellows seemed to enjoy it immensely. Then he turned back to me and told me that I was entirely too young and untainted to be hanging around with a worldly old reprobate like him. With that remark, he turned about and stumbled out of the room, shouting for one of the students to hurry with the glasses and the ice so that the new party could get under way.

I stood motionless with wonder for several minutes, but then I took the old man's advice and climbed the stairs to bed, feeling that I had been

totally disillusioned, and not understanding how such a kindly and genteel person as Dr. Herbert could allow himself to become so obnoxious. I dreaded my first hour class with him on Monday morning, for I did not see how he would be able to look me in the eye, but throughout the class nothing was different in any respect from what it had ever been. Professor Herbert was once more the aristocratic intellectual I had formerly known him to be.

During the weeks which followed, I discovered much about his amazing "Jekyll and Hyde" complex. He had a small group of student friends, all of whom were intelligent upperclassmen with influential names on the campus. Two or three nights a month Professor Herbert would slip away from his matronly wife and his refined environment, would round up his student gang, and would begin an evening which might cover every nightclub and speak-easy within miles, and which usually ended sometime the following morning. From what I was told, many of his little parties assumed orgiastic proportions. Professor Herbert would always be the center of attraction, continually talking and singing with base and sensual words. Most of the students were disgusted with Dr. Herbert's character, but all of them were admittedly envious of the men he chose to go out with him.

I remained undecided in my opinion of the good professor until my last few weeks in college, more than a year and a half after I had first seen him. Dr. Herbert heard, through a friend of mine who was a member of his chosen group, that I was going into the Army in a very short time, and I was amazed to hear that I had been invited to go out with him on his next carousal. I accepted the invitation heartily, and, before I finally left college, I had gone out with Dr. Herbert several times. During those parties I had opportunities to talk for long periods of time with him, and I can say that I left college with a definite place in my heart for the old gentleman whose personal life was so disgusting to many of the students.

I admire Dr. Herbert because he is living his life as he thinks it ought to be lived. The opinion of society is too important a factor to most of us, keeping us from being our natural selves. To the completely uninhibited person, life would hold nothing but beauty and happiness, and the opinions of his fellowmen would mean nothing to him. Dr. Herbert is not completely uninhibited, but when he goes out on his wild revelries he does it simply because he feels like it and he doesn't give a "tinker's damn" who knows about it. The old English poets understood and recognized the beauties and the pleasures of the life about them. They are great because they could write about their feelings and their environments in such a way that more prosaic men could recognize in them their own latent, repressed, feelings. Dr. Herbert is a great man (not that he will ever be famous) because he is not artificial. He is delightfully real.

# Fry's Field

ROBERT N. RASMUS

*Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1942-1943*

I SUPPOSE EVERY AMERICAN HAS HAD SOME SPOT, A swimming hole, a hayloft, a back alley, or a school yard, which was his favorite haunt. Mine was Fry's Field, a few acres of prairie land situated just across the Chicago Northwestern railroad tracks, a block or so from my house. The only unusual thing about Fry's Field is its location. It is set in the middle of a large residential district of several hundred thousand people, and considering the high value of Chicago real estate, it is a wonder that the field exists at all. Probably the reason for its not being built up is that the noise and dirt from the railroad, and the presence of the sand and coal yards which lie on either side of the field make it undesirable for residential building; the revising of the zoning laws prevents any further industrial building. Whatever the reason, however, the fact is that it is there, and throughout the years of my childhood it was the scene of many of my happiest experiences.

Whenever I think of Fry's Field, the first thing that I think of is an assortment of tramps, Mexicans, and gypsies. I couldn't have been more than three or four years old when I first listened with wide-open eyes to the tales told by the older boys about the swarthy Mexicans, the grizzled tramps, and the thieving gypsies who inhabited this mysterious land across the tracks. I was greatly intrigued and continually begged my mother for permission to go over to Fry's Field. She told me that I might get hit by the train, and furthermore that the tramps and Mexicans didn't like little boys. The refusals only increased my curiosity, and finally by the time I was five I had worked up enough courage to climb up over the embankment of the tracks to explore this wonderland of tall grass, scraggly willows, and sand hills. The gypsies were only imaginary, but here, in real life, were the Mexican railroad hands and the fabulous tramps, living in their tumble-down shacks.

I shall never forget that first day at Fry's Field. I had ridden my tricycle up to the side of the embankment of the tracks, and then after leaving it in the grass and quickly looking to both sides for the train, I had dashed madly across as fast as my little legs would carry me. Once on the other side, I was hidden in grass that was higher than my head, and I at once began to wonder about the wisdom of my venture. It was too late to turn back now, however, so I gritted my teeth and began to make my way laboriously in the general direction of the place where the older boys told me the tramps stayed. After a few hundred feet I came to a small ridge from behind which



I could see trails of gray smoke rising. Knowing that I had found them, but fearful lest they might see me, I crawled on my hands and knees to the edge of the ridge, and excitedly peered over. There they were, six dirty, tattered relics of men, lying on the ground, apparently in a drunken stupor. When one of them rolled over and opened his bleary eyes, I turned, and like a terror-stricken jack rabbit ran for home. The next time I went over to Fry's Field, it was with several other boys, and we carefully kept a good distance from the tramps' camp site.

After I had gotten over my initial fright, I began to feel quite at home at Fry's Field; soon I was spending almost all of my time outside of school there. This was entirely natural, though, because in the few acres of this prairie land within the city was almost anything a small boy with a big curiosity and an uncontrollable desire for make-believe could want. On the western side of the field was a building materials storage yard with several large sand hills ideal for desert warfare. To the south of the hills was a small pond bordered by scraggly little willows. The eastern boundary was the railroad with a couple of sidings for the coal and lumber yards, and the northern boundary was an old cemetery. The Mexican railroad workers had their shacks about fifty feet from the railroad, and the tramps were situated between the sand hills and the pond. Also within the limits of the field were a "haunted" house and a small cluster of trees. The rest of the field was just plain grass and weeds.

The place was ideal for all the variations of "hide-and-seek." Although one day it was "Arabs and Niggers" in the sand hills that my friends and I played, and the next day it was "cops-and-robbers" in the lumber yards, and still the following day "cowboys-and-Indians" in the prairie, basically, they all amounted to nothing more than hiding and finding. But what fun! Playing "Arabs-and-Niggers" in the sand hills had one disadvantage, though. Martin, the night-watchman, and his mean dog, Wilhelm, came every night at five o'clock, and many were the times that we were sent in headlong flight with the cur, Wilhelm, at our heels.

And when our interests turned to the sea, there was the polliwog pond. Stagnant little mud puddle that it was, it was the nearest thing to an ocean that we had, and it was never too small to sail our rafts in pirate warfare. As soon as the tiny black polliwogs appeared, however, we abandoned the Spanish Main for the polliwog net, and the polliwogs we missed in the infant state we caught later as adult frogs. I don't know how the species reproduced itself, but until the year the pond was drained as a breeder of mosquitoes, every spring saw a new batch of wiggling little polliwogs, in greater numbers than ever.

When I reached the hut-building age, Fry's Field was the perfect place for the practice of that art. Our specialty was grass huts, and an enjoyable, if dangerous, pastime was burning down the other fellow's hut with a flaming brand.

When I was about ten years old, birds became my hobby. My mother gave me a bird field book and her old pair of opera glasses, and thus equipped I often went over to Fry's Field and the adjacent cemetery early in the morning to identify new birds. I well remember one day late in March when I saw a bluebird, which, of course, for the city is very rare. I ran all the way home, shouting all the way to my mother about the new discovery. She was just as thrilled as I was, and after that we often made our bird exploring trips together. Since that time I have identified dozens of species at Fry's Field which are supposed never to be seen in the city.

After I started high school, although my "cowboy-and-Indian" days were gone forever, Fry's Field still held its attraction for me. Even though most of my time I spent at school work, and much of my spare time participating in sports and playing in the school band, every opportunity I had I went over to Fry's Field. Fry's Field had not lost its value to me—it just had of necessity to play a lesser part in my life. Now when I went over, it was to walk my dog, or to work out some besetting problem, or just to bask in the sun and daydream. Some of the happiest moments I can remember were those I spent on top of the highest sand hill, looking across to the blue waters of Lake Michigan. The sand, the sky, and the sun seemed to solve all my problems.

Another ailment for which Fry's Field was a good, though not a lasting, cure was spring fever. When I was sitting in a drowsy Latin class, fighting a losing battle to concentrate on Cicero's second oration against Cataline, and when I thought of the soft, luxuriant grass at Fry's Field, it was little wonder that I found it necessary to quit school for the day and go over there to bask in the sun.

And also I came to feel differently about the tramps. No longer did they hold any terrors for me, once I had worked up enough nerve to speak to them. They were just poor, broken men who were ruined by the ravages of drink. They were to be pitied—not feared. Two, in particular, I remember because of their remarkable sense of humor and their refreshing philosophy. Scotty and James Flynn were drunkards, but they were also "true knights of the road." They had been to every big city in this country and Mexico, and they never tired of relating their experiences to me. Between stories they would sing a lively song or give a spicy recitation and then take a swig from the bottle. I was delighted with their tales and songs, but it pained me to see men of such high mentality slaves to drink and in such a state.

I don't get much chance to visit Fry's Field any more, but I consider a week end at home incomplete if I can't spend at least a few minutes at my old hunting ground. Even as I write this I can vividly picture a gang of bronze-skinned, healthy looking kids playing "cops-and-robbs" in the "wilds" of Fry's Field. They are happy kids.

# Alchemy for the Modern

BERNARD MILLER

*Rhetoric 1, Theme 8, Summer, 1943*

A TRIANGLE OF DOTS MEANS SAND. GOLD CAN BE MADE from egg shells roasted for eight years. Fire is "phlogiston" leaving a body. Out of such symbols, such experiments, such ill-forged theories—out of these beginnings grew chemistry. Today it is an organized science which studies the matter of the universe with all the romance of unknown things.

Ammonium is interesting. It is a combination of oxygen and nitrogen gases which acts like a metal. However, this "ammonium metal" has never been isolated. The nearest thing to its metallic form is a queer alloy. A little sodium-mercury alloy is added to a solution of ammonium chloride. Instantly the alloy forms and grows to two or three times its original volume. Here is an alloy of a non-existent metal!

The instructors tell you that they are not certain of its composition, but they know that calgon can pick up the calcium in hard water, make it a part of itself, and leave the water soft.

Surely you have seen advertisements for the Dow Metal Company—"Magnesium from sea water." Interestingly, the Dow process starts with a magnesium compound, goes through several steps, and ends with the same compound. It uses sea shells to aid these reactions. It uses a by-product to turn the near-by natural gas into an acid. Out of such complexities comes magnesium.

Such is the world of chemistry that is opening to me. There are elusive "complex ions" and chemical "mechanisms" which help explain otherwise unexplainable happenings in the laboratory. There are the smells of the laboratory which become a part of a chemist's life. There are the ever-exciting productions of gases and precipitates, and analyses of unknowns which make one feel like an explorer on the edge of an unknown wilderness. And its mysteries still remain, for, "In the distance tower still higher peaks, which will yield to those who ascend them still wider prospects."\* With such a challenge and such things to learn, no wonder chemistry is my favorite course.

\*Sir Joseph John Thomson.



# Soldiers as Citizens

Private D. E. TRUAX

*A.S.T. English 111a, Theme 5, Summer, 1943*

PEOPLE WHO HAVE DONE MUCH THINKING ABOUT THE political situation after the war—and I mean thinking, not pipe-dreaming—eventually come around to wondering what the political influence of the ex-soldier is going to be. From all I have heard, the civilians have a pretty gloomy outlook on the whole thing. To put it bluntly, what they expect is character deterioration. They imagine that discipline will have eaten the soldier's will; that he will be eager to be led and careless of where he is led. And yet, with true humanness, they are worried more about the unpleasantness of having a group of semi-rowdies in the community than of having an easily swayed group of voters.

Much of this comes from the superficial view the civilian has of the soldier. In the towns around the camps the soldier is relaxing, blowing off steam. In his letters he tries to give the folks back home the picture of a Kiplingesque fighter; so he exaggerates the toughness, the roughness, and the discipline. The only other sources of information are the newspapers and magazines. These are either journalistic equivalents of the letters home or the work of someone who is trying to prove that the soldier is being treated too poorly or too well. The army recognizes the soldier's thinking ability by the care it exercises in the choosing of officers. Soldiers are critical of their leaders and discuss the wisdom of their every move. Although the army probably would like to curb freedom of speech to a certain extent, it cannot stop the soldier's habit of discussing everything under the sun. The average private is stubborn about his views and will stick up for them. The worst attitude that the veteran will take back to civilian life is that of lack of faith in the "higher-ups." This is ingrained in the rookie from the time he leaves the induction center, and he is a lucky rookie if he doesn't get a practical demonstration of the reason behind it in his first week in the army. This attitude is not directed at any one person or group. The bungling is done by "them," a shadowy band in the haze of army bureaucracy.

The soldier is going to be changed a great deal when he returns home—he will have discarded many of his old ideas and picked up many new ones—but in the long run he is going to be little better or worse than he was before he left. His ideas about the social system are going to be a little different. In the enforced democracy of the barracks he has found that many of his gods of financial success are clay right up to the ears. He has found that those who are just up or down the financial or social scale from him are not very much better or worse than he is; that they have no holy war against each



other; and that they are really not such bad fellows. For a while at least he is going to be stimulated and have a desire to make vast improvements in the world. His methods are going to be changed by the methods of warfare. The high price paid in life and suffering for military objectives is going to bring to his mind the analogy that sacrificing the strict rights of a few to further the general welfare isn't very wrong.

## A.S.T.P. Education

Private STEWART G. TUTTLE

*A.S.T. English 111a, Theme 8, Summer, 1943*

WHEN THE CLASS AVERAGE ON A COMPARATIVELY simple physics test is 23, when half a class fails to score higher than 60 points out of 100 on an elementary geography test, and when instructors use an unforeseen four weeks' extension of the A.S.T. program entirely for review, something is wrong. And these illustrations are only scattered examples of the difficulties encountered by the A.S.T. plan. In every field of learning inadequate results are forthcoming.

The army authorities have attempted to explain these results, contending that a minority of the students are either ill-prepared or lazy. Yet mediocre results have been attained by a majority of the soldiers. And even if these assumptions are correct, are they not results, rather than causes, of the inadequacy of the program?

The students have tried to find the answer to the problem. Many of them contend that they are carrying too many credits of college work. Others point out that they are permitted too little time to prepare their homework. Still others insist that the teaching staff is poor! For a few these reasons are valid. For most, however, they merely represent good rationalizations. The time provided, if not overabundant, is sufficient. Yet is the motive provided the student strong enough? Let us examine this more carefully.

Higher education is a very complex system requiring that both the teacher and the student have as their goals the achievement of learning. Some students will move toward this goal willingly with the sole motive of gaining more knowledge. They are in the minority. Others resolutely refuse to move toward that goal regardless of the attraction it may offer. They, too, are in the minority. By far the greatest number of students require some tangible motive to work before they will show any appreciable effort. They must be shown that their efforts will result in prestige, personal gain, or skill. The A.S.T.P. does not offer these.

Instead it points to the fighting man on the front and draws a comparison between his sacrifices and the one that the A.S.T.P. student should be making. This comparison cannot be drawn. Basically it offers a destructive rather than a constructive motive; it supplants the normal pride in achievement with the fear of disapproval. While this means may prove effective for a short time, it is useless over long periods. And, in addition, most trainees have a vague yearning to play a part in the actual fighting of the war anyway.

To be sure, the army has made doubtful and tentative promises of commissions, which, it contends, will be awarded to successful soldiers, but most A.S.T.P. students have been in the army long enough to recognize these as outgrowths of the "old army game." Were they not also told that they might take their course as quickly as they were able, only to discover that they proceeded as quickly as the average student? Were they not promised courses in psychology, languages, or medicine, only to find themselves basic engineers?

The aviation cadet looks forward to the day when he can fly in combat, the civilian college student awaits the day when he can make profitable use of his education, and the V-12 trainee plans for the day when he can take his place as a deck officer. What does the A.S.T.P. soldier await? He doesn't know, and whatever motive he creates to make him work must be drawn from an already worn imagination.

It is this situation, I believe, that is contributing to the difficulties of the A.S.T.P. The soldier student does not know where he is going. He does not know whether his future will be good or bad, and consequently his efforts are not concentrated. The program is theoretically excellent, but it does not take human aspirations into consideration. And this apparently insignificant consideration is causing and will continue to cause serious difficulties for the authorities who are attempting to carry on the A.S.T.P. successfully.

## Sleep

There was a narrow board cot in the room which matched the ugly, square, upholstered pieces scattered about the floor, and like them was furnished with a thin, harsh cushion stuffed with horsehair, but the girl was afraid to sleep in so public a place as a railroad station, where the male hangers-on looked at her curiously from time to time during the lapses in their conversation. Almost absentmindedly she shrank from their look, and was grateful for the noisy entrance of a party of cheerful travellers, or the grinding, roaring, huffing arrival of a train on the tracks outside, which turned their attention from her. But the noise and movement dragged her painfully from her semi-hypnotic state, sent along her raw and sensitive nerves the frantic call to wake up, and caused the four gray walls of the room to dance toward her mockingly in a dizzy jig.

—MARY ANN PICKREL

# For Freedom

MATHEW WILENSKY

*Rhetoric II, Theme 13, 1942-1943*

THE VOICE OF THE ELEVATED TRAINS OVERHEAD mingled with the shouts of the vendor below was a sign that it was early morning. Al tossed and turned, pulled the covers up about his head and pretended to sleep; but it was no use. With a casual remark about "hating to work for a living," he threw off the covers and sat on the edge of the bed. He rested his chin on the palms of his hands and wiggled his toes, watching them with a strange fascination, as if contemplating a dreadful crime. He walked quietly to the bathroom, a towel thrown over his shoulder, his toothbrush, razor, and soap in his hands. The noise he made singing in the bathroom woke my mother, myself, and my brother. It woke us every morning, but we never told him that it bothered us; we liked to hear him sing; we knew he was happy. Al was already seated at the table eating breakfast when I entered the kitchen. He didn't notice me enter because he was reading the morning paper. I didn't mind though; he always read the paper at the table. I had just about finished my breakfast when he noticed me sitting there.

"Well, did you have a good sleep, or did my snoring keep you awake?"

"No, I got used to that noise a long time ago."

"Finish eating and I'll drive you up town." I drank my milk hurriedly and ran to get my coat.

It was hot outside, and although the sun had not yet appeared there was a sticky warmth in the air. The street was almost deserted, and only the occasional bark of a dog, or the roar of a truck going to market broke the silence. The dirty, forbidding, red brick buildings looked mysterious and foreign in the early morning light. Steam from the tenement houses rose slowly, straight up in the air, like a gigantic pillar. There was no wind; there were no clouds.

I got into the front seat of the car, and watched him start the motor. We turned the corner, and started up Broadway. I caught a glimpse of Al's face in the mirror. It was smooth, and very tan, well cut and sharp. His chin was pointed and firm, and every time he smiled you could see a scar near the corner of his mouth. The clock on the Times Building struck eight as we came into Times Square. Al drove past Forty-Fourth Street, and then turned left at Forty-Sixth Street. A long line of orange and yellow taxicabs stretched toward the Hudson on both sides of the street. Al found an empty space and parked the car.



Two fellows came running across the street. They were about the same height, about six feet tall. One of them was very dark. He had short cropped hair, a trim moustache, and a black hackman's cap dangling on the back of his head. He wore a leather jacket with big pockets, a black bow tie, white shirt, and black creased pants. His name was Vinnie di Rosa—an Italian lad from First Street. The other fellow was much lighter in complexion. He had blond hair, the usual blue eyes, a clean face, and no moustache. He wore a blue, slipover sweater, an open-collared white shirt, tan pants, and brown and white shoes. His name was Ted Morse—a sensible Irishman from Fourteenth Street.

They were angry about an article that had appeared in the morning newspaper. All I could hear was, "What's this world coming to?" Before I knew what happened Al was in the midst of the argument. I left the three of them, Al, Vinnie, and Ted, arguing on the corner of Forty-Sixth Street and Broadway.

When I returned home that evening I noticed that something was wrong. There were no lights in the kitchen, and when I called out I received no answer. I ran up the stairs to my room. A light was on, and there in one part of the room I saw Al. My brother Gene came out of the bathroom carrying Al's razor and toothbrush. An air of suspense and anxiety hovered about the room. I walked toward my mother and sat on the bed near her chair. She handed me a copy of one of the evening newspapers. I glanced at the headlines and I knew what had happened. There was no need for questions or reasons. Al had said it was coming and that he was going to do something about it. They all said it, Al, Vinnie, and Ted. They were going to fight in some foreign land on the other side of the world for something they believed in, for freedom. I looked at the paper again, and the huge black letters stared at me and screamed their ugly message: "Revolution in Spain, Fascist Uprising in Madrid."

Al left the next night. He carried an old weathered suit case in one hand and a raincoat in the other. He stopped at the door, turned, and looked at my mother. She ran to him, and they clung to each other, neither one saying a word, neither one daring to. They kissed, and I thought I saw a tear in Al's eye, but I wasn't sure. He gripped my hand, and I remembered what he said:

"Take care of Gene and Mom, and when Dad gets back from his trip tell him where I am. Tell him I'm going to fight. So long! And take care of yourself."

He looked at me for a moment as if he had something else to say, but he didn't say another word. He opened the door and walked out into the cool, black night. In the distance I could hear the grinding of a taxi's gears as it stopped for a red light.



# Queen of the Flat Tops by Stanley Johnston

RICHARD CARDOZO

*Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1943-1944*

VIVID SEEMS TO BE THE MOST FITTING TERM FOR Stanley Johnston's inspiring account of the saga of the *U.S.S. Lexington*, a kind, lovable old lady in peace, a fierce, gun totin' moll in war. Told in the words of the men who fought and died on her, the "Lex's" story is a gripping one. They loved her, those men, and they lost their dearest friend when the gurgling South Pacific seas washed over the burned-out hulk of the first aircraft carrier to fly the flag of the United States.

Although not written in matter-of-fact journal form, the saga of the "Lex" nevertheless maintains some semblance of chronological order. The author has pieced together an exciting, vibrant tale, from segments supplied by the officers and men of that gallant ship. The book is written in the free, powerful style of a skillful newspaper writer, and as a result holds the reader's interest throughout. It's an exciting adventure story, but in contrast to the average adventure story, it embodies the added punch of extreme, cruel reality.

A good imagination is the fare required for a one-way trip to the heart of hell, via Salamaua, Tulagi, and the Coral Sea. Once aboard, we meet the men who were the nerves of the "Lex;" the men who gave their lives in the hope that she would survive; the men who fought like demons to give the "Lex" her glory; the men who buried their heads and sobbed, when she gasped and slipped beneath the waves.

One such man, a lucky survivor of her last great moment, sat upright in a crowded rescue ship, and with determination written on his tear-stained face, wrote the following, a tribute to the "Lex" which was published in the memorial issue of that ship's newspaper:

We saw her live  
Gloriously; her memory will give  
To all who saw her noble end  
Strength this nation to defend.

# "Oh, What a Friend We Have in Jesus"

JOYCE GOTHWAITE

*Rhetoric II, Theme 2, 1943-1944*

THE FARMER ARISES AT THE TINIEST CRACK OF DAWN and works the long day through. His is the drabest of existences, with the single possible exception of that of his wife. Her life is her kitchen and it is not bordered with "decalcomanias." And because the farmer and his wife lead this sort of life, they crave excitement: music, voices, and companionship.

This desire is answered by one of their own kith, the local touring preacher. In all probability he was brought up to polish the boots of a village parson, but, having initiative and the approval of the people, has branched out and has become the ministering angel to outlying farms and small communities—a welcome parasite.

It is not only because they desire companionship that farm folk are so deeply religious. They need sober thoughts to ponder upon while carrying on the day's work. Then, too, their religion is inherited. They know next to nothing of the meanings of the various creeds; they know less about skepticism. However, they do know the contents of the Bible and have, besides a complete faith in their God, a no-less-complete faith in themselves. Heyday for the preacher and the curious summer residents. Revival meetin' tonight, folks! Come early and stay for collection!

The meeting takes place in a designated farmer's home. His wife has spent the entire day making it ready, and all the morals are newly washed and hanging in conspicuous places. ("Do only what you would be doing when Jesus comes.") The preacher's daughter, a hardy lass of fifteen, has her accordion strapped over her shoulder and is trying out chords to impress the growing group. The sheep come in outmoded Fords, grinning and chattering. ("Why, Mae, I didn't know you were getting store teeth! My! Don't they look neatish?") The parson has flowing, white hair and a gaunt look about his face. The shine in his suit matches beautifully the twinkle in his eye as he observes the growing congregation. I always attributed the glow to his desire for an ample attendance, although less kind and more discerning souls have said that it came from the sight of a pleasing feminine form; at any rate, no one ever accused him of drinking. The farmer's wife bustles around, turning the wicks of the kerosene lamps just a little higher. ("Be careful, Lena—they chimbleys have been taped up onct.") Finally the buzzing ceases and the preacher gets down to business.

The meeting opens with a declaration of the necessity of religion in the wilds. It meanders through a reading and interpretation from the Bible. ("Brother Wixtrom, would you be so kind as to read this little passage?") Then the fun begins. Sandwiched between songs ("Are you washed in the blood, in the soul-cleansing blood of the lamb?") come the testimonials. The first witness invariably states, coolly and collectedly, "I'm so glad to say that I've been saved." The remainder of the congregation views him critically and tries to go him one better. The climax is terrific. Men and women alike break out in tears, stamp their feet, tear their hair and scream, "I'm saved—glory to God!" When the preacher sees that his party is getting a little too rough, he starts them singing "Oh What a Friend We Have in Jesus," after which they file quietly out, leaving their donations. Pocketing the money and thanking the hostess, the preacher (Hallelujah, brother!) and his daughter jog noisily away in their Model T.

When the excitement is over, the farmer's wife returns to spanking the kiddies and separating the milk. And I, in my privileged status, turn to ponder on just what effect this has had on me. I'm certain that the preacher is nothing more than a fakir. But what of the farmer and his wife? Are they only playing up for the occasion and the excitement or are they in dead earnest? Is their religion the best kind for them? Should I treat this subject tenderly or should I ridicule them? However, even in this undecided state of mind, I enjoy my parties and feel pretty much that it's all right just as long as they have a friend in Jesus, no matter how they proclaim it.

## One Great Love Have I

MATILDA FAZEKAS

*Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1943-1944*

WHENEVER I HEAR THE THROBBING ROAR OF AN airplane's motor, I seldom fail to look up into the sky and thrill to the sight of a plane coming into view, passing overhead, and disappearing into the distant horizon. I am even more thrilled when the plane is a DC-3 towing a brace of cargo gliders; or perhaps it is a Waco towing a training glider and sturdily growling its way to high altitudes, where it will leave the frail craft to soar and dip its way to a landing field miles away. Gliders hold a special place in my love for airplanes. Perhaps it is because I have practically lived with them for the past year. I have watched a great number of them grow from the drafting boards to finished products, gleaming in silent rows as they wait for the test pilot to take them up and prove their airworthiness.

The construction of a glider is divided into five main parts. The machine shop assemblies include the manufacturing of the metal parts for a glider, such as the fuselage, the wing-fitting brackets, and the tail group brackets. The construction of the wings and the tail group, with their many sub-assemblies, takes place in the woodshop department. Then the complete wings, the tail group, and the fuselage are covered with airplane fabric. The principle of fabrication is to give the airplane parts an even contour to create airfoil. Upon completion of fabrication, the assemblies are taken into the dope shop for painting. If the gliders are being manufactured for Army use, they are painted with the colors of the Army Air Forces, and wing insignia are put on the wings at an even distance between the upper and lower longerons. If the gliders are for commercial use, a combination of colors may be used, suiting the tastes of the designer or manufacturer.

Next, the assemblies move to the final assembly department. It is here that the wings and the tail group are fitted to the fuselage; it is here that the landing gear is fitted into the wheel well, and the plexiglass cowling is attached to the cockpit. The final stage of construction is the installation and checking of instruments.

Now the glider is ready to be tested. Careful hands push it across the floor to hangar doors and out onto the runway. The towrope is attached to the towplane; the towplane's pilot runs his motor; the glider's pilot gives his signal to the wing man, who levels the wings, and off it goes—into the wide blue yonder!

In such a manner is another glider completed and put into the air. However, there are many fears running through the mind of every observer on the ground. Will the wings hold up? Is the fabric tight enough? Week after week, month after month, gliders roll off the assembly line and are tested. Every once in a while the dreaded crack-up will happen. A wing will fall off during a test flight; ten people will die in a matter of seconds because an inexperienced worker machined a wing strut fitting a fraction of an inch too thin. By such accidents are improvements made in design and production supervision, but what a great price is paid for them!

However, not only structural deficiencies will wreck a glider. The air, with all its storms and calms, down-drafts and thermals, is a powerful, unfathomable force. The motorless, heavier-than-air glider flies itself. It is constantly at the mercy of the surrounding air because it depends solely upon it for buoyancy and maneuverability. Many of us have studied a leaf drifting in the wind. We have seen how it is tossed about by prevailing, unseen wind currents. A glider is subject to the same treatment. Sometimes all the skill and knowledge of the pilot will not save the plane from turning end on end and finally dropping to the ground, as a leaf eventually does.

A person interested in gliding is aware of these things. He knows the business from beginning to end. However, there is no complete description



of the feeling he experiences when he is up in the air, riding a thermal to heights of thousands of feet. Up and up, around and around soars the ship inside the thermal. Perhaps an eagle is riding the same thermal only a few feet away. Soon he is left behind, and the ship breaks away from the thermal and starts gliding. Far below, the ground spreads out in a beautiful checker-board of green pastures, yellow wheat fields, and blue ribbons of river. As far as the eye can see, there stretches the exalting grandeur of God-made scenery. Many miles away is the landing field. If the pilot starts his descent now, he will reach the field just as the last rays of the sun slant across the hangars, and the first mists of evening begin to form above the signal tower.

## The Language of "Siberia"

Private ARNOLD RUSTIN

*A.S.T. English 111b, Theme 1, 1943-1944*

**M**EN CONFINED TO CELLS, HELD IN ALMOST CONSTANT silence, ever fearful of being overheard, naturally tend to invent a vocabulary for their everyday surroundings. Because convicts are so conscious of the physical—their physical imprisonment, the physical punishment they receive, their lack of physical companionship—their words spring from direct physical impressions and are vivid and alive.

As a Civil Service Prison Guard at Clinton Prison, Dannemora, New York, fondly called "Siberia" by the boys, I had an excellent opportunity to hear and learn prison jargon. At first the men's conversations were unintelligible to me, and I remember musing, college student that I was, as Benedick does in *Much Ado About Nothing*, that their "words—are a very fantastical banquet—just so many strange dishes." However, as I mixed with the other guards and with the prisoners, I gradually came to understand and appreciate the strange descriptive words.

The words for the various foods served them were singularly well chosen. Consider the subtle touch in calling oysters, *snots*; or pork and beans, *squeal and artillery*; or coffee, *misery*. Not only were these descriptive words; they were as appetizing as the food the men were served. I chuckled when I learned that the New York police stations were called *Irish clubhouses*, and that a counterfeiter was known as a *green-goods-man*. Truly the most picturesque term was the name applied to a venereal disease sufferer, *orange-pop man*.

Now, let us suppose that an *old head* (a prisoner with a good bit of time in) goes *stir batty* (insane from prison life) and decides to *take it out* on some *two-way guy*. Well, he would *snitch* (steal) a spoon from the *slum house* (the mess hall) and by careful work would fashion a *chiv* (a knife) out of it. When the time came, he would let this *joker* (victim) *have it*—probably while they were on the *bucket brigade* (the daily morning line to empty chamber pots). Some *psalm singer* (trusty), looking for a *quick graduation*, might *chirp* (inform) to the *statue* (the tier guard). The *statue* would *put the pencil to* (report) the *nasty man* (the killer) to the *butcher* (the captain of the guards). The *butcher* would take the *old head up on the big green carpet* (the Warden's office) and have *Old Brass* (the Warden) quiz him.

If *Old Brass* could get nothing out of him, he would throw him into *sol* (solitary confinement) for a week on bread and water. If the *nasty man* would not *crack*, the *butcher* would call in the *Beef Squad* (the muscular guards) and have them take the *fall guy* (the luckless individual) to the *sweatbox* (the consultation room) for a *session*. If they got the *guy* to *sing* (to confess) they would probably *Cell 13* (permanently demobilize) him. However, if he was a *big stiff*, they might get a *stir agent* (a prison lawyer) to do a *quicke*, and inside of a week have the *boy* in the *dance hall* (the Death House).

In a very short time, *the day* would arrive, and the *salvation rancher* (the chaplain) would be around to take the *hearse man* (the convicted murderer) to his *floorless jig* (hanging). The *crackerneck* (the hangman) would give him his *necklace*, and, swoosh! Then they would ship the *dancer* (What word could better describe a dead man still swaying on the gallows?) to the *icebox* (the coroner's office) and forget the whole incident.

So it goes!

These vivid words and phrases are interesting in themselves as a study of an abnormal man's mind. They become even more exciting when the reader considers that they may someday worm their way into our everyday speech. Law-abiding people, staid, conservative people, inwardly yearn for the exciting and different life of the smart criminal. These people eagerly grasp at the vigorous and lawless words of the underworld—the raised eyebrows of equally staid friends give them a feeling of deviltry and rebelliousness.

Consider how such words as *bull*, *dick*, *flatfoot*, *fence*, *gorilla*, *stoolpigeon*, *jailbird*, *rod*, *gat*, and *Big House* have become a part of our vocabulary. Already *jailbird* has graduated to the colloquial level, and *fence* and *stoolpigeon* are considered perfectly good English words by *Webster*. In fifty years we may not be talking like our convicts of today, but we certainly will have borrowed many of their coinages and adopted them for our own use.

# The Technical Term M

Private ROBERT McLAUGHLIN

*A S T. English 111b, Theme 2, 1943-1944*

THE LETTER M, WHEN PLACED IN A SERIES, ONE *M* closely following another, can be used to voice approval—"mmmmmmhmmmm, my dear"—or used to ask a question—"mmmmmm?"—or used to voice disapproval—"mmm mmmmm!" The letter *m* is a handy alphabetical gadget. It can replace *mother*: *m* = *mother*. It can replace *million*: *M* is for the million times I've kissed you. *O* is for . . .

In physics, chemistry, and mathematics, *m* is used extensively as a replacing agent for, they say, purposes of simplification. In physics, for example, *M* stands for *mass*. Mass is the weight of a body, *W*, divided by the acceleration of gravity, *g*. Therefore, if one wishes to express that definition simply, one writes  $M = w/g$ . That appears to be a very basic truth. *M* stands for *mass*. So when, a few pages farther on in the physics book, you come across the formula  $M = F/f$ , you say to yourself with a knowing smile, "Mass is equal to *F* over *f*." You are wrong. *M* in this particular case means magnification of a lens. You are a little surprised at this, a little bewildered. *M* does not always mean *mass*. Someone has lied to you. As you leaf through your textbook you discover what I could have told you three months ago—that *m* is an inconsistent nymph of a letter. You read (with a catch in your voice) formulae in which *m* is the resistance of a wire or again the coefficient of mutual induction as in the powerful formula  $e = M \frac{di_2}{dt}$ .

Having watched the chameleon-like antics of *m* in a physics book, you should be slightly prepared to learn that in chemistry and mathematics *m* represents new and entirely unrelated ideas. In mathematics the slope of a line is the tangent of the angle which the line makes with the *x* axis, if there were an *x* axis. The slope is denoted by none other than the roving kid himself, *m*. *M* as employed by the chemist, on the other hand, acquires new dignity, capitalization, and meaning. *M* is for *molar*. *Molar* pertains to solutions. A one molar (1 M) solution contains one gram molecular weight of the chosen substance per liter of solution.

*M* is combined with other letters, too, in order to save time and to clarify. *MG* is not mass times gravity. *MG* is the metacentric height in determining whether a ship will float or turn over. In chemistry *mg* is magnesium; in mathematics *MG* is the segment of an arc. *GM* is gram. *Mn* is the strength of the north pole of a magnet (physics) and manganese (chemistry), and a distance on a sphere of radius *r* (mathematics). You can readily see how incredibly simpler scientists have made science by using the letter *m*.



# Studs Lonigan by James T. Farrell

RUDOLPH BUKOVSKY

*Rhetoric I, Theme 14, Summer, 1943*

THE STORY OF STUDS LONIGAN BEGAN IN THE PROSPEROUS, ORNATE era of Wilson, and closed in the depths and chaos of Hoover's administration.

The story of Studs Lonigan is the story of the education of an average American boy born of Irish-Catholic parents. The factors which were to have played an important part in Studs Lonigan's education were the home and family, the school, the church, and the playground. However, these institutions broke down and did not serve their function. His mother wanted Studs to pray every evening for God to grant him his vocation, but he did not want that. Studs' father wanted him to get an education, but he did not want that. The tragedy of Studs Lonigan is that he was basically too imaginative to stand the normal, humdrum life of the lower middle class.

Early in his boyhood, the streets became an important and potent educative factor in his life. For here Studs was able to express an allegiance to a social relationship. Here he and the rest of the Fifty-Eighth Street gang were able to take out their dislikes on the "kikes" and "dagos"; they were able to show off before "the punks"; they wasted their time on the empty air of an unsettled South Side of Chicago.

In time, the pool room became another important factor in his life. Here Studs was able to listen to and gawk at the glamorous "drugstore micks" who talked of their drinking episodes, of the "broad's" they picked up, and of the "can-houses" they had visited. All this was new to Studs and much more romantic and adventurous than school or church or home.

When Studs reached young manhood, he was plunged into one of the most insane periods of our history—the era of Prohibition. This is the era when Studs and his "palsy walsies," with their "broad's," their movies, their pool, their "alky," their poker, and their craps, drank to keep in spirit with the times. This is the time when Studs and his companions showed their terrible sportsmanship in wantonly crippling Jewboy Schwartz in a football game. This is the time when Studs and his pals shot craps to take turns in "gang-shagging" Iris. The final step to degradation was the drunken brawling on New Year's Eve, the slugging of Studs, and the rape of Irene by Weary Reilly. The bootleg liquor of the Prohibition era permanently impaired Studs and sent him into ignominy.

Studs Lonigan is neither a tough nor a gangster. He is a normal American youth of his time and class. He has as many good impulses as bad. How-



ever, in time, because of defeat, monetary poverty, and frustration, his values, which were not made for this world, slip away into a reverie. Studs is a dream to himself. And as the story progresses, his dream of himself changes. His character is revealed as that of a boy who envisions what he is going to be. He is a youth who is standing on the threshold of life. Slowly Studs catches up with his dream and passes it. It is no longer a romantic projection into the future, but a nostalgic image of what Studs Lonigan might have been.

"Every time a fly ball had been hit to him with men on the bases, he'd muffed it. Hoping for one thing, then another, and when he did get his chances—foul ball."

## Begin With an Ameba

PAUL TOLPIN

*Rhetoric II, Theme 15, Summer, 1943*

FORMALDEHYDE AND SHADOWS WERE STILL IN THE room. There had been one blue-bright light on, but he turned it off for a moment to sit in the silence and darkness, to think and rest his eyes. He was tired of dissecting with the forceps, and scalpel, and needles. The radiators hissed, and he could smell hot, dry air floating up to the ceiling. A faucet dripped with monotonous precision. He would be dissecting for a long time. Staring into the dark void of the room, he could see nothing clearly—just incomplete masses of jars, and bottles, and glass cases, and shiny-black enamelled tables. He slipped down in the chair and effortlessly thumped his heel on the floor. Soon darkness from the room filled his eyes; he felt very small and weak and warm. His foot stopped thumping, and the room became silent.

Three gigantic, transparent, undulating planaria swam through the room near the ceiling, swooped down and disappeared in a crack between the door and the floor. A red linoleum square divided in two, and in two, and in two until it finally became a prickly sea urchin and rolled away. He wasn't amazed. He just listened to the voice saying, "This is a squid, and it's got cuttlebone and sepia, and if you're lost on a desert island you can use the cuttlebone for a pen, the sepia for ink, and write letters home." "What about the ocean, the ocean, theoshun?"

The desks weren't desks. They were sand covered with sponges that squirted geysers of water all over; and it was wet. So, he swam through the plankton-green water down to the bottom of the room to get his dissect-

ing set. He had to have his dissecting set to cut. It was covered with wriggling centipedes, and he counted their legs just to be sure if—"54-55-56." There were oysters in the sand, and he reached for the oysters in the sand because oysters have pearls. Each oyster opened its shell and gave him a pearl. One was black, a black pearl, a black pearl. They dissolved. But the coral was red and fragile and pretty; he pulled a piece of coral apart and crumbled it in his fingers; he studied the red coral dust in the water. Shadows passed over his hand. The many waving tentacles of a hydra were making hazy shadows in the water as they passed through light that was pouring down from above, from above the water, higher up. It was very bright. He wanted to see the light. He needed air; so he floated up to the top and the green leaves.

A frog sat on a lily pad and stuck out its soft, sticky tongue suddenly; so he grabbed it with one hand and a dragon fly with the other and gave the frog a dragon fly. The frog swallowed it and smiled. The thick mud that he swam to and crawled in sucked at his feet. It was full of worms, segmented worms, that slithered over his toes. One wound up to his mouth, and he was going to bite it even though it was wet, and shining, and a worm. But it was a grasshopper; and its face was almost human, like a man with his eyes turned up. It was horrible, too, because the feelers hanging from the side of its mouth were moving nervously and feeling his face. Eaten by a grasshopper—a grasshopper! Just grass and hop. He hopped.

Then he was in the air not far from the ground. His arms moved frantically, but he couldn't rise more than a foot above the surface. He looked at some tiny insects; and the tiny insects looked at him in astonishment and crawled on his back to get a free ride because he was bigger than they, and he knew all about them. He flew over to the jar and opened the top. The jar was green, and he curiously opened the top. Then he couldn't fly anymore; so he fell in. It was full of frog legs, big, muscular frog legs with arteries. He touched an artery and drew back. He touched it again and pulled it out of the muscle. It bled but he held on. It was green blood like the inside of a stomach. The jar was filled with green blood, and stomachs, and lungs, and intestines. He reached down and put his hand deep into the wet warmth and said, "Ish." But it wasn't anything because he was really reaching for his dissecting set. You had to have a dissecting set to know more, to see waving hydra, and sucking leeches, and delicate jellyfish, and slithering worms, and lovely coral, and intestines, and black pearls. You had to have a dissecting set.

Suddenly, the darkness and weakness rolled back, and he snapped on the light. It clicked loudly in all the silence, and the blue-bright light was on again. "You've got to start with a dissecting set." There was still the irritating odor of formaldehyde in the room, but it was cool now, and the faucet wasn't dripping.

## 104 LIBRARY

This new feature of the *Green Caldron* is a report of the Freshman Reading Committee, the chief function of which is to stock the Seven-day Book Room. The purpose here is to inform you about the room, to help you get your nose into the book which is the right one for you. Ordinarily a part of this space will be devoted to the announcement of volumes added to the room. Not all new books will be listed; however, the librarian will have a list of the new ones available at all times. No book will be reviewed or criticized here; contents may be briefly indicated or summarized. Frequently, as in the present issue, groups of books with a common center of interest will be pointed out. You can, by means of such groupings, focus your reading and thereby increase your enjoyment. Or, if you are in quest of variety, you can avoid such focusing by deliberate choice of books from varied categories.

Since this department is designed to be a mere service, the editors will like suggestions or queries about the best use of this space. What problems arise as you use the room? What information do you want? What are the shortcomings of the collection or of the service? You may pass along your queries, comments, suggestions, or howls through your instructor, or through the editor of the *Green Caldron*, 204-A Lincoln Hall.

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Under the heading of Popular Science you will discover a number of recent books (some of them are listed in the *Manual*) on popular aspects of military science. For example:

BRODIE, BERNARD, *A Layman's Guide to Naval Strategy*

HOLMAN, GORDON, *Commando Attack*

ZIM, HERBERT S., *What a Citizen Should Know About Submarine Warfare*

JOHNSTON, STANLEY, *Queen of the Flat Tops*

SAUNDERS, H. ST. G., *Combined Operations: The Official Story of the Commandos*

STEINBECK, JOHN, *Bombs Away: The Story of a Bomber Team*

ZINSSER, HANS, *Rats, Lice, and History*

The last named will not outline campaigns for you; it should call your attention to the importance of the Medical Corps.

You need not feel that your hunger for military science can be satisfied only by books in this category. Some of the biographies of great commanders are perhaps as good meat for you:

BRADFORD, GAMALIEL, *Confederate Portraits*

CLINTON, D. J. (Thomas Rourke), *Man of Glory: Simon Bolivar*

LUDWIG, EMIL, *Bolivar: The Story of an Idealist*

LUDWIG, EMIL, *Napoleon*

JAMES, MARQUIS, *The Raven: A Biography of Sam Houston*  
HEDIN, SVEN, *Chiang Kai-Shek*  
HERSEY, JOHN, *Men in Bataan*  
MADARIAGA, SALVADOR DE, *Hernan Cortes, Conqueror of Mexico*  
SANDOZ, MARI, *Crazy Horse*  
THOMAS, LOWELL, *Count Luckner*

Think of any great military man; you will probably find a biography of him in Room 104.

Where from here? Into kindred areas of interest—Injun fighting, pioneering, international politics, current affairs, what would you? But before you go, consider a few novels which involve the military interest—as well as wider human interests. There are many of these among the older books. Among the recently purchased books:

ALLEN, HERVEY, *The Forest and the Fort*  
CRANE, STEPHEN, *The Red Badge of Courage*  
GILLIGAN, EDMUND, *The Gaunt Woman*  
HEMINGWAY, ERNEST, *Farewell to Arms*  
HEMINGWAY, ERNEST, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*  
IBANEZ, VICENTE BLASCO DE, *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*  
SEGHES, ANNA, *The Seventh Cross*  
CANNON, LEGRAND, *Look to the Mountain*

These books, several of which are by no means hot off the press, introduce such assorted wars as the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, World War I, the late tiff in Spain, and World War II. If you are fed up with this sort of thing for the present, use the list as a guide to what not to read, and hope for comment on the kind of book you do like in the next *Green Caldron*.

# Rhet as Writ

My feet just didn't want to go where I wanted them to go. However I soon broke them and from then on it was very simple.

. . . .

The fact that man can "get out and around" in the world is his greatest advantage over the goldfish.

. . . .

Do animals think? This question can only be answered in the mere opinion of a person's mind.

. . . .

My first reference was *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* in which I found a quotation from Congreve's *Ibid*.



Every three minutes the train would screech to a stop, drop off some farmer's wife and thirteen children at their front door, and sit on its haunches and pant a while.

. . . .

I don't like women in uniform, because I am afraid that they will become too independent and cut many men off from marriages, jobs, and other essential things.

. . . .

According to the Bible, each man was created equal.

. . . .

The sucking sound of the bog holes makes one think of some sinister beast stocking his prey. Now and then an erie quiet settles over the swamp. Then the silence is broken by the sliver of some slimy reptile as it slinks along over the scummy mire after its helpless victim.

. . . .

This fact is stated in view of that Tokio is an island surrounded by bodies of water on each side.

. . . .

If a woman has an attractive build she will always choose the certain types of clothes which subtly shows her assets to the best advantage.

. . . .

In the running of races, especially short races, starting is one of the most vital assets for the winning of the race.

. . . .

First (in learning to dance) I was afraid of the teacher, later she became a very good friend of mine, but most of all the slippery floor.

. . . .

When one of the soldiers asks us for a date, we should accept it in the spirit in which it is offered. Every girl with the average amount of intelligence and discrepancy can judge a man's sincerity in this request.

. . . .

Every generation brings in a new language of its own and as a rule dies out with the people.

# THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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# Madame Curie by Eve Curie

MARILYN MURRAY

*Rhetoric II, Theme 3, 1943-1944*

ON JULY 4, 1934, AT SANCELLEMOZ, MADAME CURIE, first celebrated woman scientist, mother and only supporter of two children, and Chief of Research Work at Paris, slipped away from earthly work to join her husband, Pierre. Eyes dimmed by long hours of research in poorly lighted rooms; rough hands, calloused and burned by radium; and a deafness which was gradually growing worse, spoke of the years of poverty, hardships, and toil that had been hers. Odd that it should have been her beloved radium—the same radioactive element which she and her husband had discovered—that had eventually stilled those hands and taken a truly great mind from the scientific world.

What were her thoughts in those last moments when she hovered between life and nothingness? Were they of her childhood home in Warsaw—the house on Freta Street which was continually kept in a state of turmoil by four healthy youngsters? Were they of her lovely mother, who had been suddenly snatched from her family—a victim of tuberculosis—or of her father's face marked by drudgery and overwork? Perhaps she saw herself, Marie Skłodowska, a fair child with light, clear eyes and Polish hair and skin, standing before the bookcase and gazing in wonder at the scientific apparatus which lay on the shelves. These were, no doubt, the most carefree days of her entire life—days of school lunches of bread, an apple, and a pair of Polish sausages wrapped in a cloth bag; of the Saxony Gardens and Łazienki Park, where she had passed many hours; of games of cross-tag, battledore, and shuttlecock; of *David Copperfield*; of boarding school uniforms of navy-blue serge; of made-over dresses, two a year; of poverty; of teaching for small sums during vacation—all overshadowed by German oppression. For these were the years when Poland's very soul was being crushed and trampled by German rule.

Or did her thoughts dwell on the years of skimping and saving, helping to support her father, saving for her own education, and sending her older sister to the university in Paris? Was she remembering the glorious day when she first read the sign, "French Republic—Faculty of Sciences, first quarter—Classes will begin at the Sorbonne on November 3, 1891," and realized a dream come true—entering the great college herself? Or was it the memory of living on bread and tea and forty francs a month?

Was it Pierre, her husband? Was it Pierre, whose death in 1906 brought such a shock that she never fully recovered? Was it grave, tall Pierre Curie,



with his clothes hanging loosely, a rough beard, peaceful eyes, and a careless grace? Or was it the Pierre they had carried home that rainy day in April, clothes caked with mud and dried blood?

No, it was none of these, dear to her heart as they were.

". . . She did not pronounce the name of any living person. . . . The great and the little worries of her work wandered aimlessly in her marvelous brain and were expressed by inconsecutive phrases. . . . And, staring fixedly at a teacup in which she was trying to stir a spoon—no, not a spoon, but a glass rod or some delicate laboratory instrument:

"'Was it done with radium or with mesothorium?'"

It was radium, her precious radium, which occupied her thoughts. This was her life, her work, her love.

Henri Becquerel's discovery that certain "uranic" salts radiated light fascinated the Curies. Where did the energy come from? Immediately Marie decided to use this as a subject for her doctor's thesis.

It was not easy. Lack of equipment and space to work handicapped her. But in April of 1898 she announced the "probable presence in pitchblende ores of a new element." Together she and Pierre studied this probability. Physicists believed there was an error. Yet the Curies remained convinced that they were not mistaken. Forty-five months later, Marie succeeded in preparing a decigram of pure radium. Radium officially existed.

Then suddenly fame was theirs. Newspapers, headlines, pictures, councils, banquets, honors, speeches were thrust at them from all sides. But the Curies revolted. It kept them from their work. There was so much work waiting to be done. They scorned publicity in all its forms—it was seldom that Madame Curie donned her one and only evening dress.

Instead they remained in their small inadequate laboratory, penetrating together the mysteries of this strange discovery. Together—until the fateful day in 1906 when Pierre's death abruptly ended the partnership. It was not as might have been expected—bronchitis—but an accident, a slippery pavement, excited horses, the driver's inability—anyone's—to hold them.

But Marie was not stopped. Pierre had once said, "Whatever happens, even if one has to go on like a body without a soul, one must work just the same." And go on she did. She accepted the position as Pierre's successor—Chief of Research Work in Paris. She supervised the building of a fully equipped laboratory, their dream. Through the war she remained in Paris with her work. She looked after and supported their two children, Eve and Irene. Until the last, she carried on her endless work, never complaining, never giving up, never losing faith, until the day when, "She had drawn away from human beings; she had joined those beloved 'things' to which she had devoted her life, and joined them forever."

# Herman Melville and *Moby Dick*

ROSEMARY PRESSON

*Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1942-1943*

HERMAN MELVILLE WAS AMAZINGLY PROPHEPIC when he wrote to his close friend and editor Evert Duyckinck, that "all ambitious authors should have ghosts capable of revisiting the world, to snuff up the steam of adulation, which begins to rise strengthening as the Sexton throws his last shovelful on him—Down goes his body and up flies his name. . . ."<sup>1</sup> The letter was written after Melville had achieved some success as a writer, but he was to experience forty years of neglect during his life, and thirty years of oblivion after his death. Now, after nearly a century, fame (which he considered the most evanescent of all vanities) is Melville's. He is now acknowledged as one of the foremost of American writers. People all over the world have become conscious of the author of *Moby Dick*, and an ever-increasing number of biographies and sketches have been written about him.

All writers agree that Melville's best powers were concentrated in *Moby Dick*, which takes its place among the world's great literature as a masterpiece of fiction. *Moby Dick* seemed to mark the height and the terminus of Melville's career as an author. Writers have been hard pressed for explanations of his sudden seclusion, and some have even ventured the theory of insanity. But his long seclusion was rather one of disappointment, failure, and renunciation. Visualize this idealistic traveler's reactions to apparent failure, crushed hopes, and a friendless and penniless future. The world starved and ignored him, failure silenced his genius, and as a result he withdrew into an isolation of mortified pride and silence.

Upon his return from the South Seas in 1844, Melville achieved some success with *Typee* and *Omoo*. True, it was a success of scandal for his attacks on the missions, but he was encouraged to continue writing. He as yet had no doubt about his own powers, and the spirit of creation was strong within him. Into the great theme of *Moby Dick*, therefore, he poured his best efforts of genius and strength. He forgot his reserve and included every emotion of his own spirit in the writing. On it he placed a great deal of hope, but all his efforts and hopes seemed in vain. *Moby Dick* was received with very little respect and a great deal of derision. Melville must have been sadly disappointed that even in England, where his first works had been so well received, the newspapers were severely critical of his masterpiece. England's *Examiner* deplored that a "writer of such imagination and mastery

<sup>1</sup>Minnigerode, Meade, *Some Personal Letters of Herman Melville* (New York, 1922), p. 8.

of language should have committed himself to such an extravaganza." The *Athenaeum* denounced even Melville's style and his "mad rather than bad English. Mr. Melville has to thank only himself if his book is flung aside as so much trash."<sup>2</sup> Small wonder, then, that the author of "so much trash" should be silenced by disappointment and failure.

The failure of *Moby Dick* culminated a life of disillusion. Melville's normally happy childhood was interrupted by the death of his father when Melville was thirteen. Since Allan Melville left his family in an impoverished state it was necessary for Herman to leave school and begin to work. Until he was seventeen he worked at various jobs, living for the most part with relatives and never succeeding in finding a true path for himself. In *Redburn* he says that "sad disappointments in several plans which I had sketched for my future life; the necessity of doing something for myself, united to a naturally roving disposition had now conspired within me to send me to sea as a sailor." And again, "I had learned to think much and bitterly before my time: all my young mounting dreams of glory had left me; and at that early age I was as unambitious as a man of sixty."<sup>3</sup> So it was that at the age of seventeen he entered the merchant service, both for the sake of being independent and of satisfying a desire to see other parts of the world. In that first voyage Melville's illusion about the kindness of life was destroyed, even while the comfortless ship, the unscrupulous captain and crew, and the hardships made a man of him. He was disillusioned, too, when he discovered that Liverpool, the fabulous city of his dreams, was exactly like New York.

His return only widened the gap between aspiration and fact—he still had no path in life. He tried teaching, and struggled to write, but at the age of twenty-one he joined the crew of a whaler in an escape from the perplexities of manhood and in the desire for isolation. Poverty seemed always to urge him to seek happiness abroad. In the four years of absence he saw much of the world of men, white and black, and above all he gained the faculty of contemplation, still unwarped and unsophisticated. Within two years after this voyage he had published *Typee* and *Omoo*, and was famous as the man who had lived among cannibals. But he was to discover that the income from his books was far short of his reputation, as well as of the necessities of life. He was never to know financial security.

That Melville was disillusioned about his parents is proved in the autobiographical *Pierre*. His mother was a proud, cold woman who rebuffed his love; indeed, she seemed actually to hate him, particularly after the death of his father. He sought happiness in the illusion of love, but because of his idealization he was disappointed in marriage. Elizabeth Shaw Melville was a loyal, noble wife, but between them there was never real understanding.

His one remaining illusion was the belief in the possibility of a friend-

<sup>2</sup>Freeman, John, *Herman Melville* (New York, 1926), p. 130.

<sup>3</sup>Melville, Herman, *Redburn*, quoted by Freeman, *op. cit.*, p. 11.



ship that might satisfy his need for understanding and sympathy. When he became acquainted with Nathaniel Hawthorne, his admiration of the man led him to believe that here was such a friend—a kindred soul. In reality, Hawthorne's pessimism was from a lack of illusions, whereas Melville's despair came from the ardour of his illusions. But to Hawthorne only did Melville lose his reserve and reveal his true nature, moods, and aims. There is no doubt that this friendship was an inspiration in the writing of *Moby Dick*; and the book was dedicated to Hawthorne. Perhaps no man could have lived up to Melville's idea of friendship, and certainly Hawthorne's icy ego made him incapable of proper response. When even Hawthorne failed to understand the greatness of *Moby Dick*, Melville was left devoid of companionship and all illusions.

In his writings after *Moby Dick*, Melville sought to scorn the world, but his genius was exhausted, and in the middle of his life he turned from the world and became interested in metaphysics, "which is but misery dissolved in thought."<sup>4</sup> He avoided all associations and resisted all attempts to draw him out of his seclusion. To the critic of literature his career is "like a star that drops a line of streaming fire down the vault of the sky—and then the dark and blasted shape that sinks into the earth."<sup>5</sup>

Despite his debts, disappointments, and previous unhappiness, Melville was relatively happy during the creation of *Moby Dick*. In the year 1850, when he began the writing, he owed his publishers more than seven hundred dollars in advances not covered by royalties.<sup>6</sup> But with the financial assistance of his father-in-law he bought a farm in Broadhall, near the village of Pittsfield. Melville called the delightful spot "Arrowhead," and there he hoped to farm a bit and to write. He was young and healthy, and the creative urge was strong. What did it matter that Elizabeth Melville was such a poor housekeeper that his sisters had to come to help, that the duties of farming were too numerous, and that profit seemed always to elude him. The house had been an inn during the eighteenth century, and seemed to be dominated by the huge chimney. An apple orchard lay to the south, fields to the north, a pasture on the west, and away in the distance, wooded hills.<sup>7</sup>

Visualize Melville at this time, enthusiastic about his new home, his new neighbor and friend, Hawthorne, and the beginnings of a new book. He wrote the first words with the tang of fall in the air, and as the days passed, Melville became more and more engrossed in his work. His daily chores he performed mechanically, and his thoughts seemed always to be in that second-story study. The effort was exhausting, and during the long winter months his eyes suffered severely. But with the coming of spring Melville relaxed

<sup>4</sup>Weaver, Raymond M., *Herman Melville, Mariner and Mystic* (New York, 1921), p. 16.

<sup>5</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 16.

<sup>6</sup>Mumford, Lewis, "The Writing of *Moby Dick*," *American Mercury*, XV (December 15, 1928), p. 482.

<sup>7</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 482.



long enough to plant and sow. The book was almost ready for publication in June, and Melville found it necessary to complete the writing in New York, away from chores and family.

Concerning the background of *Moby Dick*, there is no doubt that Melville's personal experiences are found reflected there, although it is not an autobiography. The memories of his experiences aboard the *Acushnet* lend savor to his vast whaling fable. The fifteen months of hardship, bad food, tyranny of the captain, and neglect of the sick were a prelude to three years of unbelievable experiences in the South Seas after he deserted the *Acushnet* at the Marquesas Islands. Those years provide ample subject matter for other volumes about Melville, just as they provided his imagination with the impetus it needed for *Moby Dick*.

A great deal of scholarship, as well as firsthand knowledge, went into the book. With his interest in whaling supplemented by actual experience, Melville set to work to study scientific, historical, and literary authorities on the subject. It has been suggested that he drew his original theme from John Reynold's short story, "Mocha Dick or the White Whale of the Pacific," published in 1839.<sup>8</sup> J. Ross Browne's *Etchings of a Whaling Cruise*, in which a voyage on a whaler is described, sketches several scenes that gave Melville suggestions for similar scenes in *Moby Dick*. The picture Browne drew of his captain may have suggested Captain Ahab, and the quarrels between Browne's captain and first mate parallel the rivalry between Captain Ahab and Starbuck. But Browne's writing was intended to be nothing more than a sober account of whaling, whereas Melville wanted to glorify the romance of whales and whaling. If Browne's writing provided suggestions, Melville's genius transformed them into the dramatic.

He found a complete history of the early days of whaling in William Scoresby's *An Account of the Arctic Regions*, dated 1820. Scoresby was an English naval officer, and his account dealt largely with the European industry. Melville expressed indebtedness also to Obed Macy's *History of Nantucket*, dated 1836.<sup>9</sup> But Thomas Beale's *Natural History of the Sperm Whale* is the book that he found most useful for research. Here he found a detailed history of whaling, as well as an account of the anatomy and the natural history of the whale.<sup>10</sup>

Many critics were incredulous about the climax of *Moby Dick*—the catastrophe which concludes the book. Since Melville deserted the *Acushnet* at the Marquesas Islands, we assume that the last portion of the book was not suggested by actual experience. Melville was fascinated by Owen Chase's *Narrative of the Most Extraordinary and Distressing Ship Wreck of the*

<sup>8</sup>Anderson, Charles R., *Melville in the South Seas* (New York, 1939), p. 37.

<sup>9</sup>Weaver, *op. cit.*, p. 136.

<sup>10</sup>Anderson, *op. cit.*, p. 44.

*Whale Ship Essex of Nantucket*, published in 1821.<sup>11</sup> Melville borrowed and heightened this account of the first known sinking of a ship by a whale. Another source of the catastrophe was Joseph Hart's *Miriam Coffin*, and from that book he also borrowed the mate's name, Starbuck.<sup>12</sup> It was a strange coincidence that immediately after the publication of *Moby Dick* came a newspaper story of the destruction of the whaler *Ann Alexander* by a whale, on August 20, 1851,<sup>13</sup> providing evidence for skeptical critics.

These sources only served to prompt Melville's own memory and to spur his creative imagination. We see the writer poring over his copy and referring to authorities when necessary, yet the magic transformation of his comparatively meager raw material into the magnificent *Moby Dick* is enough to make it its own creation.

This creation, then, this masterpiece of English prose, represents the blending of all the best powers of Herman Melville's genius. A reading of *Moby Dick* provides a literary thrill that comes seldom in a lifetime. To some readers the thrill comes from the beauty of words and expressions found on every page. Such readers can ignore completely the symbolism and allegorical content of the book, can be only mildly interested in its whaling story, and yet can wear thin the pages of their copy to revel again and again in the sheer mastery of words and philosophical expressions. For emotional appeal Melville depended less upon his pictorial powers than upon word music. His sentences vibrate with rhythms that cannot fail to stimulate emotional response. There is no better example of this literary power than *Moby Dick*. Consider the absolute beauty in one typical quotation: "The warmly cool, clear, ringing, perfumed, overflowing, redundant days, were as crystal goblets of Persian sherbet, heaped up—flaked up, with rose-water snow. The starred and stately nights seemed haughty dames in jewelled velvets, nursing at home in lonely pride, the memory of their absent conquering Earls, the golden helmeted suns!"<sup>14</sup>

The same beauty of expression is combined with philosophy to make the best loved passages in the book. They seem to be soliloquies in the manner of asides, full of the sweetness, strength, and courage that was Melville's. In the characterization of Ahab he observes, "Old age is always wakeful; as if, the longer linked with life, the less man has to do with aught that looks like death."<sup>15</sup> His defense of mankind is memorable: ". . . knaves, fools, and murderers there may be; men may have mean and meagre faces; but man, in the ideal, is so noble and so sparkling, such a grand and glowing creature,

<sup>11</sup>Weaver, *op. cit.*, pp. 136-37.

<sup>12</sup>Anderson, *op. cit.*, p. 55.

<sup>13</sup>*Panama Herald* (Nov. 4, 1851), quoted by Anderson, *op. cit.*, pp. 59-62.

<sup>14</sup>Melville, Herman, *Moby Dick*, New York: Modern Library Publishers, 1926, p. 123.

All subsequent references to *Moby Dick* will be derived from this edition.

<sup>15</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 123.

that over any ignominious blemish in him all his fellows should run to throw their costliest robes."<sup>16</sup> And in a lighter scene, ". . . truly to enjoy bodily warmth, some small part of you must be cold, for there is no quality in this world that is not what it is merely by contrast. Nothing exists in itself."<sup>17</sup>

At the same time, *Moby Dick* is a classic treatment of the whaling industry and one of the great sea stories of the world's literature. Herman Melville and Richard Henry Dana were the first writers to represent the sailor in literature, and Melville's book strikes a note that no sea writer before or since has struck. Here again the casual reader may ignore the mystical in *Moby Dick* and find it engrossing as a whaling narrative packed with facts. Frank Bullen, author of *The Cruise of the Cachalot*, said that he would never have done as much research for his own book had he known about the wealth of information available in *Moby Dick*.<sup>18</sup> It is "the fullest, the truest and the most readable history of a whaling cruise ever written."<sup>19</sup>

However, the reader searching for the real Melville in this book will not find him in the adventurous story. Melville was not writing a nautical book as much as he was making a study in human psychology. The entire story is filled with philosophy and metaphysics, and reflects Melville's apprehension of the world in relation to the Infinite. "It is the history of a soul's adventure—adventure upon the highest sphere of spiritual daring."<sup>20</sup>

Almost every study of *Moby Dick* has attempted to interpret its symbols and explain its allegory. It will always be a mirror for each reader, but the most common interpretation of the story has been that the pursuit of the white whale Moby Dick by the mad Captain Ahab represents any strife between opposites—spirit against flesh, or more popularly, man against evil. Captain Ahab lost a limb in a previous chase of Moby Dick, and he is determined to destroy the whale. To the mad captain, Moby Dick is identified with all his intellectual and physical woes. The hunt goes on until the final destruction of Ahab and his ship by Moby Dick. Ahab represents the captain of the tormented soul, and his destruction produces the sadness and wisdom that is *Moby Dick*.

A more complicated interpretation finds a treasure of hidden meanings and symbols in the story, and holds that all the characters represent abstractions in a parable of man's struggle against Fate. The story then tells of Captain Ahab, who feels in himself the whole of man's sufferings and misery, and seeks to destroy the living symbol of that misery, Moby Dick.

<sup>16</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 114.

<sup>17</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 53.

<sup>18</sup>Mumford, *op. cit.*, p. 486.

<sup>19</sup>*Moby Dick*, "Introduction" by Raymond Weaver.

<sup>20</sup>*Ibid.*

The ship *Pequod* sails out on the ocean, symbolic of the World in Space, commanded by Ahab, man's will, ego, or soul. Starbuck and Stubb present opposites: the highest quality of spirituality and the lowest sensuality. Flask is typical of the Stoic school of philosophy. Queequeg the cannibal, Tashtego the Indian, and Daggoo the Negro personify Religion, Sin, and Ignorance. How fitting that Queequeg should serve Starbuck, that Tashtego should be Stubb's helper, and Daggoo, Flask's. At the helm of the ship is Bulkington, or Reason, guiding the world. The rest of the crew represent every virtue and vice found in the human race.<sup>21</sup>

Other critics have believed that *Moby Dick* symbolizes Melville's own struggle with art and life, and his disillusionment and tragedy. He was a thinker, a searcher for the true meaning of life, and it was his fate never to find himself. The strength and sadness of the book come from Melville's deep thought, and not from mere melancholy, and in that sense *Moby Dick* is Melville. Says Ishmael, "Ahab's quenchless feud seemed mine."

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<sup>21</sup>Gleim, William S., "A Theory of *Moby Dick*," *New England Quarterly*, II (July 11, 1929), pp. 402-19.



# Her Sunday Afternoon

JAYNE GROVES

*Rhetoric II, Theme 13, 1943-1944*

AH! GEE! SUNDAY AFTERNOON. WHATTA DAY TO RELAX. Nothin' to think about, absolutely nothin'. No filing cabinets to push and pull and cram some more into. No typewriter breaking your back. No jumping at the sound of a buzzer and smiling at that old walrus until my teeth want to fall out. "Got a couple of letters, Miss Wollanwaber." Probably a couple dozen. Holy Gee—how can one man think of so much to say and in such big words? What's he think I am—Daniel Webster? Or was it Noah? I knew once in American history. Gee, what a beautiful day to relax.

Wonder what George is doing. Probably home in some old stuffy bedroom. Except in a room like his it wouldn't ever be stuffy or too hot or too cold. I can just see George in his silk pajamas in that air-conditioned bedroom. And me out here broiling in the sun. Gees, how'd the DePews get so rich, anyway?

But with all his money George hasn't learned much about living. God, whatta drip. Was he polluted last night! And all those East Side dames looking so amused when I took him out to vomit. They'll be amused on the other side when I'm Mrs. George DePew! I'll have just as much as any one of them; then let 'em try and snub me.

I almost had him last night, but Muriel Parker had to be there. You'd think he'd have forgotten her by now. The whole town knows she's turned him down a dozen times. She thinks he's hers any time she decides to come around. Won't she be surprised when she sees me set as Mrs. of that big stone house. I almost had him last night if he hadn't passed out like a lead pipe.

If only he'd come out today. He always gets so affectionate when he sees me in a swim suit. Just like him, though, begging off with a hangover. He might as well say he isn't the athletic type and looks like the before part of a physical culture ad. He could have worn slacks and shirt like he always does.

Say, who's that young dream boy. How about that. What an eye I'm getting. Go ahead and stare, sonny. These gams have been gazed at before. Well, you don't have to be so shy. A little smile won't hurt. He scooted off like he was afraid I'd chase him. They're all so coy. Even old George.

Gee, this sun's hot. I wonder if anybody'll notice I'm not a member. The stewards probably think I belong. They've surely seen me here enough with

George the last couple of weeks. If I'd close my eyes I could almost sleep. My God, what heat.

Hey, what's going on down by the pool? Why is everyone running and yelling and back-slapping? Oh, well, probably just some gay boy just cheated the morgue jumping off the high tower. Let 'em have their fun. Their families can afford the funeral. I wonder who it was.

Why, it's George everybody's slapping. I haven't seen him get so much attention since the night he ran around the golf course in his shorts. What's he doing out?

What's that you said, dearie? "Good ole George's engaged?" Engaged? My God! Who to?

Now what did she mean, "Muriel Parker, who else?" Well, I feel for her. Imagine being married to that junior jerk! He makes love like a half-grown lobster.

"Good ole George."

My God, whatta Drip!

## War Marriages

NANCY GRAY

*Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1943-1944*

WAR BRINGS MANY THINGS; AMONG THEM, AND LOST in the shuffle of seemingly more important disputes, lies the problem of war marriages. Regarded briefly, this question seems a highly individual one, but when scrutinized from all angles, it becomes a problem of national significance.

Before we go on with our discussion we must ask ourselves a very pertinent question: Is it a war marriage with which we are concerned or is it a marriage which occurs during a war? A hastily arranged wedding which is the culmination of an engagement made under normal conditions can have its roots solidly enough in the ground of stability that it will flourish when conditions allow it to take up again its broken course. On the other hand, that marriage which occurs several weeks after the couple have met, when the girl has never seen her husband outside of the far-reaching restrictions placed upon him by army life and military uniforms, is the one which sends the divorce statistics soaring and which helps to fill the ranks of maladjusted youth. It is this last type of war marriage which is the root of a great many evils which last long after the direct effects of war have passed.

There is no good which can atone for the disadvantages of a fly-by-night courtship, with subsequent marriage on a three-day pass. Under these conditions there is no substance to matrimony; marriage becomes a ring on a finger. Two people who have married are not living together—an unnatural situation. It is impossible not to grow apart as a result of long periods of time spent apart. There can be no stationary home from which both step, simultaneously and together, to meet the world. One is living one type of life, while the other party to the bargain is setting off in another, sometimes entirely different direction. It is not possible to reconcile home life and army life, and in the attempt to do so, the army, for obvious reasons, will always win.

The prime objection to these hasty marriages is that they are the result of the stepped-up emotional conditions of war. People whose sensitivities, sentiments, and emotions are keyed up to such a pitch can not possibly be sure that they know exactly what they will want when the pot has stopped boiling. Some innate desire to "live" while death is happening all around us spurs us on to become a part of this thing called war; we want a vital share in what is happening. We want to live our whole lives in the space of a few months or days, never realizing that there is tomorrow, in fact, many tomorrows, to be reckoned with.

Aside from the emotional aspects of war marriages, there are practical, unalterable facts to be faced. Many of the marriages now taking place will be fulfilled on an allotment plus dependency allowance, which adds up, in a private's language, to fifty dollars a month. This is quickly used to cover the cost of living, so that it becomes necessary for the woman to work. If she is not working, it is likely that she will have to live either with her or her husband's parents. In the event that she has a baby, this involves a whole new set of disadvantages, for how is she going to support herself while she is having it, and after she does have it? She must rely either upon her or his mother, or a day nursery, to keep the child while she is busy making her living, both of which solutions are highly unsatisfactory as far as the mother, the child, and the grandparents are concerned.

A quotation from *Colliers* magazine, December 5, 1943, will suffice to give a good picture of what is happening to women who are having children at army posts and crowded communities: "According to some mysterious calculations by the Children's Bureau, 600,000 G.I. babies will be born in the next twelve months. Most G.I. mothers are between seventeen and twenty-one years old. As a very large number of the new arrivals will take place amid the medical, hospital, and housing shortages of war-boom communities, and as their daddies are privates and seamen drawing fifty dollars a month, they rate as a national problem. To cope with it, Congress has appropriated \$18,600,000 for maternity and child care for servicemen's wives, on top of

\$6,600,000 appropriated earlier. This is a very necessary thing as far as it goes, but, as shall presently be seen, appropriating a few million dollars is not the answer to everything." To quote further: "The areas around training camps and naval bases are all jammed with wives. . . . They are urged to stay home, but they don't stay home. They choke the trains. They get stranded en route or they spend their last cent on railroad tickets and arrive broke and come down on the Red Cross. . . . The Army and Navy don't want them in crowded military areas and try to discourage them, but, in this democracy, wives are civilians, and you can't stop them from going where they please."

Looking at the problem from another point of view, instead of raising morale in the ranks of the army, wives and children (by this I mean newly acquired wives and children) give a soldier more to worry about back home. It has been found by the army that married men make poorer soldiers than those who are single. Especially bad is the situation in which the wife is within easy reach and the husband is a soldier only until he reaches home and wife. Actually it has been learned from the men themselves that a sweetheart back home is as strong an influence as a wife. It is also true that a married man is inclined to take fewer risks on the battlefield than one who has no one dependent upon his life. Certainly in this respect unmarried men make better soldiers.

Psychologically it is hard for a man and his wife to understand each other thoroughly after a long time of separation. The man and the woman who hardly knew each other before their marriage may find themselves almost complete strangers after he, or they both, have returned after the war. A marriage like this has two strikes on it to begin with, as more initial adjustments than usual must be made. Women have to take into account the changes which war can evolve in a man's mind, personality, and outlook. Even as evidenced by peacetime statistics, divorce makes it easy for people not to bother to adjust, and to become permanently misunderstood by each other.

As for the pulp propaganda with which many agitators for prolific reproduction stir up the public determination to "do or die," let me say here: It is backed only by blind emotionalism which leaves a chasm of unhappiness in its wake. It is written by men who have their feet on a cloudbank.

There is, in the end, nothing to be lost by waiting until after the war to marry, and there is everything to be gained. Marriage prospers better when one can buy spinach and irons and baby carriages. The fact that over a period of time such a large percentage of quickly conceived war marriages are known to split wide open is enough to stop even those who think they are sure.



# My Queen—Cleopatra!

ROBERTA SCHMALING

*Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1942-1943*

I BELIEVE I KNEW CLEOPATRA BETTER THAN DID ALMOST any other person on earth. As her intimate servant I was with her in the privacy of her dark moods; I stood quietly at her back and fanned her with glittering ostrich plumes and watched her in her most sparkling and vivacious role—that of presiding brilliantly as hostess at the gorgeous feasts in the Alexandrian palace; I sailed with her up the moonlit Nile in her royal barge while Caesar or Mark Anthony whispered sweet love verses to her; I bathed her after she had been out with Anthony racing down side-streets, playing childish pranks on her townspeople; I watched her playing tenderly with her babies in the palace nursery; and I alone was with her that memorable day in Alexandria when she, haggard and forlorn, calmly applied the deadly asp to her breast and fell dead at my feet.<sup>1</sup> Who else, then, besides Caesar and Mark Anthony, has known this queen as intimately as I?

That day, many years past, when I was first brought into her royal presence and was assigned the task of being her personal handmaid, I was struck by her beauty and grace. I remember clearly the way she looked that day, lying on her solid gold couch amid oceans of satin pillows and billowing veils. She was the picture of self-satisfaction and contentment, and I recall with a slightly guilty pang in my heart that I would gladly have given my head if I could have changed places with her for a single day. Cleopatra's Grecian features were perfect. Her low, broad forehead, arched eyebrows, long, bent lashes, full, rich lips, rounded chin, and aquiline and prominent nose—the nostrils of which were sensitive and had the appearance of good breeding—were haloed by a cloudy mass of crisped dark hair that hung in loose, shimmering waves about her shoulders. Her lovely body, which was most appealing and softly rounded, was very delicate and small. Never have I seen a face and body as perfect in all aspects as that of my beloved mistress, Cleopatra.<sup>2</sup>

As the days and weeks passed and I became accustomed to the grandeur of the palace and the extravagant, luxurious tastes of a queen whose one desire and aim in life was to be the most sensational and powerful of all queens, I came to know more of Cleopatra's character and many different

<sup>1</sup>Weigall, Arthur, *The Life and Times of Cleopatra* (N.Y. and London, 1924) p. 17.

<sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 7.

moods. Because I was in her presence constantly, I had splendid opportunities to see her every side. She was always youthful; she had a vivacious temperament and a manner that was frequently harum-scarum. I found her to be intensely ambitious, always high-spirited and dashing.<sup>3</sup> Mark Anthony once described her as being "as grand as a storm, lovely as lightning, cruel as pestilence, yet with a heart and passions that would make any man swoon at the thought of being able to associate with her."<sup>4</sup>

Cleopatra knew better than anyone how lovely and irresistible she was. At times she was so vain I felt sorry for her, but of course such beauty as hers was bound to be no secret—even to its owner. One moonlit night as I was tickling the soles of her feet with a feather (as I always did whenever she wanted to sleep),<sup>5</sup> she said to me, in that voice that was her greatest weapon of all because of its wonderfully persuasive and seductive tones,<sup>6</sup> "Charmion, I think the gods have played me a dirty trick. They should never have condemned a woman of my looks and brains and ambitions to possess but a single body. Why didn't they consult *me* before they made Cleopatra?"<sup>7</sup>

By believing herself to be so superior, Cleopatra lived up to the meaning of her name, "Glory of her race," and at all times she was characteristic of the long line of Macedonian rulers from which she sprang.<sup>8</sup> By birth she was an Egyptian; by ancestry she was a Greek.<sup>9</sup> Her father, Ptolemy V, willed his throne to Cleopatra when she was seventeen, but she was compelled to rule for awhile jointly with her younger brother, Ptolemy Dionysus. I could not help feeling sorry for her two brothers and a sister, Arsinoe, whom she caused to be murdered.<sup>10</sup> I am afraid it has been rightly stated that at times Cleopatra was cruel and heartless. She was—but in our day and age, political murders were the custom.<sup>11</sup> Caesar and her other statesmen helped her commit these necessary murders; so Cleopatra cannot be blamed completely for them.

From the day Cleopatra made her first unusual appearance before Caesar (the day she was rolled into a long carpet and was carried over a faithful servant's shoulder in order to gain entrance to his closely guarded palace),<sup>12</sup> to the unfortunate day when Caesar met his fate, they were the closest of friends and lovers. Cleopatra lived with Caesar in Rome, and I must admit

<sup>3</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 10-11.

<sup>4</sup>Haggard, Sir H. R., *Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt* (Chicago, 189?) p. 74.

<sup>5</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 72.

<sup>6</sup>Weigall, *op. cit.*, p. 8-9.

<sup>7</sup>Schnittkind, H. T., *Cleopatra's Private Diary* (Boston, 1927) p. 299.

<sup>8</sup>Weigall, *op. cit.*, p. 27.

<sup>9</sup>Abbot, Jacob, *The History of Cleopatra* (New York, 1851), p. 13.

<sup>10</sup>*The Encyclopedia Britannica*, 14th Edition, Vol. 5 (London, 1929-1936), p. 801.

<sup>11</sup>Weigall, *op. cit.*, p. 77.

<sup>12</sup>Wertheimer, Oscar Von, *Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt* (Philadelphia and London, 1931), p. 157.

she had that great man as tightly wound around her little finger as was possible. He was a captive to her charms and unleashed passions. As a result of their romance they had a son, Caesarion,<sup>13</sup> but I did not see much of him because he was cared for in a separate part of the palace.

Cleopatra was behind Caesar in everything he attempted to do, driving him on to greater and greater achievements. She had a good sense of politics and she knew that the more powerful Caesar became the more powerful she would become.<sup>14</sup> Cleopatra said herself that it was quite settled between them that she was a goddess and Caesar was a god. It only remained to prove it to the rest of the world.<sup>15</sup>

After Caesar's tragic death we returned to Alexandria. It was safer there, and Cleopatra was rather worried about her popularity in Rome. Shortly after our return Mark Anthony came into our lives. I say "our lives" because secretly—within my very own soul—I had a great and strange feeling for him. He was so ardent, cool, collected, and sagacious I could not help myself.<sup>16</sup> But this story concerns Cleopatra—not an unlucky slave whose loves and sorrows should forever remain a secret. I have never witnessed a greater love than that which grew between Cleopatra and Anthony. Both of them were fashioned after the gods; both were powerful, reckless and carefree. They tried to outdo each other in preparing fabulous, luxurious, extravagant feasts. Much of their time was spent in frivolous, merry festivals and love-making.<sup>17</sup> Cleopatra became the mother of twins and later a girl—and the two lovers were very proud of all their children.<sup>18</sup>

At times, especially when Cleopatra was lounging on her golden couch and I was either reading to her, fanning her, or tickling her feet with feathers, she would tell me stories about her life, Mark Anthony or Caesar, and her troubles at court. She also loved to talk about herself and her ideas on love. I would listen quietly, sometimes giving my own small opinions on the subject and sometimes just remaining silent. Once she confessed to me that loving only one man at a time was very boring. She believed that every woman, in order to be completely happy, should have at least one husband and two lovers.<sup>19</sup> She wanted to ask Caesar to make it lawful—but then Caesar was no man to make any objections to a request of that nature.

<sup>13</sup>*The Encyclopedia Britannica*, 14th Edition, Vol. 5, p. 801.

<sup>14</sup>Wertheimer, *op. cit.*, p. 110.

<sup>15</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 227.

<sup>16</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 105.

<sup>17</sup>Abbot, *op. cit.*, p. 77.

<sup>18</sup>Ludwig, Emil, *Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt* (New York, 1937) p. 205.

<sup>19</sup>Schnittkind, *op. cit.*, p. 106.

Life with Cleopatra was never dull. She always took a delight in thinking up something new and different to do. If she was bored or angry, she gave way to her feelings by punishing her slaves. Even I, her favorite hand-maid, was not sure of the ground I walked on when the Queen was displeased or unsatisfied. I can well remember the trying days when she was testing out poisons on poor, wretched prisoners in order to determine which were the least painful and the most effective.<sup>20</sup> Cleopatra feared death more than anything, except humiliation, and because she was never sure of her friends or when she might have cause to commit suicide, she wanted to be sure of knowing the easiest way to die.

Cleopatra's death was as dramatic as any part of her comparatively short life. Tears still come to my eyes when I think of my beautiful queen dead—as completely dead as any of those poor prisoners who were compelled to swallow those poisons. It happened shortly after Cleopatra and Anthony had fled from Octavian after their great fleet had been defeated in battle.<sup>21</sup> Anthony thought Cleopatra had betrayed him, and we had hidden ourselves in the mausoleum. She sent him the false news that she had killed herself, and poor Anthony, believing her dead, threw himself on his sword. Never again do I wish to see such a proud and haughty queen stripped of all her self-assuredness and glamour. She was haggard and forlorn, and she became almost insane with grief over her lost love.<sup>22</sup> It was later, after she had begun to recover from her self-inflicted delirium, that she first thought of the asp. I brought it to her in a basket of flowers, and I remember crying out to stop her as she calmly raised the tiny, writhing reptile to her breast. I was too late. Its bite was very poisonous, and it caused her immediate death.<sup>23</sup>

I, Charmion, Cleopatra's favorite and ever-faithful servant, am now ready to follow my queen into that far land of mysteries where I shall again watch over and care for her. She is buried with Anthony in the tomb she had built for that purpose,<sup>24</sup> and they are together again in a place that is free from suffering and torture—a place where everyone is happy. But, before I go to join Cleopatra, I would like to assure you that nowhere in history will you find anyone as beautiful, gracious, vivacious, and irresistible as my own beloved queen—Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt!<sup>25</sup>

<sup>20</sup>Ludwig, *op. cit.*, p. 311.

<sup>21</sup>Abbot, *op. cit.*, p. 257.

<sup>22</sup>Lewis, Edmonia, *The Death of Cleopatra* (Rome, 1878), Vol. I, p. 75.

<sup>23</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 93.

<sup>24</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 94.

<sup>25</sup>It is believed that Charmion died the same day as Cleopatra, but in order to make my story complete it was necessary to change her death to a later date.



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## Departure and Return

GORDON ROBERTSON

*Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1943-1944*

MY FATHER IS THOROUGH. CONFIRMED COMMUTER that he is, he begins to prepare himself the night before, making resolutions as he snaps out the light. In the morning he will leap out of bed like a salmon at the first whirr of the alarm clock, he will take up his morning exercises again, he will find time to fool with the children for a moment after breakfast, and, on top of all this, he will catch an earlier train and be at his desk to greet the boys, instead of hurrying past them in the hope that they won't notice his late entry.

But when the alarm does ring, his mind is as uncontrollable as a puppy. There is no use reminding it of last night's resolutions. It won't understand. First, it must spend several minutes studying the pattern of sunlight on the ceiling. Then it checks up the time available for dressing and eating. It reviews ten years of experience and finally decides that, if corners are cut here and there, the job can be done more quickly on this particular morning. The time thus saved is spent in further study of the light on the ceiling.

Then, mysteriously, something clicks. The feet shoot out from under the bedclothes. As they touch the cold floor my father becomes a different man. He is engaged in what is technically known as Working Up Tension. His family discreetly flees at the sound of his pattering feet. For the next forty

minutes they cease to be individuals. The world revolves about the Master. All is concentrated on getting him out of the house, complete with hat, coat, and brief case. He has to be assembled like a Ford as he moves steadily from bed to train. Mistakes cannot be corrected. For he, like General Grant, cannot turn back.

My father is at his peak when, bathed, shaved, and dressed, he enters the dining room. The bread shoots into the toaster. Loving hands push food before him. Others snatch the morning paper from Mother and prop it against the artificial fruit so that he who runs may read. The orange juice is in. It's down. He crouches on the edge of his chair. His arms move with rhythmic swiftness. Bacon, eggs, toast, coffee. No jamming. No crowding. He is master of the situation. To Mother he recalls all the things she forgot to do yesterday. He addresses the eggy little faces grouped about him on the subject of their report cards. He has come to the end of his patience with them.

The climax is at hand. He looks at his watch, and with a hounded cry rushes from the room.

I can remember when people didn't "catch" trains. They "took" them. In those days arriving at the station had some dignity to it. When my father went somewhere, the whole family arrived at the station a good half hour early to see him off.

What a change! When Mother takes Father to the train today she doesn't even come to a full stop. She hasn't time or we children will be late to school.

At no time does my father feel sorrier for himself than when he comes home at night and finds that the car is not at the platform to meet him. Other cars crowd the station plaza, fill up, and gaily chug away. But the familiar red sedan with the bent fender is nowhere to be seen. He has finished work at the office early in order to catch this train (he has spent the last half hour there talking to Brown about his arthritis) and has planned to have extra time with his children before dinner. Yet his wife, undoubtedly, is now sitting in some frivolous group, talking and laughing, forgetful of his very existence.

And now, when things are at their blackest, the little woman—having prepared the youngest children's spinach, forced it down their throats with the handle of a knife, sorted the laundry, and called for my father's dress pants at the tailor's—comes skidding up to the platform. Father is face to face with his greatest test of character. If he can smile at times like these, then he is a man indeed.

He smiles.

# Meteorite!

JOHN T. WELLS

*Navy English E1, Theme 7, 1943*

DURING THE ENTIRE NINETEENTH CENTURY, SCIENTIFIC men gave little credence to stories about falling stones, which we know as meteors. A change in opinion on the part of intelligent men, which took place at the beginning of the twentieth century, was due to an investigation by the French Academy of the shower of stones which fell at L'Aisle in 1803. This investigation established so absolutely the fact that the stones had fallen from outer space that scientific men were logically compelled to give credence to similar reports of occurrences elsewhere. Papers published at the same time by Science Society strongly urging that other masses reported to have fallen upon the earth could not, because of their structure and composition, be of terrestrial origin, had much to do with fixing the growing faith that solid cosmic matter, not of terrestrial origin, does at intervals come to the earth. Since this beginning the study of meteorites has been one of constantly widening interest and purport.<sup>1</sup>

With this awakening interest in meteors, there came a need for a method of locating the stones, in order that their composition might be studied. Dr. Cant Johans invented his magnetic needle in this period to fulfill this need.<sup>2</sup> Tiny meteorites, "Pebbles from Heaven," weighing less than a 300th of an ounce, have been discovered in Arizona by the use of the magnetic needle. Some of these stones have been found as much as twelve feet under ground.<sup>3</sup>

Several years later, after falls of stones began to be carefully recorded and investigated, it was found that a phenomenon was happening which defied explanation by existing theories concerning matter. Some meteors apparently smite the earth, then vanish without a trace. It was argued at the Society for Research on Meteorites at Lowell Observatory, Arizona, that there is such a thing as reverse matter, in which the nucleus of the atom is made up of negative electrons, with protons circling this nucleus, whereas terrestrial matter has protons in its atomic nucleus.<sup>4</sup> If a contraterrene meteorite wandered into the solar system and met up with terrene material, the respective sub-atomic charges would cancel out in a great spurt of energy

<sup>1</sup>Farrington, Oliver C., *A Century of the Study of Meteorites* (Philadelphia, 1864), p. 202.

<sup>2</sup>Johans, Dr. Cant, "Magnetic Needle Speeds Discovery of Meteors," *Science News Letter*, XLI-XLII (1943), p. 265.

<sup>3</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 265.

<sup>4</sup>"Theories," *Time*, XXXVIII (June 17, 1941), p. 52.

and both kinds of matter would vanish into nothing. This would explain why Soviet scientists with elaborate geophysical equipment could find no fragments of the great meteorite which smacked central Siberia in 1908, although similar researches around Canyon Diablo, Arizona, were successful. The Siberian meteorite was perhaps contraterrene, the Arizona fall of earthlike matter.<sup>5</sup>

When it was found that these stones actually disappeared, science was left with no way of determining exactly how frequently the earth was bombarded from space. However, a radio man, interested in meteors, connected strange sounds, which he called "swan songs," with the falling of meteors near his station. The longest of these shooting star "swan songs" heard in India lasted only three seconds—about the time required for a big meteor to penetrate the upper atmosphere and burn itself out. Most occurred in the dark of early morning, when meteors are most numerous. Others sounded off in daytime, when the stars themselves are invisible. This suggests that astronomers, heretofore hampered by clouds and daylight in counting meteor showers, may now set up permanent radio recorders to count off the falling stars automatically.<sup>6</sup>

The more interesting side of the study of meteorites is that which deals with the amount of damage done by these fiery rocks. There is a bowl sunk in the Arizona desert so huge that if it were the football stadium it resembles, even to the upflung brim, everyone in Chicago could crowd into it. Its diameters average from 1,400 feet to 4,000 feet, and it is 600 feet deep, less than half its original depth. This, the great Barringer meteorite pit, near Winslow, is the largest crater resulting from the siege out of the skies that has gone on against the earth ever since the creation. The pit was dug from 20,000 to 50,000 years ago by an explosive force outmatching that of TNT. It gained its energy when moving at truly cosmic velocities attainable only under interplanetary conditions from the explosive latent energy that exists even in ordinary rock and metal. All the bombs dropped in this war, if welded into one mighty aerial torpedo, could not match the power of the great bomb from space that dug this crater. The explosion might well have been heard around the world.<sup>7</sup>

Don't ever be fooled by the know-it-all who tells you that meteors never strike living things. A little careful consideration will readily explain why injury from falling meteorites is rare. The state of Kansas, with an area of more than 81,000 square miles, has a population of about 1,750,000, which allows an area of 29 acres for each individual in the state. Allowing several times the number of meteors which the records would warrant, we would

<sup>5</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 52.

<sup>6</sup>"Meteor's Swan Song," *Newsweek*, XIX (June 29, 1942), p. 60.

<sup>7</sup>Nininger, H. H. and Fleming, Roscoe, "Meteorite!", *Colliers* (December 11, 1943), p. 18.



still expect only one casualty in several thousand years in the state; while in the whole United States there should regularly pass several generations without death from the fall of meteorites. Nevertheless, it is safe to assume that catastrophes involving human life will sometimes occur from this cause.<sup>8</sup> In a little shower in India, there were included in the area of the fall three villages. A fourteen pound stone of the Johnston, Colorado, fall of July 6, 1942, fell in the highway over which a funeral procession had just passed on its way to the cemetery. The entire gathering witnessed the event.<sup>9</sup>

Meteorites have played a most important part in our daily lives. Some scientists conjecture that the angle at which the earth is tilted to the elliptic, with our consequent procession of seasons, may be due to a truly large meteorite, a runaway planetoid of many millions of tons, crashing into our planet aeons ago at such an angle as to tilt the earth in its orbit.<sup>10</sup>

The fall of a meteorite large enough to ruin half a continent, kill millions of people, and profoundly alter conditions of living all over the world is possible, though scarcely probable, at any moment. Even the fall of a meteorite as large as a locomotive or an automobile is one of the most awe-inspiring natural phenomena.<sup>11</sup> It is not likely ever to happen—but, if the Siberian fall had occurred six hours later, instead of striking the turning earth in the Siberian wastes, it would have landed squarely in densely populated western Europe.<sup>12</sup>

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<sup>8</sup>Nininger, Harvey H., *Our Stone Pelted Planet* (Boston and New York, 1933), pp. 93-94.

<sup>9</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 93-94.

<sup>10</sup>Nininger and Fleming, *op. cit.*, p. 53.

<sup>11</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 53.

<sup>12</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 53.

# Questions Minus Answers

DOROTHY KELLEY

*Rhetoric I, Final Examination, 1943-1944*

I WISH I HAD AN ANSWER TO THE MANY QUESTIONS that have been running through my mind ever since I have been old enough to have thoughts—questions that will not be answered during my lifetime or during the many lifetimes to come—perhaps never—questions that may never be answered for man until his death and his reaching The Great Beyond.

This brings to mind my first questions, the questions that always leave me with a sense of frustration after I have thought of them. Is there a heaven? Is there a hell? Is there a purgatory? What does happen after death? Longfellow says, "Dust thou art, to dust returneth." Is this true? Does man's body rot away in the soil which has nourished it? Does he really have a soul? Or is man merely a body with an inventive mind? Perhaps he has a mind that invents heaven and hell and purgatory. I don't know the answer. I don't know whether man invented them or whether God said they were there.

But is there really a God? I've always thought there must be a God—a Higher Power. It is impossible to look at the stars, the grass, a tiny baby, without believing in God. Yet it is easy to get into a classroom, a classroom in which a lecture on evolution is being given, and not believe in Him. It's very simple to say that the earth was a chunk of the sun, simple to say that life began with simple bacteria and one-cell animals and progressed through fishes, amphibians, mammals, primates, to man. Yes, it is easy. Yet consider these two facts: Science cannot tell us who made the sun; science cannot make life today. If the origin of life was so simple, why can't science make a cell live? The apparent answer is that only God can make life.

If God makes life, does he make it only for this earth? Is there life someplace else in this universe? Is there life in another universe? If there is, is it life as we know it? Or is it some kind of life that man cannot possibly conceive? Maybe there are people, just like us, on other planets. Maybe there is a planet of all black people and one of all yellow people and maybe even one of purple people. After all, who knows? I wonder how it would feel to live on a planet five times as big as ours—a planet where the days are five times as long as our days and the nights five times as long as our nights.

And if there are a heaven and a hell, would these people go to the same one we would? But maybe they don't have a heaven and a hell; maybe they live forever.

Perhaps we live forever, too. There are people in the world who believe in reincarnation. There are many good arguments for that theory. "It seems to me I've been here before" and "I know that man" are common expressions. The scientist says, "You've seen a picture of that place" or "You met that man when you were a child; you just don't remember it." But have you seen a picture of that place? Have you met that man before? No one really knows.

No one knows anything. Anyone can make logical guesses, but no one knows. Proof has been offered that there are a heaven, a hell, a purgatory. But just as much proof has been given to the contrary.

It is very difficult to know what to believe. I wish I had an answer to each of my questions. But since I have no answers, I will try to believe in God and His word. Perhaps, if there is a heaven, I will go to it some day and all of my questions will be answered.

## The Fourth Hour

ARNOLD RUSTIN

*A.S.T. English 111b, Theme 2, 1943*

I STILL SHUDDER WHEN I RECALL SOME OF MY PAST experiences as a Flying Cadet, but of all these memories the most frightening is the recollection of my first attempt at aerobatics. I had already had three hours of flying in the Stearman Primary Trainer, and although apprehensive, was enjoying the new sensations that flying offered. During these three hours I had learned to fly straight and level and to execute left and right turns—nothing more.

The Stearman, also known as the *P.T. 17*, is a tandem two-seater, two hundred horsepower biplane with open cockpits. The instructor sits in the front seat; the student sits in the rear. The only method of vocal communication is by gosport tube, a hollow rubber pipe from the front cockpit to the student's ear. This device is strictly for one way conversations, and unintelligible ones at that. The instructor blabbers through the tube; and since the student can neither answer back nor understand what is being said, he smiles affably and nods in gracious assent. Regardless of what is said, whether understood or not, it is customary for the cadet to smile and nod. The only other method of communication is by hand-signs. When the instructor taps his head, it means he is taking over the controls; when he puts both hands above his head, it means he no longer has the controls, and that the student should take over.

I recall my first attempt at acrobatics very vividly. I dogged my instructor, Mr. Kalb, on the way to our blue and yellow Stearman, clambered into the rear cockpit, squeezed into my seat, and fastened my safety belt. I felt oppressively full from a heavy dinner of corned beef and cabbage and reluctantly pulled the belt to its last notch.

Mr. Kalb started the engine, taxied out to the runway, and took off. When we had cleared the traffic pattern, he put his hands above his head and held up five fingers. I nodded, smiled agreeably of course, took over the controls, and gracefully spiraled upward to five thousand feet. I leveled off—that is, came to an even keel—and cut the throttle, cut down on the supply of gas to the engine, and awaited instructions.

Mr. Kalb picked up the tube and *Blah Blahed* into it. I smiled. Blah-Blah—more smiles. “Blah . . . we will now try a stall . . . Blah.”

“Mmmm,” I said to myself, “a *stall*. I had something about that in my Theory of Flight class. . . . Let’s see now. . . . A heavier-than-air plane flies because of its forward motion. The shape of the wing causes the air to rush across the top surface of the wing faster than it does across the bottom. This gives rise to a greater air pressure on the lower side of the wing, and this pressure difference, *the lift*, is the force that keeps the plane in the air. Now—Lemme see—Oh yes. . . . When you slow down the forward motion too much, the wings lose their lift and the plane literally falls straight out of the air. When the plane picks up flying speed again, because of its rapid fall, it can be leveled off and will again fly. . . . Jeez, Arnie, ol’ boy, ol’ boy, that’s pretty damn good! Straight from the book if I do say so myself. . . . *Oy Vay!* This safety belt’s killing me. I gotta undo it. . . . Ah, that’s better!”

In the midst of my pleasant rendezvous with theory, Kalb cut the throttle completely. The engine coughed, sputtered, gave a few spits, and then was quiet. Such silence! It was absolutely quiet up there without a roaring engine. I felt the stick coming back, back, way back into my “gut.” The ship’s nose started to point up—higher and higher. The wind sighed through the struts, the sunlight danced on the wings, and all was peaceful and calm and serene.

Then, without warning, something gave way. The plane just left me dangling in mid-air. I felt myself falling. There was no seat under me. An acrid taste of pre-digested corned beef and cabbage filled my mouth. I gasped as the breath was yanked from my lungs. The stick went gradually forward, the engine began to roar again, and the plane headed straight down toward earth. Now the taste became a reality as flecks of corned beef and cabbage filled my mouth. The stick was eased back to the neutral position, the plane described a gentle arc, and came out of the stall at four thousand feet.

The instructor held his hands above his head: “You try it now . . . ship’s all yours. . . .”



As soon as I got the gist of the message, I threw my hands above my head too! He *may not* have wanted the controls: I certainly *did not* want them. So there we were, four thousand feet above the ground in a pilotless plane. The two alleged pilots were playing a game of sorts, for each man had his hands above his head! A very funny sight indeed.

Being on the losing side, I put my hands on the stick, gulped, took a deep breath, and cut the throttle. Nervously, I yanked the stick back, and the ship almost plopped over backward as she stood on her tail. As my P.T. lost flying speed, she shuddered like a wet dog and vibrated from end to end. Then, without warning, she fell like a rock. This time I was jerked bodily out of my seat and I wildly clutched for my dangling safety belt. The blood drained out of my head and my intestinal contents rushed up to fill the vacuum. In sheer desperation, I shoved the stick forward. The Stearman tilted forward—paused to search for the best spot to hit on the earth—then plummeted downward to a cross formed by two roads.

I kicked the right rudder pedal and the P.T. readily retaliated by going into a spiral spin. At this point my intestinal contents became disgusted with my empty head and decided to quit my body. Dinner, breakfast, last night's snack all made one grand spiral exit, only to be hurled back into my face by the raging wind.

In sheer agony I fell back into my seat, bringing the stick back with me. The Stearman shuddered and groaned, struggled against this new force, gave one last desperate heave and leveled out by itself.

I opened my eyes and Lo! I had completed my first stall, and all by myself—and my Stearman—and God's luck. The instructor tapped his head and took the ship back home.

## Shinglebelly

I'll never forget one game he played. Midway in the first half, the coach sent him in. Before the period ended, the opponents had scored two touchdowns, both of them right over Shinglebelly. Some one would knock him off his "props," and he'd lie on the ground like a six-months old kid who hadn't learned to walk. The coach gave him hell at the half. "Shingle," he said, "I'm going to start you again, but by God, if you don't get the first tackle you'll be sitting on the bench, *permanently*."

Shingle went down the field like a "bat out of hell," and he hit that guy with the force of superman. Shingle's nose was a mass of bloody flesh. The other guy? He was discharged last week.

Next, Bob went out for track. Every morning just after the fast mail had whizzed through town, Shinglebelly started jogging down the road-bed. He'd go five or six miles while the other runners were still between the sheets. He never won a race in his life. In one meet, there were twelve starters. Shinglebelly got tenth place. Afterwards he remarked, "Boy, did I run those two guys into the ground."—HOWARD E. SHUMAN

# My Town Speaks

BERNARD MILLER

*Rhetoric II, Theme 1, 1943-1944*

MY HOME TOWN IS A VILLAGE OF 2700 PEOPLE. IT IS divided into three sections—Maryland Place, the “exclusive part of town”; Community Heights, which geographically belongs to another town and politically controls our entire village; and “The Corner.” “The Corner” is the intersection of two highways with four parallel railroad tracks passing near by. The people of “The Corner” are a motley lot. At the intersection and for a few blocks each way, are old frame houses about to fall apart and just such people as would live in such homes without ever repairing them. There are farmers from Tennessee who are now getting “big money” in the near-by mills; there are old settlers who have lived in squalor and dirt for the past fifteen years. There are *some* very clean people—simple and hard working. All have a speech which reflects hill-billy radio programs, their old Kentucky homes, and rural Illinois. All sharply contrast with the people who live a few blocks away from the corner. These latter are the real founders of Nameoki: they are the society seekers, the literature lovers, the collectors of old china and classical records. They are the pseudo-society of a small Illinois village.

“You hadn’t ought to do that,” one of the corner people said to me the other day. I squirmed. But I kept “listening at” the local garage owner explaining to a young woman that his wife would not care if they went out “a tootin’” that night. After all, she stayed at home “most every night anyways” and did not worry about his “goings on.” However, a corner girl who knows the wife very well told me that he was “liable for a good bawling out,” for “his wife had saw him and she is nigh on to blowin’ a fuse cause she didn’t get to go with him instead of someone else.” They do not all speak quite so badly. Or perhaps they do, and their southern drawl covers it up. The younger generation has the typically limited American vocabulary which uses “swell” for all things good, “fine” for all things above average, “fix” for “repair,” and “funny” for “strange” (together with a “bang up good cussin’ way” when they really feel expressive). The back hills ballads slip in, too. I know I have heard a few “thee’s” and “thy’s” and one man always “went ’neath his ahtemoble” when the “blasted gas line busted”—which happened frequently.

Then there is the aristocracy of our little village. Three blocks away from the intersection the mode of life and way of speaking change completely. Three blocks from “The Corner” are people who pretend to be what they are not. Their speech reflects the pretense. It is correct, but it is also jargon.

They choose the long way to explain an idea, and if that does not convey the proper impression, they use an extremely ordinary word. But that does not describe them. Perhaps this will help: I can always picture the "socialite" of the town babbling and sighing excitedly over an odd piece of old glassware and begging my mother to agree with her. "But, Mary, isn't that just so-o-o-o-o very, *very* tantalizing? I shall have it—have it this very minute!"

Gee, do I talk that way?

## The Laughter of the Water

DOROTHY KNAPHURST

*Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1943-1944*

**B**ILLOWY BAGS OF DOWN FLOATED IN A MASS OF filmy blue. The cries of soaring birds were like a lullaby accompanied by the deep rhythm of the waves upon the shore. The warm sand was a gentle, soft hand rubbing over me. Here and there a shining bug crawled over the sand in a slow, methodical way. All was peace and contentment.

Down the beach a small knot of people stood around the shell of a man. It seemed as if with their deep breathing they were trying to put life back into what was dead, but they were not God to breathe the breath of life into the nostrils of man. Wearily and heavily they lifted up the body and plodded down the beach.

All that remained was a depression in the sand and a mass of messy footprints around it. A little further down the beach there was a gay happy set of prancing prints leading to the water. They didn't come out—the only thing that returned was a long mark where a body had been dragged out and the depression it left in the sand. The ocean let out a wild, joyful call as if the desire for blood had just been whetted and must be satisfied. What did it matter to that unfeeling mass of terror that a man from Nashville with a wife and two children had come to it a living thing and gone out—lifeless.

The clouds no longer seemed like down but rather like whitecaps in the sky of water rushing me under. The sand was no longer gentle, but a luring, pulling thing trying to drag me to the water and doom. The boom became louder, the laugh shriller and more horrible. I ran, ran as fast as I could down the beach, anything to get away, to escape the murderous enemy that surrounded me. As my breath left me, it seemed to create pressure that pushed back the terrible atmosphere that clutched at me.

A peculiar fascination for the water came over me as I sat in the sand trying to gain the breath I had lost in the wild flight down the beach. The sea was a magnet, gently whispering, "Come, come to me and let me soothe you. I am not evil; it was all an illusion. I am gentle and calm and beautiful." The force became almost irresistible.

Farther away a child ran out on the beach and skipped over the waves at the water's edge. I wanted to scream to it, not to go into the water, to turn and run the other way as fast as its legs could carry it. The words formed in my mouth noiselessly as I watched the child plunge exuberantly into the waves. The seconds hung in the air, waiting. A scream tore the air. Oh, God, no! The child ran out happy and unharmed.

I sat down, shaking with laughter. The whole feeling was silly, foolish. The terror that possessed me gone, I dove head first into the waves. All noise stopped suddenly. There was a downward pulling. I was going down to the middle of the earth. I struggled upward—must get air, must get up. Then, as suddenly as I had gone down, I was up thrashing my arms at nothing but the salt air. A great wave came along and threw me carelessly up on the beach, laughing as if to say, "Don't worry. I don't want you *this* time." I ran from the beach, from the water, into the land where there was no water, into the arms of safety.

## Spring

Private RICHARD ROGERS

*A.S.T. English 111a, Theme 11, Summer, 1943*

WINTER HAD RUSHED UPON THE UNSUSPECTING earth with all of its ancient fury. The dead, yellow grass was half covered with a light sprinkle of snow and the leaves were blown into corners and piled high against fences, where they sought refuge from the restless wind. Trees stood out darkly against the gray winter-sky, stark and naked, stripped of their luxuriant summer covering.

The fields, too, were bare and lifeless looking; their crops had long since been harvested and the fields had been plowed—they were now monotonous in their earthiness. Their year's labor had been done, and they were sleeping undisturbed under a light mantle of snow.

Few geese flew overhead now, the main flocks having already passed over on their way to the South. For weeks they had flown by, their wild melodies drifting down to the frozen land below, their long vee's making fleeting shadows against the cold, white moon.

Around the farm, activity had dwindled to a mere routine of necessary



chores, mending harness, feeding and watering the stock, and repairing implements for the next year. The arduous task of sawing and chopping the winter's supply of wood had been virtually completed.

A long succession of weary, cold months would pass before the hardships of winter would be over. Many discouragements would be met and endured, and at times, the whole depressing weight of the long, cold winter would be severely felt, and the weeks would stretch out interminably.

But the winter would eventually lose its grip in the face of the sun as it advanced northward. The frigid, depressing banks of ice and snow, those silent grim enemies through the long winter, would pass, and they would make possible the rushing, boisterous spring brooks. The fields that had lain so long, silent and fallow, would be covered with a delicate coat of new spring grass. As the days advanced, the multitudes of birds would return from their winter homes, bringing with them gay colors and softly sung tales of the regions to the south. Wild flowers would appear, hesitantly at first, springing up in only the most sheltered, sunny valleys. Then, gaining courage, they would arise all through the woodlands, adding their own incomparable charm to the beauty of the awakened countryside. The long, cold winter would now be forgotten, and the land would stir under the urgings of spring.

War is a lot like that. It is long and harsh, and may, at times, seem almost unbearable. Gone are many of the beauties and comforts of peace. Hardships and sufferings prevail, and the land is gripped in a merciless, mailed fist. But if we lose faith, or become disheartened, we should remember that war may be favorably compared to the season of winter. Both are harsh and unhappy periods; suffering and grief are common in each. But war, too, like winter, has a spring. It is the spring of peace, a time of joy and happiness once more. The sun of freedom shines strongly again, and with good effect. The boys come marching home, singing strange, melodic ballads of lands far away. The good things of normalcy spring up again, and universal happiness replaces universal woe.

### A Night at Aimee's

Our party approached Aimee's temple at about eight in the evening and I was startled by its size, and by the lights covering it like jewels on a dowager at the Met's opening night. The temple's roof was crowned by a huge red Star of David blinking on and off without rest, while immediately under it was another blinking neon sign announcing to the faithful, in no uncertain terms, that "Jesus Saves." Finally, beneath this was a huge marquee, surely as large as any that hangs in front of our largest theaters, upon which were the names of the speakers and the time the services were conducted in the temple. The marquee read that night, "Tonight. See, Hear, Brother Burpo in person." No, I'm not trying to fool you. The speaker for that night *was* named Brother Burpo, and, believe me, he was proud of it, for Burpo called himself by name every occasion he had to do so.

—ERLE KORSHAK

## 104 Library

One who reads the literary reviews and supplements these days is likely to notice the unusually large number of biographies appearing from week to week. Certainly the war has stimulated, rather than stifled, this particular kind of literary effort. Interesting people are always to be found where great events take place; and professional writers are quick to sense public curiosity about the men behind the official communique or the syndicated dispatch. We feel, most of us more sharply than ever before, that right now our daily newspapers are crammed with the stuff that will fill another generation's history books. Our curiosity about the people behind the names and titles sprinkled throughout these newspaper columns suggests that we, like Carlyle, know that at least one kind of history contains the essence of innumerable biographies.

By no means all of the present flood of biographical writing, however, is concerned with men famous because of the war. There are dozens of these works, of course—many of them excellent. They range all the way from the story of Ghandi to a life of Churchill; from Mussolini's autobiography to that of Harold Ickes. Even fresh works on such classic subjects as Napoleon and Bolivar turn up among these studies of our contemporaries. But if you're weary of campaigns and such activities, you have a host of other subjects from which to choose. A delightfully clever and racy life of John Barrymore should be on our shelves any day now. There's more of clever anecdote and pointed wit in this one than the "literary" flavor of its title, *Good Night, Sweet Prince*, might suggest. Or, if you enjoyed the hilarity of the Misses Skinner and Kimbrough when their hearts were young and gay, why not follow them to Hollywood? You'll find this sequel to *Our Hearts* listed under Miss Kimbrough's name. If you haven't already done so, you may enjoy reading Eve Curie's life of her mother; it's usually interesting to see what the movie craftsmen are able to do with a biography you've read. And for those who have a special interest in the familiar essay or in literature in general, the library has ordered copies of an excellent new life of Max Beerbohm.

As we promised in the last issue, we shan't attempt to review books here, but to point out some you might like to know about. Glance over the list of several recent biographies listed below. Better still, poke around among those in 104 Library.

ANDREWS, ROY CHAPMAN, *Under a Lucky Star*  
PERCY, WM. ALEXANDER, *Lanterns on the Levee*  
HATHAWAY, KATHERINE B., *The Little Locksmith*  
FERGUSON, DELANCEY, *Mark Twain*  
SANTAYANA, GEORGE, *Persons and Places*

It has occurred to the Book Committee that one class of reader may feel that the reading requirement is unfair. Where are the whodunits, the master sleuths anticipating the fourth murder of the evening, the explorers of the weird and the gruesome, the zombie? The Committee has no intention of furnishing a paradise of horrors—but does wish to point to a few books which might hold you away from the Inner Sanctum or The Hermit broadcasts. Some of them you will find listed below. Although not all are detective novels, horror stories, or mysteries, they do all play with that sort of material. Pick one and shiver—or toss it aside and try another.

WENSLEY, FREDERICK PORTER—*Forty Years in Scotland Yard*  
 SEABROOK, WM.—*Magic Island*  
 SEABROOK, WM.—*Witchcraft*  
 DU MAURIER, DAPHNE—*Jamaica Inn*  
 DU MAURIER, DAPHNE—*Rebecca*  
 HIGHT, HELEN (McInnis)—*Above Suspicion*  
 HOUSEHOLD, GEOFFREY—*Rogue Male*  
 LAGERLOF, SELMA—*Ring of the Lowenshold*  
 PRIESTLEY, J. B.—*Blackout in Gretley*  
 SAYERS, DOROTHY—*Nine Tailors*  
 SHEARING, JOSEPH—*Golden Violet*  
 TIMMON, GEORGE—*Patience of Margaret*  
 STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS—*Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*  
 WHARTON, EDITH—*Ghosts*  
 BALDERSTON, JOHN LLOYD—*Berkeley Square*  
 FERRIS, WALTER—*Death Takes a Holiday*  
 VANE, SUTTON—*Outward Bound*  
 BRYAN, GEORGE S.—*Spy in America*  
 PHILPOTTS, EDEN—*Grey Room*

## Rhet as Writ

My father played semi-professional baseball, when I was a foundling.

. . . .

TNT is most commonly used in defensive warfare, such as the demolition of brides [bridges].

. . . .

It is the responsibility of all American citizens to help build the world of peace that we are destroying to preserve.

. . . .

My brother has just returned from three years of overseas duty, and is convalescing from wounds he received in battle at home.

## Honorable Mention

Betty Cordes—*Turkey: Yesterday and Today*

Norma Diedrich—*On the Appreciation of Dixieland Jazz*

Delores Goepfert—*I No Longer Like to Hunt*

Ernest Hepp—*Tobacco Auctioneer*

Harry Kantor—*The Life and Works of Robert Briffault*

Marjory Nuttall—*Maxim Gorky*

Joyce Osborne—*Don't Call It "Shell Shock"*

Private Martin Skarka—*My Daughter, Karen Ann*

Private Frank B. Sollows—*One Value of a College Education*

Joseph M. Williamson—*Ageless Miracle*





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# THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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EDITOR'S NOTE: — The essay "Departure and Return" by Gordon Robertson that appeared in the February, 1944, issue of the *Green Caldron* was a plagiarized condensation of parts of the book *Daily Except Sunday* by Edward Streeter.

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# The Huntsmen

ELAINE SELL

*Rhetoric II, Theme 3, 1943-1944*

DAVEY HOLMAN HEARD THE WHISTLE FROM HIS perch in the pincherry tree. It was a long, low sound that rang clearly through the chill Minnesota air. With characteristic six-year-old dexterity Davey swung himself from the tree and, jamming the black kitten into the pail half-filled with tiny bitter cherries, he tore across the patch of nasturtiums, hopped over the big pine stump, and squeezed through the row of mailboxes that lined the road at the corner of the Holman lot. He ran determinedly, his pail swinging, and his shirt trailing out behind, while his legs churned steadily. Then, plunging into the pasture land, he drew up before a hollowed mound of soil that was the potato cellar and settled himself comfortably on a rock just outside the cave-like entrance. He hadn't long to wait before another boy, in overalls and sweater, streaked up to the rock. Without a word both boys entered the dark, musty cellar and seated themselves on the wooden side of one of the potato bins.

"I got Old Carlson's gun. Let's shoot some crows," said Carl Nordeen, trying to be casual as he proffered an old and rusty .22.

Davey's eyes grew large. "Will it really shoot—like Brother Eric's gun?"

"Come on," the other offered. "We'll shoot a crow. Crows're no good."

"Sure," Davey said, "crows are no good."

He grabbed the wandering kitten, returned him to his shiny red prison, and the boys set off through the pasture. There was no attempt at conversation; both boys walked solidly as if mere possession of the gun had given them the right to look upon all this half-cleared homestead land as something more than just a playground. They even, by silent understanding, unhooked the gate to Sahlstrom's "north 40" instead of scrambling through the rails and stopping in the blueberry patch. They wandered without a destination, always being careful to avoid the swamp that had caught the Holman's Guernsey cow the year before. Once Davey started to hum a Swedish tune but the serious face of his companion made it seem inappropriate. Finally Carl broke the silence.

"Davey, I see one."

He dropped instantly to his knees while Davey stood, pail suspended from his motionless arm, feet planted apart, watching. His eyes were filled with admiration for the hunter beside him who was almost hidden by the tall, yellowish grass. His glance drifted to the bird silhouetted on the lower



branch of the pine tree. So completely motionless did Davey remain that the kitten peeped over the top of the pail, astonished at the sudden peace.

Carl crept up, the gun resting uneasily against his shoulder. He aimed carefully and then shot. The bird fell and immediately both boys whooped down upon it.

"Carl," said Davey, his voice trembling, "It's not a crow." A woodpecker of medium size lay, still breathing, before them.

"Carl," said Davey again with tears streaming down his face, "you gotta' shoot him. Old Carlson says you gotta' shoot a bird again if it doesn't die." But Carl wasn't looking at the bird. His face averted, he threw down the gun.

"I can't shoot any more," he answered. "I hate the ol' gun." Davey looked sharply at his companion for a minute, and then, the pail still in his hand, his face mirroring the agony in his heart, he jumped with all his might on the dying bird.

## Somer's Machine Shop

DELORES GOEPFERT

*Rhetoric II, Theme 2, 1943-1944*

THE WOOD OF THE FLOOR IS BLACK AND CRUMBLY from grease and age. Pieces of machined magnalium lie scattered on the floor, glittering. Over in the corner stands a slobbered oil barrel; there the floor is slimy.

When it is 6:30, this machine shop is quiet. The noises of a laboring milling machine, giving birth to a machine gun turret, fade away into the padding of the night. The chip-chip-chipping noise of the shaper becomes the tick-tick-tick of a clock. Men are weary from a night of work. Here and there drifts smoke hangs. Heads are tousled; eyes are half-closed; daylight has not yet come.

A little later someone sees the gray of morning across the open tracks. "Looks like a good morning for squirrels."

"Sure does. I got a beautiful one—"

Lights seem to be on that before were not. Now you can see the cartoons hanging on the engine room wall, the picture post cards, *Side Glances*, and the Petty girls. If you look through the window, you can see the Diesel in her gaudy reds, blues, yellows, and grays. She isn't a clothes horse or a circus clown. She is a demon of safety; her colors show which are her

water, air, or oil pipes. You may think her thudding beats and puffing exhaust unfeminine, but the Diesel is the soul, the emotional old lady of the shop.

To her right the eighteen-foot lathe stretches out like a cat after a nap. There is no operator leaning on the bed, watching the chuck swing her partner, the stock, around. There he is, talking to a new man, a man who looks combed and fresh and clean.

Day must be here, but there is only one sure sign. Yes, day is here: the clock that stands like a teacher counting heads at the door of a country school is checking in the next shift.

## Lanus Speaks

The smoke from the pipe of Kester Lanus curled amiably as it stole toward the ceiling. Old Kes, finally land-locked, sat contentedly by the cheerful hearth. A howling wind and a falling barometer had put the old captain in a reminiscent mood. His thoughts seemed to be as defined as the smell of the tarred rope he had coiled in every corner. I knew at once that a yarn was about to be unraveled.

"You know, boy," said 'Cap', "old Metter got it on a day like this 'bout ten years ago."

Then after taking a healthy drag on his ancient meerschaum he continued, "We were coddin' off Point Sable. Every dorie on board was out, even that damned thing 'Cookie' called his 'meetin' boat."

Another puff, "In about three hours a nor'wester blew up: started drivin' us out to sea. I figured a couple reefs in the tops'ls would do the trick; so the Nigger' went to the main top and Metter off to the top gaff. The upper yoke was iced up, and when old Mett missed a reef point he slid right off. As the old boy fell he let out a cold scream. He lit on the helm like a sack of slugs. Sounded just like heavy weather on a bulkhead."

"See that port side binnacle?" Linus pointed a horny finger in the direction of the mantel model of his schooner, the *Mary Ann*. "That peak ripped his eye out o' his grey head. I saw it land on the deck, rolling with the ship and giving me a hard stare. The oak helm posts had gouged through his gut. Everything was still 'cept for his gut bleedin' just like a leaky bilge pump."

"Boy," said old Kes, "hand me a light."

Then after lighting his pipe he concluded: "Couple hours later the men came in and we put the old man over the side. Every time I walked the poop after that I saw his eye, heaving with the ship. Damn this pipe."

—TODD FRAZIER, U.S.N.

# Grandma's Bible

BARBARA MOODY

*Verbal Expression IB, Theme 5, 1943-1944*

FOR MANY YEARS, MY GRANDMOTHER MEANT LITTLE more to me than the letter which came from her each week, or the letter which my mother wrote to her every Sunday afternoon. San Francisco, the place where she lived, seemed remote. March 5, 1863, her birthday, seemed like a date in ancient history. She was an old lady and lived far away; I didn't know her, and I didn't make many efforts to find out about her.

Mother used to read Grandma's letters to us at dinner. We always liked to listen to her stories of rides on San Francisco street cars out to see the ocean, or of days in the park watching squirrels chase each other. It was fun to laugh at her stories of the escapades of our young cousins. Grandma was a good story teller.

The parts of her letters about the books she had been reading, the sermon she had heard, or her comments on the troubles of life in general were not as important to our young minds as they might have been. But as I listened every week to the letter from Grandma, the humor, the bits of psychology or philosophy, and the religious convictions which she expressed all blended to give me a vague but lovely picture of *My Grandma*.

After Grandma died in 1941, a box containing her few most precious belongings—letters, poems, snapshots, and a large Bible—was sent to us. At the time, I didn't pay much attention to these sentimental keepsakes; the Bible was laid on the living room end table, and the other things were put away with the family treasures. And so the situation rested; the Bible was originally meant for Mother, and she was the only one who ever thought of it as more than a table decoration.

Not long ago—one house-cleaning day during vacation—I picked up Grandma's Bible and began wiping the accumulated dust off its black leather cover. It was a nice-looking book—cover just new, gold lettering impressive, leaves gilded—almost too new and modern looking to be a Bible which had been studied and cherished by a sweet old grandmother. The history of the Bible as recorded on the title page told that Grandma purchased the Bible in Kansas City in 1923, and had it rebound with extra leaves for notes in the fall of 1941.

I thumbed through it carelessly, reading a few of the many marginal notes, comments, and quotations. Before I had read very far, I sat down on the arm of a chair and laid my dust cloth aside. I was beginning to get in-

terested; these quotations weren't just about "the wrath of God descending upon the sinners," or any other old-time revival meeting's emotional, God-fearing themes. They were on subjects that I had been thinking about—things that were alive and applicable to the changing world's problems, not just ideas of an aging woman whose religious experiences were exultant and powerful.

Since that day of discovery, Grandma's Bible has become as vital to me as are the ideas she wrote on its margins. My knowledge of Grandma, her education, her beliefs in social, political, and religious questions, her keen sense of humor, and her character and personality has increased with each look I take into her Bible. When I look at my little picture of Grandma, I see more than white hair, a kind face, a frail body, a neatly tailored dress, and the blooming garden which forms the background. Now I see also an underlined Bible verse, or a thoughtful marginal comment or quotation, and by putting the two together, I have a living picture of Grandmother—and a living Bible.

. . . . .

One of the first additions to my picture gives Grandma's kind face an eager, intelligent look, for it concerns her education.

A little memorandum book which is almost like a supplement to the Bible, since it tells of Grandma's growth in religion, contains an account of Grandma's first religious education. Raised by a father whose occasionally unorthodox Christian beliefs made him scorn orthodox churches, and a mother who was a *good woman* but who had no religion whatever, Grandma did not attend Sunday School or church when young. Her only religious education came as she listened to her father read scripture and argue his beliefs, and not in the gradual Sunday School process of most children. Until she was old enough to notice for herself the difference between *nice* children's families and her own, her knowledge of moral standards and etiquette was extremely limited. As she made new friends at school, she tried to be like them, and it was through one of these *nice* friends that Grandma got introduced to religion. She went to church with the girl, was very impressed, and asked to borrow a book which would teach her how to be more like her admired friend.

*Abbot's Young Christian* was the borrowed book which marked the turning point in Grandma's religious life. She was thoroughly inspired by the solid reading in this little old book with yellowed pages, and it is wonderful to read how she struggled with herself, wanting to follow the book's advice and become a Christian, but fearing the obstacles of disapproval of family and friends. At last the spirit of the little book had hold of her so strongly that she determined to become a Christian at all costs. "I was so green in the vernacular of the church," writes Grandma, "that I didn't realize that



the change in me was known as conversion—I only knew that I loved Christ and was determined to follow him.”

From that time on, Grandma's knowledge of Christ and the church grew, mainly through her own diligent study. With such a late start in learning of religion, and with such poor opportunities later, it is amazing that Grandma was able to educate herself concerning not only the Bible, but also many other subjects in literature and history. On the fly leaves and margins of her Bible, Grandma quotes Emerson, Raleigh, Jerome K. Jerome, Wordsworth, Joyce Kilmer, Tagore, Mark Twain, Kipling, William Lyon Phelps, Longfellow, and many others.

In her consideration of good literature Grandma did not neglect the Bible itself. Throughout the Bible appreciative comments appear on the margin: “beautiful poem,” “story of creation in song,” “great theme,” “beautiful and grand.” She says in a marginal note: “The Old Testament teaches us by the kindergarten method—by telling stories.” Of the creation story in Genesis, she writes: “Great poetry—all this story. It just sings with simplicity and grandeur when properly read. Notice the refrain ‘And God saw that it was good.’” At the beginning of Job is a note which was bound into the Bible: “A dramatic poem: a masterpiece of literature. Contains some of the deepest thought and sublimest poetry that has come down from antiquity.” This type of analyzing and explaining all through the Bible shows she knew not only what was said, but how it was said.

At the beginning of nearly every chapter there is a note on the author of that particular chapter and something of its history—where written and when. About Paul's letter to the Philippians she says: “Though written in prison, this letter contains the words *joy* and *rejoice* seventeen times.” Grandma was a student of Bible history as well as of the Bible itself. It is not surprising then, that II Timothy, 3:15, “Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth,” is heavily underlined in Grandma's Bible.

. . . .

If you look closely at Grandma's picture you will notice that her back is a little stooped, her hands look strong but worn, and her face shows lines of hardship. But in my revitalized picture of Grandma, these details are forgotten in the look of hope on her face, and the light of an inner strength in her eyes.

Life in general, which for Grandma meant poverty, hardship, and sorrows, could not down this staunch woman as long as the Bible was close by. Grandma had standards of living which were practical for herself, her family of five, and her husband in their limited means, and yet they apply to any circumstances.

On a New Testament margin, a "Grand Chorus of Harmony in Christian Life" is pictured as a musical scale. The eight notes of the scale are named "Faith, Virtue, Knowledge, Temperance, Patience, Godliness, Tolerance, and Love." Grandma's daily life became harmonious because her daily actions were in tune with this Chorus.

And as far as daily actions went, Grandma was a "doer of the word." While she was raising and educating a family, while she was trying to overcome hardships, Grandma was active in church work, the Women's Christian Temperance Union (which she especially commends for the helpful "spiritual pamphlets" they published), and the women's suffrage movement. Grandma's religion was an integral part of her life—always apparent and ready to be shared, but never obtrusive or fanatical.

Grandma quotes the following prayer poem in her Bible. To me it seems an indication of what Grandma was guided by in her daily life:

I only need such a few things, Lord:  
Clean water, air, and daily bread,  
Plain garments and a sheltering roof  
Over my head;  
And work to do, that I may keep  
Thy gift of deep, refreshing sleep.  
I cannot pray for more than this:  
A day of simple, quiet things.  
Not bewilderment a dawn  
So often brings,  
Not more possessions, Lord, I pray,  
But calm and simplify my day.

More notes on fly leaves of the Bible give clues to Grandma's successful living. "This is my philosophy," she writes: "True wealth is a contented spirit, a sense of peace, and a conscience that knows no enmity." Grandma built her creed for living with others on tolerance. She quotes Joaquin Miller:

In men whom men condemn as ill,  
I find so much of goodness still;  
In men whom men pronounce divine  
I find so much of sin and blot;  
I hesitate to draw the line  
Between the two, when God has not!

And in an interpretation of Corinthians, 3:11, "Where there is neither Greek nor Jew,—Barbarian or Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all and in all," Grandma explains that the meaning is that there should be no racial distinction (Greek nor Jew), no cultural distinction (Barbarian or Scythian), and no social distinction (bond nor free). Interpreted this way and taken as a motto for our day, this verse could guide the way for remaking an intolerant world.

Faith, that intangible attribute which a true Christian has, was certainly

a possession of Grandma's. Commenting "Glorious!" after Romans, 8:38-39, Grandma grounds her faith on the love of God: "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Jesus Christ our Lord."

So it was that this tolerance toward other men's ideas, creeds, race, and sins, and her faith in all that her religion meant in its truths kept Grandma calm in her daily life of *plain living and high thinking*.

. . . . .

Personality, character, individualism—whatever it is that makes each person himself—is difficult to describe with a picture or with words. It sounds superficial to say that I know Grandma had a wonderful personality because, in the picture, her head has a confident tilt and the lines of her face show a strong character. But when I can read Grandma's thoughts about other persons from the pages of her Bible, I know what kind of a person she must have been, and this personality animates her picture for me.

One of the pillars of Christianity is the belief in the sanctity of the individual. Grandma's quotations supporting this belief are represented by, "Men may not be equal in capacity or achievement, but are equal in rights to justice, happiness, and opportunity," and,

. . . to every man there openeth  
A high way and a low  
And every man decideth  
The way his soul shall go.

Grandma was intensely human; she could travel the narrow way but take the broad view as she did so. It was because she could admit her own shortcomings that she was so tolerant of others. Little snatches of her marginal comments amplify her concern for self-correction and toleration:

There is only one person in the world whom you can reconstruct, and that is yourself.

You are not the sin you committed, you are your highest inspiration.

He prayeth well who loveth well

Both man and bird and beast. . . .

If people but knew their own religion, how tolerant they would become, and how free from any grudge against the religion of others.

Proverbs, 27:2: "Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth."

Self pity is the most pitiable of all pities.

Glory is not to him who loves his country;

Glory is to him who lives his kind.

The list goes on and on; it is the proof that Grandma did love her "kind" and not herself—which must have made it easy to love Grandma.

Not much imagination is necessary to see the "laugh wrinkles" around Grandma's eyes and mouth, even in my small picture of her. One of the best reasons for loving Grandma was that she could laugh. This fun-loving spirit pervades her Bible; she scribbled on a margin, "Enjoy your religion instead of enduring it." Grandma prepared a four-page list of odd and humorous things in the Bible while she enjoyed her religion. She included such oddities as the following:

For a nice murder story with all the gory details, read Judges, 3:14-30.

Men are warned not to tell their wives anything in Micah, 7:5.

The first anaesthetic was used in Genesis, 2:21-22.

A prophecy of the automobile is found in Nahum, 2:4.

Moses was the first labor agitator and strike leader. Exodus, 14.

The amazing thing is that Grandma could search these peculiar interpretations out and still not seem sacrilegious. She was just full of life and showed it. Her keen sense of humor was forever popping out in her notes with such phrases as "Funny!" "Ha," "Smooth," "Good Liars," "Butting in," and "Bah!"

In the little notebook which supplements many of her Bible comments, appears a little verse that explains Grandma's reasons for praising joy and searching for humor, even in as serious a book as the Bible:

Laugh and the world laughs with you,  
Weep, and you weep alone,  
For the sad old earth  
Hath need of mirth  
It has troubles enough of its own.

Along with the many other quotations Grandma has copied on the fly leaves of her unique Bible is a little anecdote in the form of a *Diary of a Bible*. The author is unknown, the idea only barely developed in the short treatment of the story, but the message is there:

Feb. 2—Clean up. I was dusted with other things and put back in place.

Feb. 8—Owner used me for a short time after dinner, looking up references. He had an awful time finding one, although it was right here in its place all the time. He took me to Sunday School.

March 7—Clean up. Dusted and in old place again. Have been down in lower hall since trip to Sunday School.

April 2—Busy Day. Owner led league meeting and had to look up a number of references.

May 5—In Grandma's lap all afternoon. She is here on a visit. She let a tear-drop fall on Colossians, 2:5-7.

May 6—In Grandma's lap again this afternoon. She spent most of her time on I Corinthians, 13, and the last four verses of the fifteenth chapter.

May 7, 8, 9—In Grandma's lap every afternoon now. It's a comfortable spot. Sometimes she reads me and sometimes she talks to me.



May 10—Grandma has gone home from her visit. I'm back in old place. She kissed me goodbye.

June 3—Had a couple four-leaf clovers stuck in me today.

This almost pathetic diary of a neglected Bible would not have impressed me a year ago—in fact, my own Bible had much the same treatment. But studying Grandma and her Bible has given me a new respect for this powerful, sensational book.

Grandma plumbed her Bible to its depths for spiritual inspiration, for daily food for daily needs; she reveled in its poetry and pompous themes; she enjoyed the study of human nature as revealed in its personalities. She believed that the progressing revelation of God and his will shown in the Bible is still progressing.

Grandma's Bible has come to mean much to me. It marks a distinction between those who possess their religion and those who merely profess it; between those who distinguish right from wrong and those who scoff at moral codes; between those who are tolerant and those who are prejudiced; between those who are brotherly and those who are selfish; between those who have hope and those who are in despair. "For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comforts of the scripture might have hope."

"Whatsoever things were written aforetime"—it must mean Grandma's Bible.

### **Promerania**

The final arrival of the long anticipated event . . . the rush for the shower . . . the struggle with the over-starched shirts . . . the silent orisons to the shades of Jupiter for aid . . . the final summoning of a brother to help . . . the usual joke of growing too much since last time . . . the ineffectual silence that greets his remark . . . the struggle with the tie . . . the many damns . . . the handy ready-made ties . . . the thankfulness . . . the girl who always keeps her escort waiting . . . the thought that she might not like the corsage . . . the thought that it might not go with her dress . . . the nervous gestures toward tie and shirt . . . the attempt to cover up the feeling of awkwardness . . . the feeling that it all ought to be chucked . . . the griping about being late . . . the arrival . . . the discovery that the dance won't start for another half-hour . . . aimless chatter . . . the inspection of new arrivals . . . the mental reservation of how terrible they look in their dinner jackets . . . the realization that you probably look the same . . . the feeling of not being able to sit down without ripping something . . . the remonstrances of the girl about standing up all the time . . . the realization that a successful evening depends upon your program . . . the secret trips to the wash-room . . . the slight stagger on the return . . . the end of the evening . . . the sigh of relief . . . the all-night crap game . . . the till-the-next-time-thought.—GERALDINE BESNER

# Grant Park—1933

HARRY KANTOR

*Rhetoric II, Theme 14, 1943-1944*

WHEN I ARRIVED AT CONGRESS AND MICHIGAN, where we had decided to meet, there was no one to be seen. This surprised me greatly as I had expected at least two hundred men under the most adverse conditions. As I stood there, peering around, Vlcek came along and said to me, "The cops told us to move over onto the ball field as there is more room there." This made me shudder, for I saw at once that the police had won the day. They could beat us up to their heart's content on the ball field without anyone's seeing them. Here on Michigan Avenue we would have had enough people watching the fight so that they would have had to be careful. It was with a heavy heart that I followed Vlcek to the ball field. As I walked along, I thought, "Why couldn't that damn convention have adjourned an hour earlier?" When we got close enough to see the men, I was agreeably surprised. There were about four hundred clerks and three hundred and fifty mailcarriers in their uniforms. Some were standing around in little groups talking, and some were sitting and lying on the grass waiting for something to happen. About half a block away three hundred policemen were standing.

I walked over to where Lawrence, the president of the union, was standing in the center of a group, and we called the other officers to us. We then discussed what we could do, for the police absolutely refused to allow us to parade. The only suggestion any of the others offered was to give up our plan of parading and to go home. I suggested that we have a meeting at once and talk things over with the members, while a committee went to the City Hall and tried to get a last minute permit for the parade. It was decided to do this, and Lawrence left with one uniformed mailcarrier and one uniformed truck driver. As I was vice-president, I was given the job of being chairman of the meeting.

I let out a yell and the men gathered eagerly around. It was easy to see they were tired of doing nothing and were eager for some action. I made a long speech in which I reviewed all that had led to our being there in the park. I related how the post-office officials had told us we were temporarily laid off, how our families were in need, and how the post-office officials had told us we could not take another job without resigning from the post office, even though we were not working. I then related how the relief officials had turned down our application for assistance because we were all employed. Then we had decided to demonstrate our predicament to the people of

Chicago by parading through the "Loop," and the police had refused to give us a permit for this, but had wanted us to parade at Union Avenue and Adams Street in the factory district, where no one would see us. I then went on to say that we had decided to assemble on Michigan Boulevard and parade without a permit and that the police had talked us into coming out near the lake front where no one could see us. I then asked, "What shall we do now?" Immediately a cry went up from many voices, "Let's parade and to hell with the cops." I told them that Lawrence and a committee were at the City Hall trying to get a permit and that three hundred policemen with guns and clubs would have an easy time dispersing seven hundred and fifty of us. Louder came the cry, "Let's march and to hell with the police."

By this time my throat was getting dry, so I asked one of the convention delegates from Detroit to speak. He spoke, but it seemed only a few minutes before he was through and I had to start talking again. I introduced in turn all of the out-of-town delegates present, and still Lawrence did not return. There was nothing for me to do but keep on talking. I did this, getting more tired all the time. Every time I paused, someone shouted, "Let's march." I was very much afraid of the consequences if we fought the police, so I forced myself to keep on talking, even though I had to say the same things over many times. I was dissecting the officials of the Post Office Department for the *n*th time when Lawrence at last arrived. With gratitude, I asked him to speak, and his reply was very discouraging. We were to go home, we were not to use the streets, and if we tried to march, the police would stop us.

This enraged the men tremendously. They all started to yell and shout. I heard, "To hell with the mayor," and "Let's march," and "To hell with the cops." I still did not see how we could beat up three hundred policemen, so I suggested the only compromise I could think of. "Let us," I said, "march in twos on the sidewalk. They will not then be able to say we are blocking traffic." A cheer greeted this proposal. The men wanted action. Anything seemed better to them than just talking and going home.

We formed a long line, and raising our banners we started to march. McLean, a burly man who was a lieutenant in the National Guard, and I led the parade. We marched by the police holding our breaths, and when we passed them without anything happening, our hopes were high. We were walking on the sidewalk going south towards Jackson Boulevard. When we came to Jackson Boulevard we turned right, and my heart sank into my shoes at what I saw. Ahead, on the bridge over the I. C. tracks, was a solid mass of blue police uniforms blocking the street and sidewalk; and streaming by us to join them went the policemen we had walked past so jubilantly a few moments ago.

There was nothing to do but to hold our heads and our banners high and

to look courageous. I knew it was a foregone conclusion that they would not let us pass and that we could not do a thing. As this thought whirled through my head, I reached the wall of blue. I got the impression of size as a big two-hundred-pound officer wrenched the banner out of my hands and I felt myself pulled through the wall of blue and found myself on the other side. I looked back and saw the police tearing the banners away from the men and then pushing them on to where I was. In a few minutes' time they had taken away all our banners, broken our ranks, and put ten men who had violently refused to part with their banners into a patrol wagon. The policemen then started us moving in a disorderly fashion by pushing us with their clubs, and we straggled away. It was hopeless to do anything else. There seemed to be more policemen than post-office men.

I told all of the men near me to tell everyone to go to our meeting hall, and, with a discouraged feeling, I started for the hall.

## Journey into Science

JERRY KHARASCH

*Rhetoric II, Theme 14, 1943-1944*

I HAD OFTEN WONDERED ABOUT THE "NEIGHBORHOOD phenomenon," the bewildering group of boys who had attained the age of eleven or so and who were no longer given to the passionate desire of filling their entire Saturdays with the absorbing and all-important occupations of marbles, cowboy-and-Indians, baseball, western movies, rough-and-tumble, or just general revelry. It seemed that they just lost interest: they were willing to devote only five instead of the original six days, Sunday being the Day of Rest, to the devising of new ways of getting their breath knocked out and their blood pressure raised. Gone, or at least partially gone, was the old wild joy of severe physical contact, of the bloody nose and the sprained ankle; and I dreaded, although I think that I strongly suspected it would eventually come, the day when I too would have this shameful attitude. It came of course and, strangely enough, just as I and my uncivilized cohorts reached the advanced age of eleven or thereabouts. There came over us then a more or less sincere desire for activities of the mind instead of those of the body: for learning, for travel, and for adventure of a higher sort. Therefore, it was not long after that one of us discovered the Museum of Science and Industry.

We were fortunate in choosing for our trip a Saturday which happened to be one of the most pleasant of the Chicago summer days. We decided to



leave early to give ourselves enough time for the long journey, the museum being located on the southeast side of the city, a distance of nearly sixteen miles from our west-West Side. To satisfy our desire for adventure we decided to make the trip in one of the then-rare and now-extinct "open-top" buses. Since our desire for adventure was particularly strong, it was also unanimously decided that we sit on the top of the bus, to put ourselves in a dangerous position, as it were, by the ever-present possibility of our heads' being left behind if we should fail to obey the bus driver's command (which, thrill of thrills, came through a loudspeaker!) of "Caution! Low bridge ahead!" After allowing three of the more common and more safe "one-deckers" to pass us up, we saw in the distance the great hulk of the "open-top." It arrived; we got on and began our journey.

We found, from our vantage point atop the bus, that the section of Jackson Boulevard from Central to Michigan Avenues could be an intensely interesting place. First of all, we could look directly into many of the first-floor apartment house windows as we sped along. The looks of surprise the unfortunate inhabitants gave us were enough to keep us in high spirits, at least on that particular leg of our journey. As if this great fun were not enough, we found to our great joy that our bus driver was considerate enough to take any and all turns at high speed. As we went careening down the boulevard, ducking bridges (at the last moment!), braving the powerful breeze, and holding onto our seats tenaciously, we could not help feeling that our courageous and heroic appearance impressed the "land-locked" pedestrians, who we thought were watching our every move with breathless anticipation. Yes, that was life, that was high adventure, but we soon came to the next and last leg of our journey.

Jackson Boulevard had taken us as far east as we needed to go, and it was by way of Michigan Boulevard that we would go south. Just as Michigan Boulevard involved a complete transfer of buses (from the "26" to the "No. 1 Hyde Park"), so was there also a complete change of atmosphere. First of all, we couldn't get an "open-top," but instead had to ride in a saner vehicle which was built much closer to the ground. Then, too, the "No. 1 Hyde Park" bus drivers had the disgusting habit of staying entirely within the speed limits, which had the result of effectively smothering any last, smouldering embers of our "adventuresome" spirit. It was Michigan Avenue itself, however, which really provided the change of atmosphere. Many of the most beautiful stores are located here, automobile shops being the most preponderant for some distance. This avenue also cuts through the Negro districts. Here we saw the numerous Negro churches, some of which were great buildings reminiscent of the former grandeur of the district, and some, mostly the evangelist churches, housed in tents with blazing, red-painted signs announcing the programs to come. We were not oblivious, though, to the filthy and squalid conditions in which the Negroes were then

obliged to live, conditions which have now been remedied to some extent by the housing projects, the beginnings of which we also saw on our trip. We came to another Negro district, then a white district, and then our destination was in sight.

The Museum of Science and Industry—or shorter, The Rosenwald Museum—is a huge, gray-white and many-columned structure which is situated about half a block from the shore of Lake Michigan. We weren't much impressed by the outside, but once inside we knew that we would return again and again. The famous "Texaco" airplane was suspended from the ceiling of the main display room. In the center of the room was a huge and intricately complete model railway, which kept us wonderingly occupied for hours. We found the specific display rooms to contain easily understandable illustrations and working models of Newton's Third Law of Motion and the Law of Falling Bodies. There were rooms given over to medicine, chemistry, physics, and rooms within which were shown the developments of the telephone, the telegraph, the microscope, the clock, and the automobile engine. Best of all, of course, was the convenient and prolific supply of "pushable" buttons, which we made good use of, to the consternation of the attendants. This was the first of our first ventures into the scientific, and we enjoyed it tremendously. We stayed until forced to leave.

When we got outside, it was nearly dark, but our glorious day was not yet finished. For didn't we still have the Michigan and Jackson Boulevard buses to occupy us?

### **Mexican Marketplace**

Our car inched its way over the narrow, produce-crowded street. The moustached peasant women advertised their wares in shrill, begging voices. Every kind of article imaginable was represented. Jewelry and native vegetables were side by side, sheltered by makeshift roofs which did very little to protect the goods. Flies hovered over a box of cactus candy under one shed. Customers and vendors alike contributed to the noisy confusion, their vivid blouses and serapes mingling in one huge panorama of color. In a vacant doorway a peon slept, his hat over his face. A dirty-faced little boy clambered up on the fender of our car. "Cigarillos, senorita? Muy barato." (Cigarettes, young lady? Very cheap.) Our noses were threatened by his hand containing several packages of low-grade but gaudily-packaged Mexican cigarettes. We shook our heads in vain. The car lurched suddenly, barely missing a convention of dogs in the middle of the street. Over in a corner a woman was arguing vehemently with a fruit vendor. Under a lamp post two romantic peons eyed a young peasant girl who coyly ignored them. We were blinded by the sun's reflection against the dead-white adobe buildings, and were choked by the combined stench of human bodies, rotting food, and smoke. But as we drove ahead, the tumult thinned. We had visited our Mexican marketplace. If we had been excited by the prospect, we were overcome by the reality. Sounds, now faint, drifted from behind us. "Cigarillos, senorita? Muy barato."—ZELDA SHERMAN

# What's in a Uniform?

PEGGY O'NEIL

*Rhetoric II, Final Examination, 1943-1944*

WHAT'S IN A UNIFORM? A UNIFORM IS, UNDOUBT-  
edly, the most common denominator in the world and offers no  
hint as to what its owner is. When a girl meets a service man, she  
can type him immediately as blond, tall, with blue eyes, stirring voice, and  
curly hair. But just where does this get her? Dillinger could have had all  
those descriptive terms applied to him. So the girl starts a campaign, a  
campaign to find, in this specific case, just what is in a uniform.

If you meet him at the U.S.O. or a Union mixer, you are of course  
going to dance. Dancing in itself isn't very helpful, for it requires no back-  
ground or education to dance; but it is very conducive to talking. A leading  
question is always, "Where are you from?" and if he is a loquacious indi-  
vidual, he immediately gives you a digression on his home, his family, his  
dog, his school, and Aunt Jennie's latest operation, all complete with pictures.  
This sounds extremely trying, but if you really want to be frustrated, just  
get a Reticent Boy.

The Reticent Boy has a vocabulary of two words, "uh-huh" and "un-  
uh." If he is in an extremely talkative mood, he may go so far as to say  
"yes" and "no." He usually stares vaguely into space and looks at you  
questioningly at your every remark. Whether he is wondering what you said,  
or showing his amazement at anyone who could talk so much, you will  
probably never ascertain.

A constant stag at a dance is the uniformed Smooth Guy, known in  
your circles as a B.M.O.C. He holds you very closely when you dance and  
immediately after cracking your third rib begins to eulogize your beauty,  
personality, and dancing ability. Being a girl and therefore possessing all  
the feminine traits, you perk up your ears at this; just as he really gets  
into his stride, the music stops. Smoothie leads you to a chair and deposits  
you there to lick your wounds. Five minutes later you pass him and hear  
exactly the same compliments with the same gusto and only a few minor  
changes.

It is a rare evening when the Playboy is not present. He is usually about  
the size of a mammoth and dances with just as much grace. He has a voice  
like Thor's, and a sense of humor that he likens to that of Bacchus and that  
you attribute to some protégé of Frankenstein. You are extremely fortunate  
if he is not in the mood to swing you over his head or to direct the orchestra  
with a broom. If you are sitting down, he always tries to stack coke-bottles—



and breaks them—or to tell with demonstrations about a floor show he saw at The Stork Club.

You usually meet the Griper about half-way through the evening. He wanders up to you, mouth dropped to his socks, and a look in his eyes that suggests the title character in *Lassie Come Home*. You brace yourself and think up every remark of consolation and sympathy you have ever heard, wondering if it was his mother or father who passed away. He looks at you mournfully, then opens the hole in his cadaver-like face to ask if you will dance. Stunned, you accept, and he at once begins. Army life is hell, the food is terrible, his girl got married, the barracks are like caves, the instructors are all down on him, his buddies don't treat him properly, the orchestra is terrible—and so on. Sympathy doubles itself in your soul—sympathy for yourself.

You never fail to meet Joe from Brooklyn. Not Queens or the Bronx or Manhattan, but Brooklyn. He has the characteristic accent and atrocious grammar and is full of surprises. It is not at all unlikely that he will inform you, in his quaint version of English, that he is a college graduate, has worked at everything from ditchdigging to cooking at the Mansion, and is a great friend of Al Smith's. He usually dances at a progressively accelerated speed, and by the time the music has stopped, you are quite content to be flung into a chair with a parting "Be seein' ya!"

If you look young and artless, the Baby may ask you to dance. I say "may," for he seldom dances at all. He is invariably tall and lanky and has eyes exactly like Borden's Elsie. He calls you "ma'm" and at the slightest provocation will put out his wallet and exhibit his family and his "sorta girl." His dancing is a combination of the square dance and a two-step that he painfully and laboriously counts out. However, you really don't mind him, for he, although a trifle phlegmatic, is at least safe.

The Clumsy Oaf always comes around, too. He trips up to you, falls over a chair, loses his balance trying to pick it up, and asks you coyly from a reclining position if you will "trip the light fantastic" with him. Two words, anyway, are correct—*trip* and *fantastic*. If he could continue his initial act of tripping over himself, your objections would not be so vehement. But when he begins tripping over you, it's a different matter. It is impossible even to suppose that he realizes there is any such thing as music, and if he did he couldn't hear it through his constant din of "Excuse me," "I'm sorry," and "Pardon me." After he has kicked your shins for the fifth time, you begin to wonder if perhaps it isn't malicious, but finally you become too numb even to wonder, and are utterly oblivious of the fact that he has finally gone until someone else asks you to dance.

The Jitterbug is the real test, however. He doesn't ask you to dance; he simply hauls you out on the floor. After a few turns about in the air,



during which you violently proclaim that you do not jitterbug, he begins in earnest. You close your eyes, pray for salvation, wish you hadn't fought with your roommate, and give up the spirit. The dance itself is a daze—particularly after he cracks your head against the wall—rata-tata-tat—in a tricky little turn. When he finally leaves you, a disheveled and disheartened woman, you wonder whether he is in the tank corps, and hope he is.

What's in a uniform? You can tell the world that there is every kind of character, personality, and ability in the world.

## An Automobile Accident

PEGGY O'NEIL

*Rhetoric II, Final Examination, 1943-1944*

### I SAW IT COMING AND WAS HELPLESS—

At first there was nothing. A void that lacked even color. Then, quite suddenly, I saw a flash of red dart through, trailing after it a cloud of black that enveloped the nothingness. I put out my hand and felt a soft substance that melted when I touched it like the cotton-candy you buy at a circus. When I withdrew my hand, a galaxy of starry little yellow and green comets burst out of the blackness.

I knew that something was wrong, and tried desperately to pierce the haze that surrounded my mind. There was pain that I felt objectively, as if it belonged to someone else. I shook my head savagely and stared into—nothing. What was this? Had I suddenly become a creature of limbo with no sensibilities or thought?

Airy, ethereal Things began to float about me, coming close enough to make their presence known, but not close enough to identify themselves. I struck out at them fiercely with arms that seemed only half mine. I felt as if I were going higher and higher, and suddenly, with a huge crescendo and great flashes of yellow, blinding light, the darkness rolled away with a thunderous sound that reverberated like echoes in a canyon.

As things began to take on a definite form, I lay quite still, afraid to break the spell. Then I saw the blessed blue of the sky. I tried to reach my arms up to it, but they seemed locked to the earth. Slowly I rolled my head to one side and looked. Near me was a twisted mass of metal, charred and dead, with a few greedy little yellow flames licking at its remains.

My arm was twisted grotesquely, turned backward. I laughed at its strange position and a trickle of warm, brilliant blood ran down my face. Red blood, yellow flames, blue sky, green grass—red, yellow, blue, green . . .

Beautiful, soft, ebony blackness.

# They Command the Nation

KENNETH WATSON

*Verbal Expression IB, Theme 5, 1943-1944*

MY FATHER HAS LONG BEEN THE REPUBLICAN CHIEFTAIN in our dynamic, little town. The first job I ever did was to mark a big X in the circle at the top of the Republican ballot with a wax crayon. The wax crayon was used because it could not be erased. The privacy of our home has always been invaded by precinct committeemen, job hunters, or people who just come for advice. The small town boss is the shoulder upon which everyone in town drops his dirty tears.

There was a time when I was often shamed to tears that my dad was a Republican at all, much less the leader of the Republicans throughout the township. During the 1932 Roosevelt landslide a vote was taken in our second-grade class at school. There were only four Republican votes out of forty-four. But we didn't spend much time crying over our defeat. Slowly, laboriously, the Republicans began to move back to the fore. Every instance of politics in the WPA and affiliated organizations was played up to the limit. The Democrats lacked strong leaders, and those whom they had were greedy and were out for all they could get. To bring these issues into the open my father and his cohorts resorted to a small mimeographing machine, with which they printed excerpts from the *Congressional Record* and current magazines, and distributed them to as many people in the township as they could afford.

These pamphlets pointed out the fact that Democratic WPA foremen were stealing shovels and selling them, that they were giving the softer jobs of the WPA to members of their own party. And they pointed out the very poor quality of work done on the sewer, highway, shaling, and all other projects run by the Democrats.

The Republicans had no jobs to offer. The Democrats had many. But the Republicans had courageous, honest, self-sacrificing workers who were willing to pay out their own money to overcome the tyrannical administration (in our township at least) of the Democrats. The Democrats had few men who could measure up to these standards.

The entire Republican township slate was back in the saddle by 1936. In 1938 the county and state tickets went over with a big majority. And in 1940 Willkie snowed under Roosevelt by six hundred votes. There are usually fifteen hundred votes cast in the entire township.

The average person knows little of the vast hours of hard work and planning that the alert politician goes through prior to election day. Several

months before the election, he takes the poll books used at the last primary election, and checking on how his people voted, he ascertains the number of sure Republican votes to be cast in the coming fight. The clerks at a primary election write down in the poll books the name of each voter and the ballot he takes to the election booth, either a Republican ballot or a Democratic ballot. After years of working with these books, the boss is able to say without hesitating how a voter in his township "went last time." Very many people do not know of the existence of poll books. Job seekers will cross their hearts and swear on their honor that they have always voted the Republican ticket. Yet the boss to whom they are speaking will know perfectly well that their record has been splotchy.

Two months before an election Dad would come bursting into the house and, after noisily summoning my sister and me, would hand us long lists of names to be typed. We would type the names of certain people under the name of a driver who would drive them to the polls on the day of the balloting. It is very important that the right driver pick up the right voter. The driver of each car has a copy of his list, and as each voter is brought in he scratches the name off the list. In this manner all "sure" votes are certain to be collected. Despite this seemingly airtight system, there occur slip-ups. Ten minutes before the polls are to close, several of the precinct committeemen, or other field generals, are running wildly about in an attempt to secure a car to "run up and get old Jones and his wife."

Much thought and care are put into the task of pairing the drivers of cars and the persons whom they shall haul to vote. Religion is a prime consideration. Old line Methodists are likely to become angry if some members of the Catholic faith are sent to drive them to the polls. Women who attend the ladies aid or bridge or bunco clubs are sent to bring in fellow members of these clubs. The boss must keep abreast of the relations between families, for if a driver is sent to convey an enemy he is apt to ignore him altogether. Drivers may make two or three trips to the same part of town and bring back one voter each time. Although not economical, it is nevertheless a good policy. It would be annoying to the one voter already in the car, if the driver parked and waited for another voter to dress, especially if the two are women. People are strange: they will ride down to vote with the same driver year after year, election after election, and will vote the same ticket at each balloting; and yet they must be pampered. They want it felt that they have not as yet made up their mind, and that they must be treated with due respect in exchange for their vote.

Certain voters ride to the polls with the same driver at each election. A strong attachment grows up between these voters and their driver. They may not see their regular driver from one election until the next, but punctually at two o'clock, or whatever time they are accustomed to vote, they



will dress up and wait for their chauffeur to come after them. On the way to and from the polls they will discuss with their driver the latest gossip. These people, usually old women and men, may not see their friend who accompanies them to the polls until the next election, but they will refuse to ride to vote in anyone else's car.

My father had many political enemies in our town. This enmity grew especially bitter during local campaigns. In local battles everyone knows personally each candidate; his weaknesses are magnified by his opponents and everything possible is done to undermine his reputation. Controversies which have lain dormant in political strife for a period of twenty years may be dragged out and used to recreate ill feeling against the candidate. It is not unusual in these hot local elections for the two opposing candidates to do physical battle on the streets of the village.

However, between political opponents of long standing there seems to exist a kind of fellowship, a professional friendship. My father and several of the Democratic leaders are savage in their attempts to discredit and out-plan each other during elections, but in the breathing spell between these political wars they are the best of friends.

The former Democratic chieftain of the township, who was pulled down to defeat, losing a lucrative job in the state highway department as a result, drops in occasionally with his wife to spend an evening with my parents. My father and he discuss with deep, unprejudiced opinion the war, religion, old times and friends. My father often goes to baseball games, on fishing trips, etc. with several of his most severe antagonists. Disliked by politicians of both parties are the "leeping lenas" who hop from one band wagon to the other in search of snap political jobs.

After one party has been swept from power and replaced by another, comes the ticklish task of handing out the job trophies in order to gain the maximum number of votes. In towns of from eight hundred to fifteen hundred there are always three or four families tied together by marriage, forming a clan. The local politician makes it a point to accommodate as many members of these respective families as possible. Usually there is one member of the clan who is ambitious, and who possesses sufficient intelligence to enable him to appreciate the advantages of his position. This person tests the diplomatic skill of the midwestern Disraeli. Proposal and counter proposal, a few strings pulled here, a little pressure there, and everyone is satisfied, and the clan's votes are assured.

There is always an individual who, in a hot campaign, haunts the headquarters of the party, in this case our filling station. He works very hard and rushes in at all hours of the day or night with "hot" news or the latest "dope." After the campaign is ended he drops in only occasionally and in the following campaign may take no part whatsoever.



Such a man was Levy, a short, hawk-nosed, bald-headed son of Israel. Levy settled in our town several months previous to a county election fight. He was a flighty character and was the butt of many jokes. He was on a higher intellectual plane than the ordinary run of battle-scarred political fighters. The old line politicians were constantly writing him anonymous threatening letters. Immediately after receiving such a letter he would hasten down to my father and spend hours in defying the Democrats to "get his job" or smear his reputation. Levy would race around the town in his small pickup truck and put up posters, summon "big shots" to meetings, and spy on doubtful patrons. A few months after this torrid campaign had ended victoriously, Levy and his family unobtrusively packed their goods and left for Detroit, passing into oblivion.

It is interesting to be a part of the local political battles. Being the son of a "boss" has many advantages. You address all the state patrolmen by their first names. You drive your car at every funeral, rich or poor. I have driven at colored or poor white funerals where three of the four cars furnished belonged to political figures in the community. I often wondered at such funerals where the sainted ladies with the prickly barbs of gossip on their tongues were when these Christian colored people lacked cars to take their families to the cemetery.

The rural boss is the Emily Post of his domain. Problems dealing with illegitimate children, unfaithful husbands, divorce troubles are talked over with him in strictest privacy; and his advice is considered law.

Will Wendell Willkie be the next president of the United States? Will the United States join the united nations? Who will decide these potent questions? The serious-faced man with the thinning hair and the true unwavering eyes, with mud on his shoes and a battered old pipe in his mouth—here is the real ruler of America. Without his tireless energy no congressman, senator, or president can walk the stately corridors of Washington. He takes the idealism of a Wilson and transforms it into janitor jobs in the county courthouse; he buys the local sot a shot of whiskey and smiles while he does it—"You dam right MacArthur's the man." The average voter lacks both the time and the ability to study the qualities of various candidates, and comes to a definite conclusion as to who is the best man for the job. He judges only the men whom he knows. If being a Republican will get him a new sidewalk on his street, he is a Republican. If the Democrats can get him a better job at a better factory, then he is a Democrat. Professors will orate for hours on the means of making a better world. They never succeed in getting their ideas across to the people, because they don't control any jobs anywhere. People will never change. As long as we have thousands of courageous, democratic-minded political commanders in every hamlet in the republic our democracy will survive. It matters not whether they be conservative or radical, as long as there are many of them.

# Dissenter

ELAINE SELL

*Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1943-1944*

WHEN I FIRST STARTED TO TYPE LONG DAILY LISTS of records for a Chicago news syndicate—in fact, the first morning, just after I'd hung my coat in the Press Room of the County Building—I was admitted to the “organization.” It was just that—a well organized machine for gathering news and sharing scoops with a minimum of work for the “charter members.” I wasn't a charter member; hence, I would receive no dividends. I would merely trot obediently to the Press Room whenever anything unusual happened, tell the first person I met about it, and trust him to inform all the reporters before a phone was lifted from a hook. Of course this was usually pretty simple, for invariably they were all in the room or within easy calling distance. I was told at the same time that Ray Froehlich, the *Tribune* reporter, was the guiding light and originator of the organization and that I should humor him at all times. Actually I was so thrilled at being considered important enough to be admitted that I gave little thought to the ethical aspect of the organization, and, after a few months, I came to accept it as automatically as anyone else.

I guess I talked about it with Pat. I must have, because Pat and I were very good friends and shared opinions about things in general and the newspaper business in particular. We argued some, too, because Pat was pretty idealistic about her journalism and I was too much inclined to follow the crowd and jump for a spot in which I could avoid a great deal of responsibility. Well, as I said, we argued, but it was all theory and we didn't get anywhere.

Pat had never worked in the County Building until one afternoon when I had an unusual amount of work to do and she was sent over to help me. I put her to work in the Circuit Court Clerk's office, making a list of the suits as they came in, and I hurried downstairs to catch up on my marriage licenses. When I walked into the Press Room to send my three o'clock copy I knew something was wrong. The “fellas” weren't sitting around the way they usually did, and the continuous gin rummy game between two of the photographers which had become almost a tradition was not in progress. Even the case of beer which the mayor sent up to “his boys” on hot afternoons was almost intact. Charley Anderson, one of the reporters from our office who had always been especially nice to me, was the only occupant of the room. He stood up as I came in.

“What's the number?” he demanded.

Of course I didn't understand, but he had no patience with my stupidity and snapped, "The divorce, what number is it?" And then, first noticing my surprise he added in a somewhat softer tone, "The Potter Palmer divorce—you did call it into the office, didn't you?"

I denied all connection with the suit vehemently and then, remembering Pat, I led Charley to the Circuit Court, all the while protesting, "But Pat wouldn't do it—she wouldn't scoop you—I just know it." And I really did believe it too.

But I was wrong; Pat had called the story into our office and scooped the city. I knew it as soon as I saw Ray Froehlich talking to her. Ray was the kind of a guy who might get scooped but who lost no time in finding the person who was responsible and in clearing the whole matter up. I was scared as I heard Pat telling him what she thought of the whole "division of labor" system. After all, she was only a kid and Froehlich was pretty powerful. Charley and I stood, somewhat aside, and listened as she let her idealism have full expression and compared Ray to a political boss and, with a melodramatic flourish, finished, "I'm glad I scooped you."

A Potter Palmer story is to Chicago what a Henry Ford story would be to Detroit, and a divorce would make particularly juicy material for the early editions of a midsummer Monday afternoon. Ray stood there, his pipe at its characteristic angle, silently appraising this girl who had so defiantly broken his unwritten law.

He said nothing to Pat or to me, but, seeing Charley for the first time, he turned to him. "When the hell will your outfit learn to keep their infants at home?" he asked. "This isn't the place for child's play or high school dramatics." He left then and the three of us stood facing each other.

Pat was still sputtering, "I don't care," she repeated. "I don't care. I'll tell any of them the same thing—I found the suit and it was a good story and so I called the office. The desk said it was good work." She sounded almost proud and I was sorry because I was still worrying about what would happen. Harry Norman, one of the city's best divorce lawyers, came up just then.

"I hear your desk gave you hell," he greeted Charley. "Oh, well, you fellas will let these copy girls scoop you." Harry was a firm believer in the old cutthroat school of journalism that the movies portray so vividly, where scoops were the everyday run of things. "Biggest story this month," he gloated, "and everybody's drinking beer. Of course you can always say that there were two of them and they ganged up on you." Harry didn't stay around much longer.

"But, Charley," Pat began as soon as he had gone, "it isn't fair. Why should the desk pick on you? We got the story. I didn't mean to get you in trouble—I only wanted to show some of those fellas that somebody isn't



afraid of them." Pat's tone was bewildered at this point and evidently Charley decided not to try to explain because he shook his head and walked back to the Press Room.

Froehlich didn't lose time. He called his managing editor, accused Charley of working with the rival morning *Sun* against the *Tribune*, which was the mainstay of the syndicate, and demanded that he lose his job. The *Tribune's* pressure was great and within a few hours Charley had been notified that he had been relegated to working a police beat again. Just why Froehlich picked on Charley I don't exactly know, except that maybe he figured that somebody from our office had to suffer and we were too small for him to bother with. At any rate you can imagine how Pat felt. She went melodramatic again and cried all over my shoulder, all about how big a heel she was for trying to buck a machine. Froehlich sat silently in the corner of the Press Room, smoking his pipe and drinking the mayor's beer. He made me sick.

Pat got the congratulations of the office and a bonus besides—they always believed in encouraging initiative in their employees. I guess they understood the whole situation a lot better than any of us thought they did, but even they were powerless against the "organization." Things were not the same with Pat, and I never saw that idealistic flash again. Two weeks later she took a job in a bank 'way out on the South Side.

### City Editor

The desk was littered. Newspapers in all states of decomposition were strewn about. The cord on the telephone was wrapped intricately around the buzzer which summoned the eager copy kids. Spiked spindles jutted up at perilous angles all around. Copy, waiting to be read, was scattered at random and often found its way into the box of already edited stories. Behind the desk, Phil Dobert, city editor, was straining his every muscle to fight the confusion which filled the office. The tension seemed to pull the room out of proportion as telephones rang, the switchboard buzzed, and Dobert yelled. He yelled at everybody. The copy kids who missed a flash over the police radio, Miss Ryan, the switchboard operator, who couldn't locate the West Side reporter, and the rewrite man who couldn't spell *habeas corpus*—each came in for his share of the bellowed scorn.

When yelling didn't get results Dobert pulled himself up before his desk, placed his two hands squarely on its flat surface, and glared. He got his way. Dobert was a big man, about six feet tall and powerfully built. His sparse blond hair belied his age, which the copy kids, in secret discussion, had definitely established at thirty-four. He had a hulking frame and huge rounded shoulders which added to the animal effect that his bullying nature produced. He swore horrible oaths, asked sarcastically, "Are you a reporter or a debutante?" and then thrust his briar pipe determinedly between his teeth, and worked. He answered phones with one hand, always keeping up his steady flow of invective, and corrected copy with the other. He worked with a remarkable fury and an amazing skill. He was perfectly adapted to the surrounding chaos.—ELAINE SELL



# The Beginning of Evil

DOROTHY KNAPHURST

*Rhetoric II, Theme 13, 1943-1944*

THE MORNING SUNLIGHT SPOTLIGHTED EACH SMALL head in the third-grade room as if each one were doing a special performance for the sunbeams. Pictures of dogs in childish scrawls looked alertly down at the twenty bodies sitting almost motionlessly in the five rows of four each. Only the foot of a stray "glosh" peeping out from the cloakroom door was a blight on the perfect order of the room.

Grimy hands tapped out the rhythm of the monotonous droning—three times three is nine, three times four is twelve, three times five is fifteen. The small voices sometimes faltered, but never the deep masculine voice of the big, masculine woman with the mustache on her upper lip who stood at the head of the class like an immovable Indian totem pole in her "Joseph's" dress of many colors.

At last the multiplication ceased and squeaky drawers in squeakier desks opened up and out came pencils and papers. This was now a penmanship class. Miss Brig gruffly shouted for silence, and after a penetrating stare at each individual third grader to insure quiet, turned to the blackboard and began to write the lesson. The little girl in the second row, second seat began primly to copy the lesson as usual. The straightness of her posture and the short, straight, evenly cut hair that never so much as fluttered in the breeze marked her as a "good" girl, one who never disobeyed "Teacher." Each of her letters was made painstakingly and slowly, just the way the twenty had been taught in the years of their "youth." This morning, however, was destined to begin a new epoch in the little girl's life. A low "pst" behind her made the little girl jump, and the capital *P* suddenly became a new letter, as yet unnamed. However, she was a "good" girl and ignored this unseemly interruption. The little boy of the "pst" was not to be ignored in that cold manner and another, softer "pst" floated up to the little girl. Now, the little girl was not in the habit of being accosted in such a manner during class by the other third graders, because she was timid and that automatically made her "good." Her pencil faltered and the *P*'s began to get noticeably more imperfect. Should she answer the call or resume the path of duty? A more impatient, now louder "pst" made her jump again. That settled it. She put down her pencil and slowly, uncertainly turned around. The sunbeams stopped their dancing, the dogs on the wall pictures sat down, and the third graders held their breath. Not the little girl who was so good, surely not.

"What'd ya want?" Her lips barely moved and no sound came out.

"Got'n 'raser?" The little boy smiled agreeably and waited. She put out her soiled fist and quickly dropped the eraser on the desk.

"Here," she whispered.

"Thanks—say, don't you live across the alley from school?"

"Umhum." The little girl was getting scared now. After all, this was her first clash with the devil and she wasn't used to the bumpy feeling inside. She whirled around and began to fill the paper with illegible *P*'s. The third grade breathed a sigh of relief and settled back to work.

Miss Brig put down the chalk and sat down with a thump. She looked at the third grade casually and then at the second seat in the second row sharply. Well, well, the devil had triumphed at last. She smiled as the low "pst" came and the pencil grew more erratic.

## The Flying Dutchman

JOHN ALLEN

*Rhetoric I, Theme 13, 1943-1944*

HIS NAME WAS HERMANN KLIESTNER, AND HE WAS the sourest German ever to lift a beer mug. But he was one of those few men whose performances make one doubt whether they are altogether mortal. They called him "The Flying Dutchman," and told stories of his exploits over their beer on winter evenings. He was a switchman, and he worked in the North Yards on the second trick, from four o'clock till midnight. No one ever did anything well enough to please him. He cursed everybody, from the division superintendent down to the call boy, and they all told themselves, "If it was anybody else but that damn Dutchman—" and kept quiet.

He had an uncanny sense of timing, and a catlike, effortless way of moving that would have made his actions seem quite ordinary, had he not emphasized each one with a low, hoarse shout. Each time he slipped lightly onto the step of an oncoming yard engine, each time he boarded a boxcar in mid-air, he yelled. His fellow railroaders watched and marveled as he grew old in his job, and became a legend. "The Dutchman" never had an accident or mishap of any kind until the one that ended his career.

It happened on a clear spring night, late in March, in his sixtieth year. He was breaking in a new man, and had sent the novice across some tracks to throw a switch. "The Dutchman" saw the man's lantern drop suddenly. The man had tripped on a rail and fallen across the tracks on his side, catching the other rail behind his ear. At the same time, about fifty yards

north of the switch on the same track, a clanking little yard engine had given a twenty-three ton gondola car a powerful shove, and turned it loose. "The Dutchman" saw the gondola rumble into the smoky circle of light cast by a yard floodlight on a high pole, and he began to curse. At the same time, he began to run, intending to intercept the car midway between the light and the pole, in order to set the handbrakes. While he was still the width of a track away from the car, he took off. He clutched wildly at the ladder on the side, and roared his mad-bull yell. The momentum of the car whipped him against the side. His back smashed against a steel reenforcement, and his legs went numb. As the car passed out of the light, those who saw him say he pulled himself up to the handbrakes and began to tighten them. They say his legs hung straight down, and that his hips were queerly twisted. The car stopped fifty feet from the unconscious switchman, its wheels framed in sparks. They say that, as the car stopped, the strength seemed to go out of "The Dutchman's" arms, his fingers relaxed, and his body slid off the ladder.

Sometimes, when the yard clerks on the second trick get a little tired, along toward eleven, there is a momentary lull in the switching and off in the distance they hear the thud and bang of two cars coupling, followed by a muffled shout. The green shaded lamps above the desks tremble from the shock, and the clerks grin to themselves. They are thinking, "That's him—there he goes again—'The Flying Dutchman'."

## From Sky to Earth

JANET SISSON

*Rhetoric II, Theme 14, 1943-1944*

THE HANGAR BOY'S GREASE-SMUDGED FACE APPEARED over the right cowl of the Taylorcraft. Behind steel-rimmed glasses, his owl-eyes squinted to see me through the glare from the pyralin windshield.

"Contact!" he shouted, with his hands on the propeller and his right leg extended to swing him out of the prop's path.

"Contact!" I shouted back and flipped the switch to "ON."

Down came the prop and the engine caught with a roar. Cautiously, I taxied away from the hangar apron to avoid dusting the hangar with gravel picked up by the slipstream. Safely clear, I made a tight circle for a last look at the windsock. As I shoved the throttle in I noticed that it did not

respond as easily as it should. Assuming that someone had tightened the lock for a steady throttle setting, I gave it several loosening twists and then concentrated on making a smooth, precise take-off.

A clearing turn at the end of the runway showed me that no other planes were making a landing close enough to cause collision. I flung the 'Craft's nose into the wind and shoved the throttle to full on. The runway sped by faster and faster, and in the space of several seconds, the ground fell away.

"From now on," I said mentally to the 'Craft, "it's just you and me and God."

The air was clear and free from the usual mist accompanying late summer afternoons in Michigan. The sun was well past the three-quarter mark in its daily arc and was beginning to change from yellow to deep orange. As I gained altitude, the squares on the checkerboard of the earth grew smaller and smaller. The Saginaw River, which bends around the Bay City Airport, resembled a strip of tinsel from a Christmas tree.

The usual feeling of exhilaration possessed me as I started a few mild aerobatics to brush away the cobwebs of a week's stay on the ground. The 'Craft seemed in the best of condition and responded to my every whim. Off to the west lay Saginaw Bay, a tranquil sheet of blue water flecked with amber where the slanting runs of the sun struck the peaks of the wind waves. Smoke from a lake steamer floated lazily upward out on the vague lake horizon. It seemed as though I were completely detached from the panoramic scene below.

A prod from my subconscious mind reminded me that my main object in this flight was not pleasure, but practice. My elementary maneuvers were all too sloppy and needed a great deal of improving.

The first thing on the schedule was the series of turns, a maneuver consisting of turns with varying degrees of bank and horizontal turning. The prescribed altitude is 1500 feet and is held constant throughout the series. The last of the sequence is the well-known 720° power turn with a 60° bank. The extreme angle of bank requires an increased power setting. I touched the throttle lever lightly for this increase, but no increase was forthcoming. A harder push brought the extra revolutions per minute, but also a slight worry over the stiffness of the throttle.

"Maybe I should go back to the field and have Eddie check it," I thought.

The thought was expressed automatically in my hands, and I tugged at the throttle to cut the power and lose altitude. The usually easily sliding lever now required pulls of considerable strength to get the desired power-cut.

I set the ship in a steep spiral, my eyes shifting rapidly from the airspeed indicator to the wing tip to the altimeter. At 600 feet I attempted to give it



the gun to break the glide but was unable to budge the throttle. From that moment on I acted mechanically while my mind sat far above watching the scene with interest. I hammered frantically at the lever, all the while keeping my eye on a nearby field suitable for a forced landing. The earth seemed to be rushing up at me in its anticipation of the dust which was about to return to dust.

With only 100 feet of altitude remaining, I managed to coax enough power from the reluctant throttle to break my glide and to maintain level flight at just above stalling speed. I could gain no altitude, so I headed the ship back toward the airport.

My heart sat on the end of my tongue and fluttered anxiously while I limped over the deep marshes which approach the river from the east. The wind had swung to the east and made a circle of the field to the west necessary for an upward landing. I could see several of the airport gang standing with upturned faces, probably wondering if I had never studied the rules for an approach to a landing field prescribing 600 feet of altitude.

The several minutes it took to line up for landing stretched into what seemed like years. The broken throttle refused to give an inch when I pulled at it for the complete power-cut required for landing. Then it moved enough to cut my power lower than necessary for level flight. I placed one foot against the instrument panel to aid in harder pulling and suddenly found myself holding the throttle lever in my hand with a short section of connection tube dangling aimlessly from its end. I still had too much power for landing and no way to reduce it. There was only one direction left to go and that was down, but I saw quickly that I could not land within the field limits with as much power as the engine was still putting out. The river and the marshes stared me in the face. Automatically and with no apparent thought, my hand moved to the ignition switch and clicked it to "OFF." Now it was just God and me—no airplane.

The end of the runway loomed up much too rapidly for the glide I had established. Mechanically, as though from long habit, I applied right rudder and left aileron, putting the ship into a steep slip to lose altitude.

A bare six feet off the ground, I straightened the 'Craft and touched the runway just in time to turn off and miss the steep embankment which divides the airport from the river.

My heels touched the brakes and the 'Craft stopped abruptly. I climbed out and stood leaning on the strut for support. My feeling of detached mind and body left me and I realized my close call only too clearly. My legs were like cotton twine and my heart beat so strongly that it seemed as though it must burst against my constricting ribs.

# Next

ROBERT L. BOHON

*Rhetoric II, Theme 14, 1943-1944*

I HURRIED OVER TO THE SWEATY LOCKER ROOM AND quite calmly undressed. The army boy whose locker adjoined mine and who eternally sang the same song, "Going Home," had arrived before me, and his song grated through my ears until it gave me an almost irrepressible desire to scream in his ear and tell him what an ass he was to think he'd ever be going home. Hah, didn't he know he was destined to live—to die—for his country? But I wasn't! No, sir, I didn't quite make the grade. "Your eyes are a little too bad, son," they told me, and now the fools had put me in warfare aquatics!

The shower room with its cold, white tile floor stared at and mocked me when I turned on the shower and found that there was no hot water. I wanted to rip the pipes from the wall—but no, why should I be upset by a little thing like that? It had happened before. Just then I could hear Sam gaily singing as he approached the shower-room door.

Sam was a wonderful boy. He had been in the Marine Corps at one time and somehow had lost four of his fingers from his right hand, and yet he was always cheery and ready to be the first one to try something new in class. He was so stockily built that he sank when he relaxed in the water. Sam and I were good friends: we always worked together on swimming tests, and since he had previously had some training in warfare aquatics, he gave me pointers on various techniques.

We took our showers and started up the stairs to the pool. I asked whether he was perhaps worried just a little about the forthcoming underwater test.

"Worried? About what?" he replied and gave me a whack on my bare back. "What's the matter—afraid you won't make it?"

Of course I wasn't, I assured him. What a silly question to ask *me*. I could take care of myself in the water. It was fellows such as he that had reason to be afraid.

We were the first ones up, and the still, chlorine-green water looked cooler than ever before. I was all set to jump in first, of course, but Sam plunged in before me. For some reason, perhaps because of the thought of that colored water closing over my head, I waited until I saw him come up once again before I entered the pool.

After a few minutes the coach rang the "all-out" bell, and we gathered around him at one end of the pool.

"Well, fellows," he said with an abominable smile on his face, "fifty yards under water today. Let's go."

I proceeded to get into my swimming clothes, but before I finished pulling them on, Sam asked me if he could borrow my shoes since he had forgotten to bring his. Of course, I told him. This would mean a delay in my passing the test, but that was all right; Sam was the one we had to help along. He slipped on my shoes and then stood on the edge of the pool, breathing deeply. Several of the other fellows had already started on the test, and Sam was forced to wait until they were out of the way before he could proceed. As he stood there inhaling great gulps of air, I could see that his shirt over his heart was fluttering quite rapidly, and I thought to myself, "There, I knew he must be afraid. His heart is pulsating with fear."

He stood there for at least five minutes waiting for the others to finish—and very few of them made more than twenty-five yards. Suddenly the pool was empty, and everyone gathered around Sam to give him encouragement. I looked closely at him and could see the throbbing in his temples. He thanked the fellows for their heartening remarks, took three more huge breaths of air, and quickly dived into the water. We watched him intently. His strokes were too quick and uneven; everyone said he would give out before he made the first length, but he didn't. He made the turn and started back. His strokes were slower then, and he seemed to glide through the sparkling water a little more smoothly than usual. He passed the half-way mark on his last length. Rather feverishly I thought to myself, "I'm next. Everyone else has tried it, and they'll all be watching me just as they're watching Sam now!"

Sam was soon within a few feet of the end of the pool and swimming along the bottom of the pool. Everyone had begun to breathe a little more easily. He touched the end of the pool—in fact he ran into it as a blind man would walk into a wall—and then he slowly and silently fell back, limp and lifeless. For a moment we were paralyzed, and then someone recovered from the shock and lunged in after him.

He was brought up gasping, with his eyes rolling and fairly popping from their sockets. His stomach was spasmodically contracting, and saliva was flowing from between his blue lips. His face was as white as the tile in the shower room. We laid him gently on the floor, covered him with blankets, and tried to calm him. I grasped his hand and massaged the wrist. Slowly he came out of the horrible convulsion and looked dazedly around him.

"Damn, there's a boy with spunk," someone softly breathed.

"The coach ought to give him double credit for that!" said another.

Sam looked at me. "Did I make it?" he weakly asked.

"Sure," I said, as a feeling of nausea crept over me—for *I* was next!

# Pine Lounge

LOIS PORGES

*Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1943-1944*

THE TALL SOLDIER STOOD IN THE DOORWAY. THERE was a puzzled expression on his face. He had never seen anything quite like this before, and he did not know whether to turn and run the other way or enter the room and hope for the best. He stood there a few minutes longer, still hesitant; but as he gazed through the smoke and heard the friendly noise he began to feel a little more at ease. He realized that no one in the room was paying any attention to him, and yet he felt as if everyone was aware of his presence. In one corner a group of soldiers and girls were playing cards; there was an identical scene in the opposite corner. In fact, as he looked around, he seemed to see a card game in progress everywhere. People were sitting all over the floor, for the chairs and couches were filled to overflowing. The smoke was so thick that, although all the lamps were lit, it was nearly impossible to distinguish faces through the haze. Only the laughter, the chatter, and the music kept the room from seeming gloomy and cold. The mood of the room never varied despite the fact that the piano patter, competing with the blast of a radio, seemed to alternate between boogie-woogie and Beethoven.

People kept brushing against him as they entered the room. He lost track of how many walked by him, but he had a mounting feeling that the room would burst if there were any more confusion. So much confusion—he was aching to be a part of it all. How could he do it? Finally he gritted his teeth and quietly walked in. No empty chairs. No one he knew. But he began to sense the warmth of the room, to realize that he *could* become part of it.

A group of soldiers were engaged in a heated argument in one corner—they were talking Spanish. A girl's almost hysterical laughter rang out every few minutes. A sailor was pounding on the piano. Soldiers and sailors were leaning on the piano and on each other. They had all begun to sing. Four colored boys sat around a checker board.

The soldier, as yet, had spoken to no one. What brought all these people together in such amazing incongruity? Were they as carefree as they appeared to be? Would they speak to him if he dared to approach them? Well—what the hell! He walked over to the nearest card table, sat down on the arm of the chair of an angelic-looking sailor, and smiled nonchalantly at the bridge addicts. They all looked up and smiled. The little girl with the Veronica Lake hair-do said, "Hi, soldier, come over here and tell me what to bid."



**The Cock**

"And what did the rooster say this morning, Grandpa?"

"He said his 'feet were cold' and that he'd 'lost his tie.' He was as cross as Brown Bear."

. . . .

It was so long ago and we were so young when this breakfast ritual started, that the inception is vague. Why we first asked, none of us can say, but until a few years ago, whenever we were at Grandpa Needham's, we seldom failed to enquire what the rooster had said that morning. I recollect dimly that the boy next door had a pet rooster, although I remember neither seeing nor hearing it; perhaps it was connected with our breakfast custom.

After we had overslept and arrived late to breakfast, the cock would say (so Grandpa told us), "Up, up, sleepy heads! The sun is in the sky," or "Are my kids still sleeping?" Sometimes it was general advice which the little rooster gave, "Be good, work hard, and be happy." Or he was concerned with family affairs, "My wife is gone a-way!" It was these glimpses into his private life we loved best. One day he didn't catch a single worm; the next, he found so many he couldn't eat them all. He caught such a cold in an April shower—he hadn't worn his raincoat—that he couldn't crow for a week. We were sorry for him; we laughed at him; we joked about his cold; and we cried when his wife ran away.

It was not until there was no one to answer our questions that we realized how much we loved that little rooster—how much the little red (or white or black or speckled) rooster, the little rooster which may never have existed, meant to us.—PHYLLIS CATHARINE RARICK

## Rhet as Writ

I had stood face to face with God—and I did not like it!

. . . .

When I go to a theatre, I like to see melodramatic pictures. It has thrills and expense for me.

. . . .

His [the average American's] health is not bad but he certainly isn't a super-man. In fact he could do a lot for his physic.

. . . .

She wanted a lawn that was pretty, but for various reasons couldn't get any grass to grow. She started in to experiment with the hired man, Sam, and hoped to find out what was the matter.

## 104 Library

It's too bad that human beings have to suffer from human nature. But human nature is an occupational disease that goes with living, and it sometimes cheats us out of a good deal of fun. We pay good money for the *Reader's Digest*, or any other magazine, and read it through—and annoy our friends for the next month with the gag-line, "I read an article last week that said—." Or we run onto a book in the Union, when we ought to be somewhere else, and spend three hours on the backs of our necks reading it, enjoying it twice as much as we otherwise might just because we discovered it for ourselves. But let the same magazine articles turn up in a textbook, like *Models and Motivations*, and we don't enjoy them nearly so much, because they are "required." Or let that book from the Union be recommended by our instructors for our Rhet 1 or 2 "outside reading"—. Something happens to it, too. A strong odor of embalming fluid seeps into it the minute reading it becomes a job that has to be done. It's like Winston Churchill's laying brick for fun. People who lay brick for a living think it's pretty hard work.

Have the books you have reported on for your outside reading requirement seemed a little dull? Does being sent to 104 Library for a book sound like having to visit an intellectual morgue? Then probably you have never gone into 104 except when a book report was due for your Rhet class. That made work out of it. But many of the books you enjoyed at the Union are also in 104; so are many of the books in the Library's second floor Browsing Room. And reading them is just as much fun downstairs as it is up.

As a matter of fact it can be even more fun downstairs, because 104 is your own room. There is less competition there for the books you want. The books there were especially selected with you in mind. And the librarian there is eager to help you in any way she can, by suggesting books you might not think of by yourself, or helping you find books that aren't shelved where you think they ought to be. Even better, she'll leave you alone if you want her to, and you can browse as much as you like, or sit as long as you like with the books you find.

Try going in when it isn't required. Try books you don't have to report on. Try books from parts of the room you haven't sampled before—there is excitement on every shelf. Does "Biography" sound forbidding to you? Have you read *Life on the Mississippi*? Is "Travel" dull? *I Saw Two Englands* will tell you a lot you don't know about the England that was and the one that is. "Popular Science" may sound stiff, but if it were it wouldn't be "popular"—look into *Witch-Craft*. "The Arts"? Do you like *Jazz*, *Hot and Hybrid*? "Essays" offers *Life with Father*, and you know what they did with that. "Social Points of View" sounds pretty ponderous, but it needn't

be. *Since Yesterday* is history you remember happening. "Fictions" can be anything from history come alive—*The Three Musketeers*, *Giants in the Earth*—to last week's movie—*The Song of Bernadette*. "Short Stories"? "Drama"? Any sort, and no amusement tax on front row seats. "Poetry"? *Spoon River Anthology* or *Chicago Poems* is about you and the folks next door. And every shelf offers dozens of other books you'll enjoy just as much as these. Look around. Give yourself, and Room 104, a chance. In twenty minutes you'll wonder why you ever expected to notice a morgue smell.

It won't be long till you're a 104 addict. Human nature is incurable, but you'll be surprised how soon you can develop a completely different set of symptoms.

Here are a few good ones we haven't listed before.

#### AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND BIOGRAPHY:

CORNELL, KATHERINE — *I Wanted to Be an Actress*

CROSS, WILBUR L. — *A Connecticut Yankee*

MANN, CARL — *Lightning in the Sky*

POWELL, ARTHUR G. — *I Can Go Home Again*

SHULMAN, SAMMY — *Where's Sammy?*

STRACHEY, LYTTON — *Queen Victoria*

WARD, MAISIE — *Gilbert Keith Chesterton*

#### TRAVEL

HINDUS, MAURICE — *Mother Russia*

#### POPULAR SCIENCE

CREASY, SIR EDWARD S. — *Decisive Battles*

ZILBOORG, GREGORY — *Mind, Medicine, and Man*

#### ARTS

CRAVEN, THOMAS — *Story of Painting*

#### SOCIAL POINTS OF VIEW

CARLSON, ROY — *Undercover*

LIN YU TANG — *With Love and Irony*

SHIBER, ETTA — *Paris Underground*

#### FICTION

BOYLE, KAY — *Avalanche*

HERSEY, JOHN — *A Bell for Adano*

FORBES, ESTHER — *Johnny Tremaine*

MOON, BUCKLIN — *Darker Brother*

SMITH, BETTY — *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*

STUART, JESSE — *Taps for Private Tussie*

#### DRAMA

McKENNY, RUTH — *My Sister, Eileen*

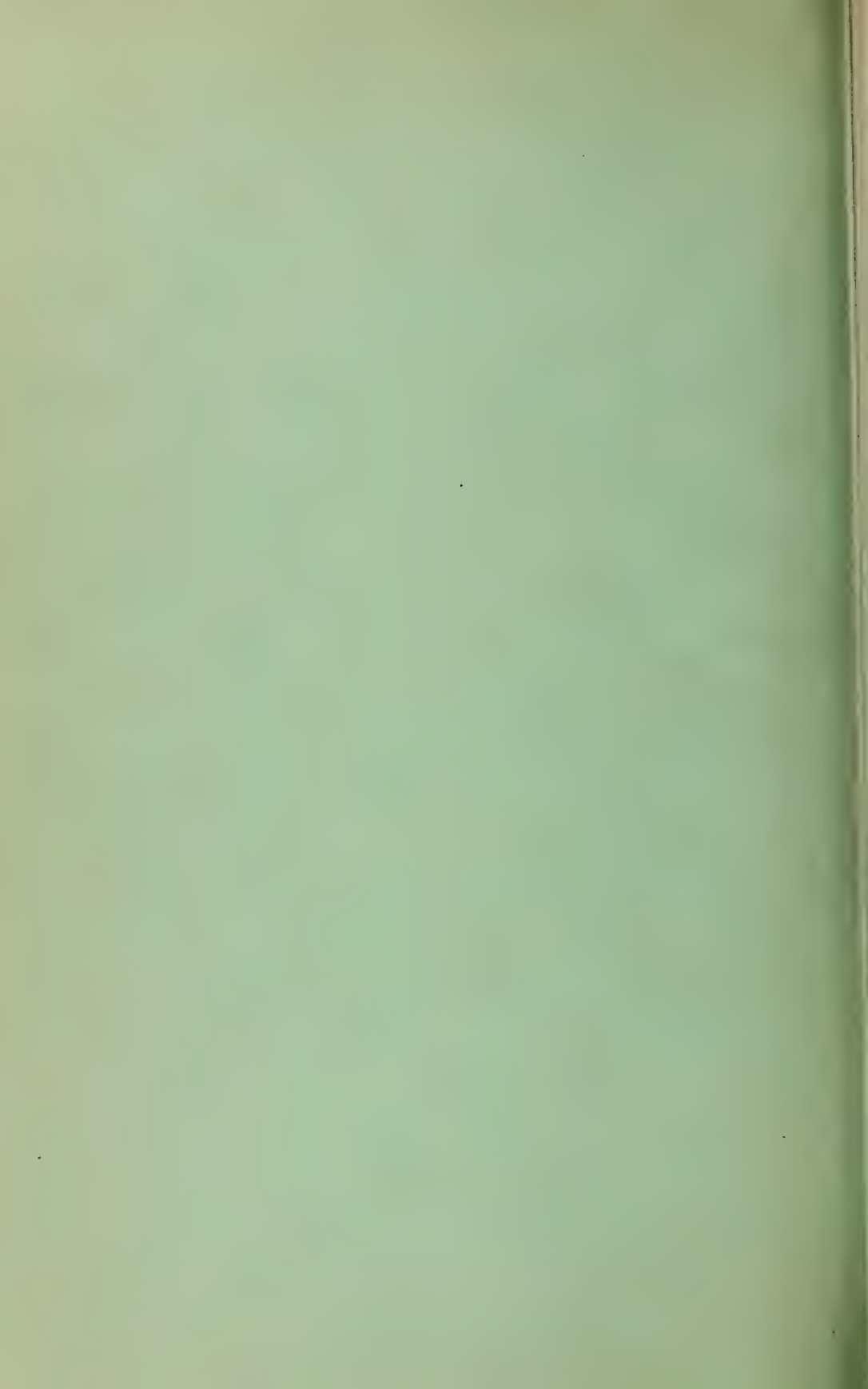
#### POETRY

*Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*

## Honorable Mention

- Marion Agnew—*Death Comes to Ma*  
Larz T. Anderson—*The Disappearance of Ambrose Bierce*  
Janice Armitage—*Whitefeather*  
Mary Babcock—*Road to the West*  
Nancy Bruce—*The Plant*  
Rachel Davidson—*Goodbye*  
Norma Diedrich—*Introducing Vlasta*  
Frances Edelson—*The Pravda Story*  
Wanda Eidemann—*Why I Am an Idealist*  
Delores Goepfert—*My First Venal Puncture*  
Nancy Gray—*Saturday Night*  
Charles Hopp—*How I Write a Song*  
Ruth Johnston—*Diction in My Community*  
Gerry Sutzer—*My Favorite Gripe*  
Joan Tankel—*The Outcast*  
Mollye Mae Tillma—*Keats' Poetical Awakening*  
Mary Ruth Tredinnick—*Always Leave at Least a  
Quarter if the Waiter Does What He "Oughter"*  
Jean Voigt—*Observations at a Railroad Station*  
Patricia Warren—*Social and Economic Aspects of the  
Detroit Race Riot*  
Mary Louise Worley—*Isolationism in the  
Post-War World*





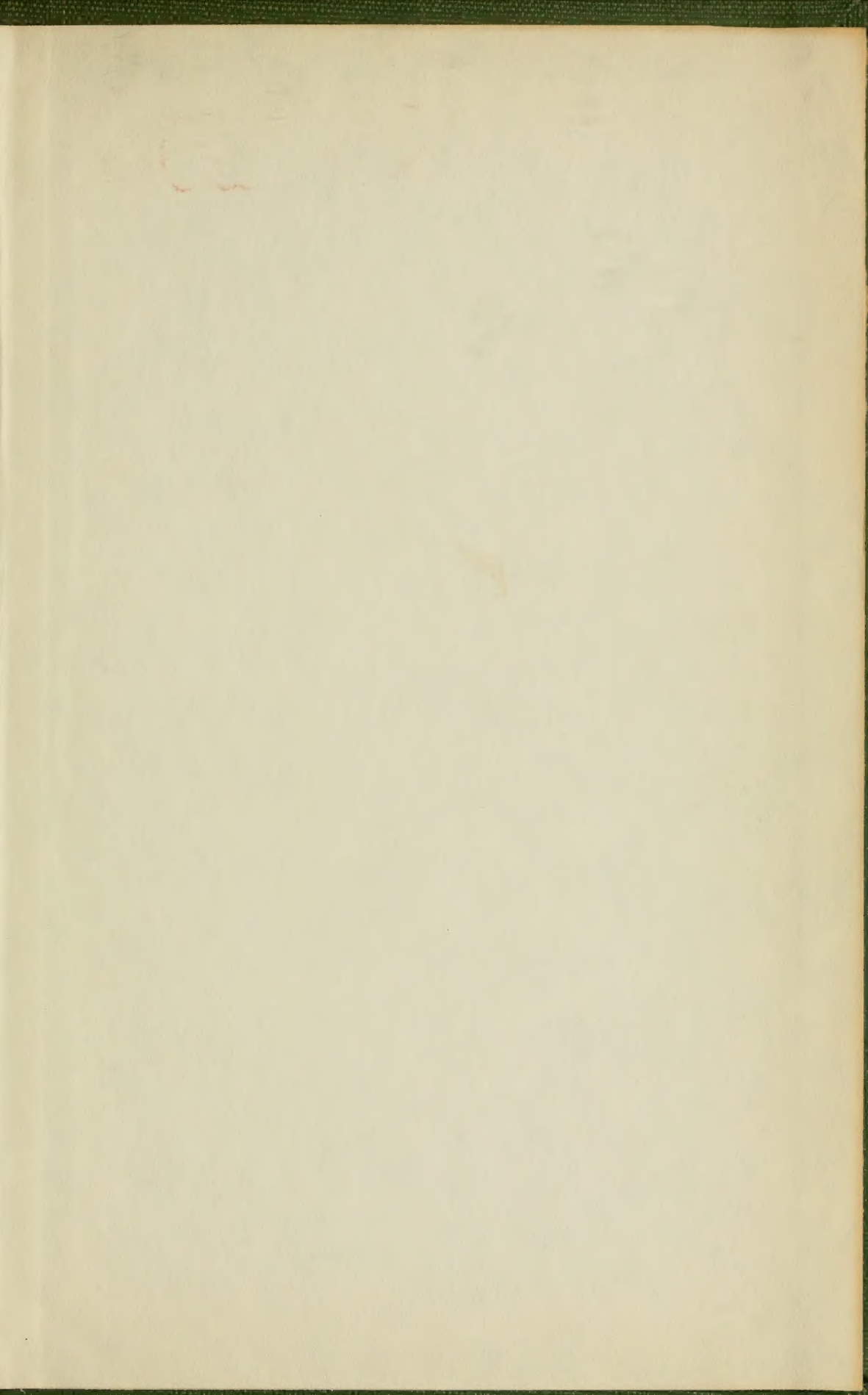












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